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by Clifford Irving

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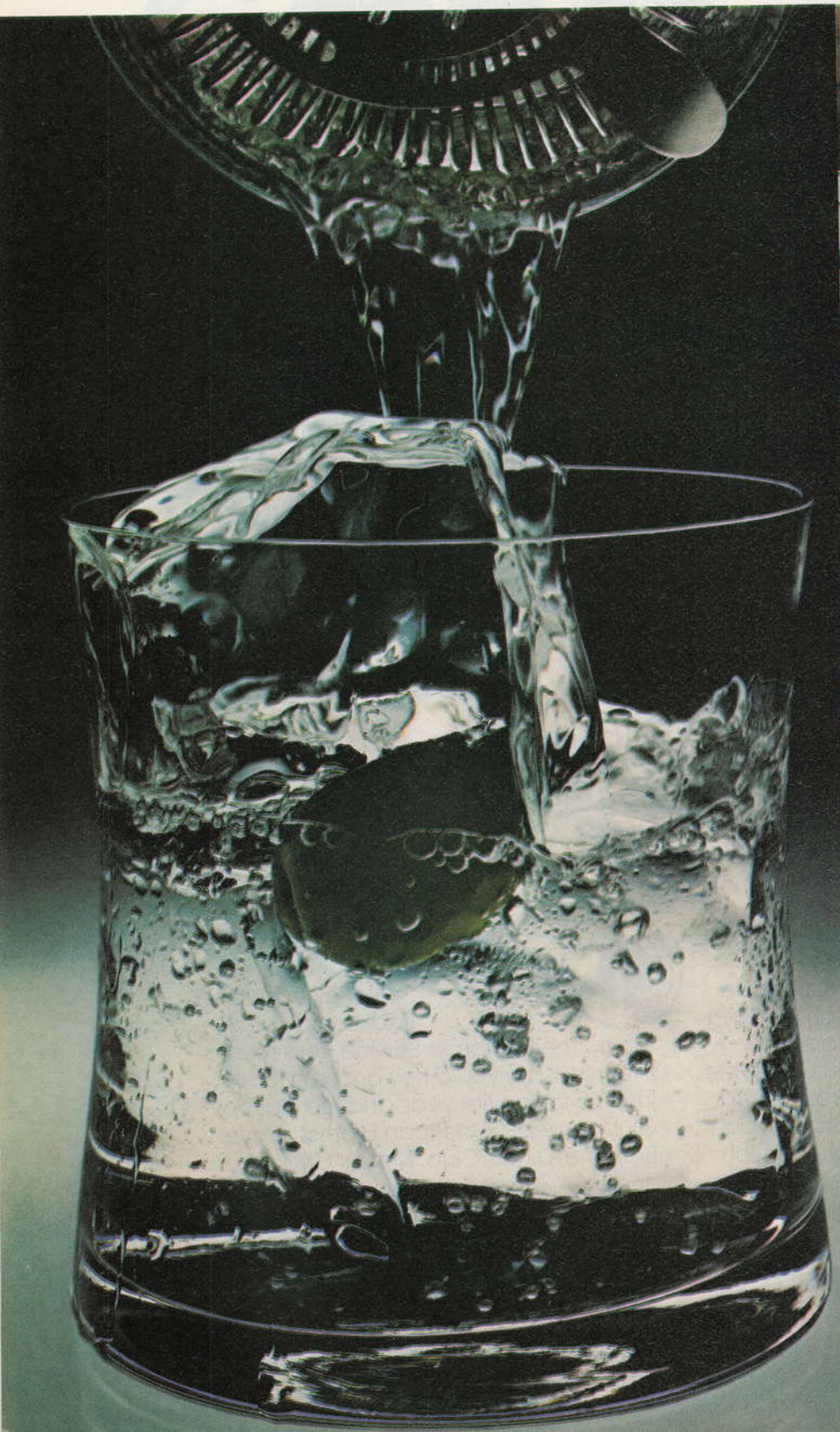

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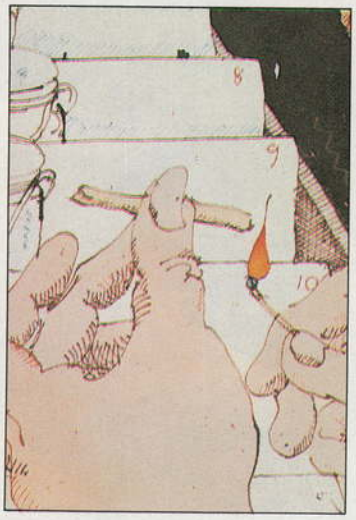
VOLUME 9 NUMBER 9

oui

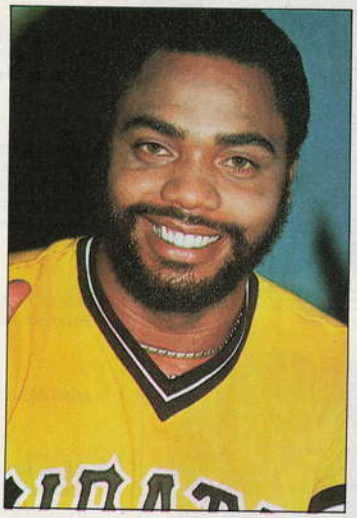
SEPTEMBER 1980

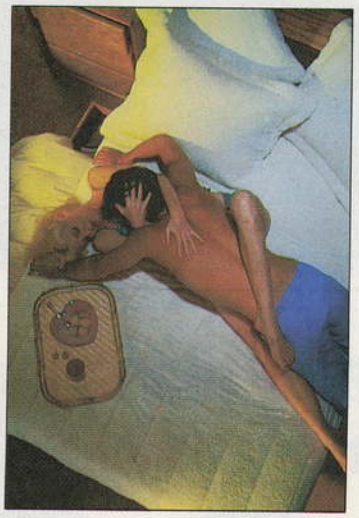
38 ANGIE LAYNE When our arousing rock critic Angie Layne looks into NewWave, it's obvious she knows what she's talking about. It's also easy to see that this native Angeleno doesn't need to know the first thing about music to get our heads spinning. Photography by Brian Anderson.



56 SEARCHING FOR THE POT OF GOLD High on a ridgetop north of San Francisco, marijuana cultivators and connoisseurs convene to weed out the seeds and stems in this year's crop. John Roemer reports from the Fourth Annual Harvest Festival.

70 A CONVERSATION WITH DAVE PARKER The all-star slugger of Pittsburgh's "Family of Pirates" blows the lid off the peace and love in Steel Town. Interviewer Larry Sloman pitches the questions and gets some hard-hitting replies from the outspoken Parker.





82 BEST BEDS Beds don't have to be boring just because you sleep on them. Water, air, foam and some crafty convertibles are all prone to scrutiny in this sleeper survey by Steven X. Rea. Photography by Raul Vega.

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46 CABLEVISION/Jon Denny. How to become your own video star without receiving static.

52 YOUNGER WOMEN/OLDER WOMEN/Clifford Irving. Every age has its advantage—and disadvantage.

60 CHRISTINE HOWE/Photography by Pompeo Posar. An old-fashioned Floridian unfurls her sails.

77 BUDDIES/Mark Christensen and Sal Manna. Dar and Stan—two suicidal stuntmen go in for the kill.

88 SMALL TALK: COLLEEN CAMP/Harvey Brenner. Crazy chatter from the pinup girl of *Apocalypse Now*.

92 BIRTH-CONTROL ETIQUETTE/Burr Snider. Preconceived notions about contraception.

96 PICKUP TRICKS/Neal Weinstock. Track-by-track reportage on the best phono cartridges.

98 HOME MOVIES/Bill Lawren. Opening your door to Margot Kidder and a cast of thousands.

101 PORTFOLIO: CHEYCO LEIDMANN/The renowned European photographer zooms in on U.S. girls.

110 COME AND GO/Fiction by Jim Esposito. A bedroom drama comes to life, and love takes a walk.

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132 WHAT Accessorizing your car
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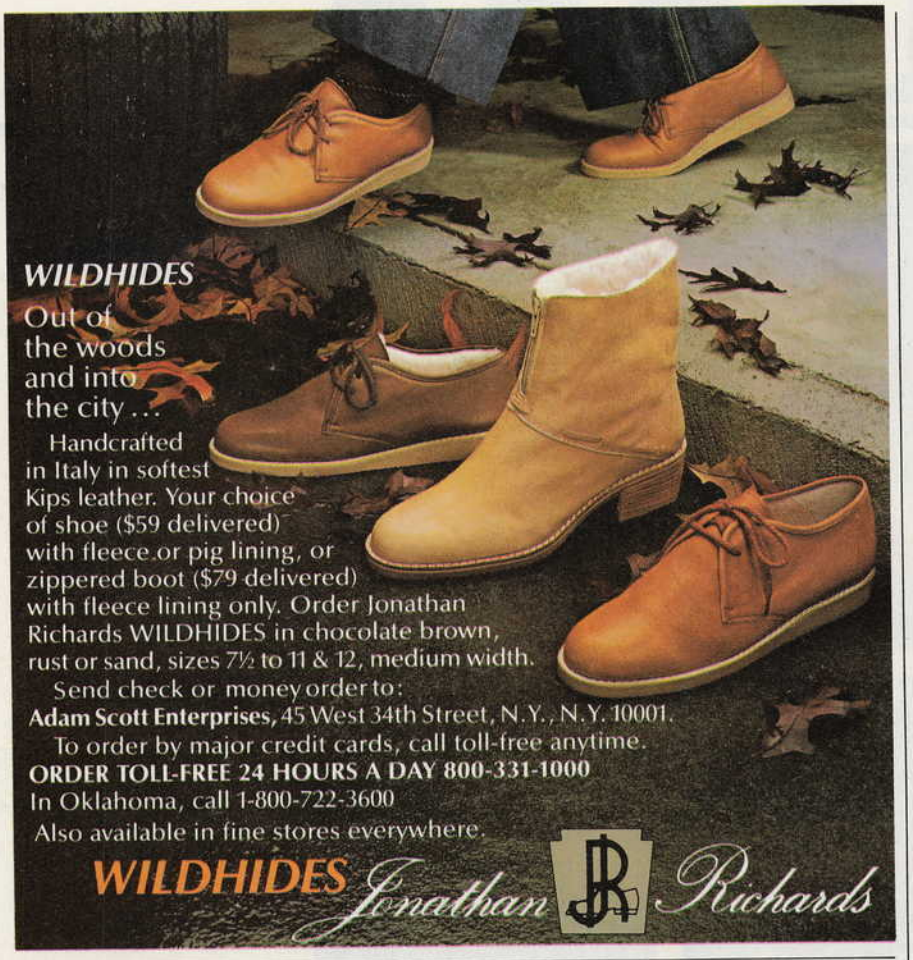
COVER

If Annik Van Rie (pronounced Van *Ree*) stirs some memories, perhaps it's because the native Netherlander graced OUI's centerfold this past January. The 20-year-old model has a deep affection for her hometown of Amsterdam and a penchant for playing pranks on her friends. "I love to surprise people," she explains. And anytime Annik cares to send a surprise this way, it's all right by us. Photography by Jeff Dunas.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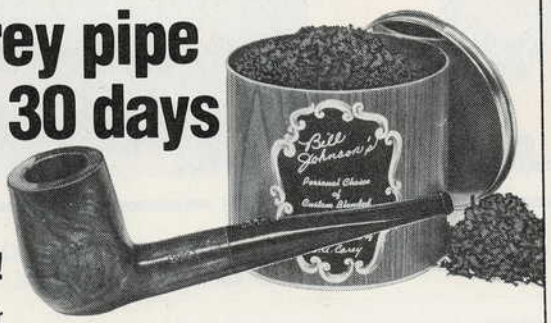

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THE WE PAGE

Some of the talented writers, photographers, artists, researchers and behind-the-scenes folk who helped produce this month's OUI

JOHN ROEMER

Because he's a veteran OUI writer, we promised Roemer we wouldn't say that the farm he lives on in Northern California closely resembles the hilly slopes of Afghanistan, where the best *Cannabis indica* used to grow. It now grows best in and around Roemer's farm, which is why we sent him out *Searching for the Pot of Gold* (p. 56).

JOE CIARDIELLO

At first, it seemed illogical to commission an artist who lives in Richmond, New York—a historical community with buildings dating back to revolutionary times—to illustrate our *Pot of Gold*. Then we learned that Richmond is on Staten Island, and it made perfect sense to us.

CLIFFORD IRVING

The author of our treatise on *Younger Women/Older Women* (p. 52) lives with a beautiful German lady whose age he doesn't remember. He recently finished a 1200-page novel—a historical fantasy called *Tom Mix and Pancho Villa*—an excerpt of which will appear in these pages in January. He has never met Pamela Barkentin.

PAMELA BARKENTIN

Trying to photograph the same model for our *Younger Women/Older Women* feature and still have her look 20 years different is a challenge even the Jane Pittman diarists wouldn't tackle. But Barkentin, a noted celebrity photographer, was more than up for the assignment. She has never met Clifford Irving. Or Howard Hughes.

HARVEY BRENNER

While he claims to have met Colleen Camp—this month's *Small Talk* (p. 88)—at Loving Relationships Training, the truth is that Brenner is really a well-connected Hollywood screenwriter whose next project is a book titled *The Happy Cooker*.

IGNACIO GOMEZ

If you figured an illustrator who grew up in a barrio of East Los Angeles and then went on to Art Center College of Design would be the perfect machismo artist for our look at stunt *Buddies* Dar and Stan (p. 77), you'd be an art director for OUI. And a good one.

EMPLOYEES OF THE MONTH

This is the OUI Copy Department—the folk who make sure all our facts are absolute, our grammar perfect, our syntax within reason and the big words spelled correctly. On the left is Researcher Nancy Gottesman, a recent U.C.L.A. grad who once proofread all the graffiti in Royce Hall. In center court is Rodger Claire, Associate Copy Editor, who not only came this close to earning his Ph.D. in Renaissance lit, but also headed the Yippie Party at U.C. Santa Barbara back in 1970. And the killer tomato trying to cop some cleavage off Rodger is Sheryl Eddins, our Copy Editor, who continues to abuse her OUI credentials by chasing rock 'n' rollers and race-car drivers halfway across America. Is there no sham(e)?

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THE LINE ON CARLIN

David Brandes' interview (*A Conversation with George Carlin*, May) offers some striking insights into George Carlin's weird world view. Too bad Carlin doesn't want to replace Carson on *The Tonight Show*, though. We need a little more late-night dementia to keep us from lapsing into a lobotomized state.

R.J. ENGLES
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Carlin used to be a lot funnier back in the early Seventies. His heavy involvement with cocaine explains his decline. While it's admirable that he's now abandoned the drug and is willing to talk openly about his experiences, it's tragic that Carlin is only half the comic he used to be—a fact your interview sadly testifies to.

M. LOWRY
Poughkeepsie, New York

I am extremely impressed with George Carlin's integrity. He seems totally candid about his career ups and downs and his bout with cocaine. We could use a man of his character in the White House. After all, aren't politicians basically bureaucratic stand-up comedians?

GERARD W. WITT
Duluth, Minnesota

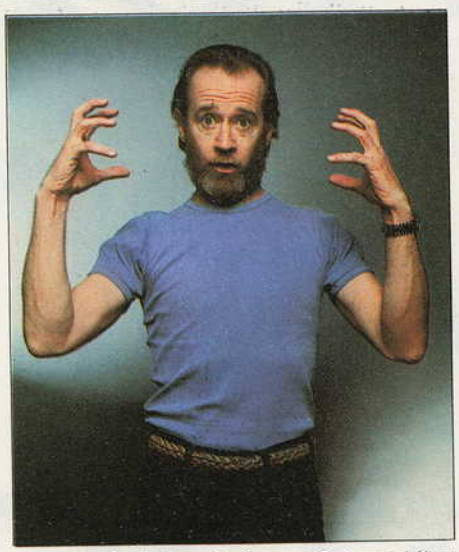
SALOON ETIQUETTE

I just read Mark Christensen's *The Gentleman's Guide to Bar-Fight Etiquette* (May). The article interested me until I came to the lines: "What kind of *real* man wears his hair short these days? You don't want to look like some kind of New Wave fruitcake or something."

As a U.S. Army Ranger with just about the shortest hair in the military services, I resent comments like that. Not that I can't take a joke. But then, I'm sure Mr. Christensen could take a joke, too, if he were making that kind of remark in a bar with a few rangers sitting around.

SGT. FRED LOVELACE
Fort Lewis, Washington

I couldn't wait to try your bar-fighting ideas out, so I popped around to my local corner bar. As soon as I walked in, people started lining up to punch me out. One bruiser who was calmly biting the top off a beer can took an instant dislike to me and started to gnaw on my thumb. That got me mad, so I hit him in the knee with my balls. Then I smashed my eye into his fist. If



someone hadn't pulled me off, I would've killed that clown. Thanks for a great article.

A.B. JAMES
Intensive Care Ward
County Hospital
Los Angeles, California

CANNES DO

Thanks for printing Doris Toumarkine's witty underground guide to the Cannes Film Festival (*The Cannes Con*, May). Ms. Toumarkine's advice on how to look like you belong there is not only good for poseurs and would-be beautiful people, it is also excellent for independent producers who need to get a foot in the door. I intend to circulate your article among the many struggling young film makers I know in San Francisco. Long live the dazzle and decadence of Con.

EDITH COHEN
San Francisco, California

That Cannes story is really funny. How about a whole series on how to b.s. your way around the world?

W.E. MORRIS
Atlanta, Georgia

EXCUSES, EXCUSES . . .

Just a brief note to commend the *The Book of Excuses* article by Marilou Sturges and Hal Straus (May). As I arrived at work this morning (a half-hour late, of course), a group of my employees were huddled over OUI, giggling. They tried to hide the magazine, but were not quick enough, and I was able to confiscate it.

I went into my office and read the article that they had gotten such a charge out of. Pretty soon, I was giggling, too. It reminded me of my younger days as an office worker in New York.

You probably didn't intend for bosses to read the article—but remember, this kind of information can be used by both sides. Keep the excuses coming—I want to be able to keep tabs on what my employees are up to these days.

J.M. SPENCER
Tarzana, California

The Book of Excuses was one of the most humorous, imaginative and practical articles I've read in a long time. Now that I have some good excuses for being late to work, how about some suggestions for explaining those two-hour lunches, one-hour coffee breaks and unmet deadlines. More, please, from this great team. America's workers are depending on you.

BOB KING
San Francisco, California

The Book of Excuses is insightful stuff, but what are you people trying to do—blow my cover?

J. JAMESON
Los Gatos, California

JAZZING IT UP IN L.A.

Your efforts to lend a strong California influence to OUI are clearly undisguised, but you have now wandered into the realm of the absurd. It is severely stretching the truth to declare, as you did in the June issue (*Openers*, "All This Jazz"), that Los Angeles is becoming the jazz capital of the world. Chicago, New Orleans, New York and St. Louis are more important to jazz culture than is Los Angeles; for that matter, so are Paris, Montreux and Prague. There must be at least three million stories to tell in Los Angeles; tall tales about its being a jazz capital need not be included. That's like saying the best place to get a tan is International Falls, Minnesota.

BRENT MURRAY
New York, New York

Congratulations on your *Openers* piece "All This Jazz." Although you mention that radio station KKGO in Los Angeles was one of the few jazz stations in the country before the recent renaissance, I feel that some recognition is due station WFMR in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Disc jockey Ron Cuzner has one of the longest-running jazz programs in the country. He's done as much for jazz in the Midwest as KKGO's Chuck Niles has done for

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the West Coast. So L.A. may be home for jazz in the Eighties, but don't forget people like Ron are furthering the jazz cause out here in the sticks.

PETE PRICE
Rockford, Illinois

It's about time somebody recognized the vital jazz scene in L.A. As a sax player with more than a decade's experience working the jazz clubs and concerts in this area, I was heartened to read that the town—and its players—is finally getting the attention it deserves.

R. HOLLYFIELD
Santa Monica, California

HOLD THE FRY

Once again, you've proven that OUI is the best in the world. *Brigette Fry* (May) is the most beautiful woman to have ever graced your pages. If it isn't too much trouble, could you show one more picture of her, please?

ROB HECKATHORN
Wellsville, Ohio

I would like to know more (and see more) of Brigette Fry. I've spent 25 years in Oregon looking for a single lady like her. If there are more women in the world like Brigette, where are they?

KEITH R. MENTZER
Salem, Oregon

OK, OK, here's another shot of Brigette. And if there are more women in the world like her, we'd sure like to know where they are, too.

MAKES CENSUS TO US

Some subjects lend themselves to humor more readily than others. Funerals, nuclear power and international monetary policy are obviously bad topics. So, too, I would have guessed, is the subject of the U.S. Census. Clark Norton's hilarious *The Unofficial Census* (April) proved me wrong. It also convinced me that I don't need a new Cuisinart for my mung bean purees.

STEVE ANZALONE
Northampton, Massachusetts

I've been holed up for days trying to avoid the constant knocking of the U.S. Census taker at my door. Finally, I took your *Unofficial Census* and handed it to him. He read it and started laughing uproariously. This gave me time to slip out the back. Thanks a lot for the good work!

J.R. RAND
Akron, Ohio

WHEEL LET YOU KNOW

We were pleased to see David Barry's evaluation of the Vespa P200E (*City Cycles*, May), but a little dismayed at the inaccuracy of his statement regarding the stability of the scooter.

Vespa's wheels *are* smaller than those of a motorcycle. However, stability is not related to the size of the wheel, but rather to the balance of the machine. Small wheels maneuver better and respond faster than large wheels. So, anyone used to motorcycles would have to make some adjustments in their driving habits with a Vespa scooter.

As for its "cocker spaniel" appeal, as Barry puts it, we tend to view the Vespa more as a sophisticated street machine with well-engineered works and a sleek Italian-designed body. What do you think?

MARJORIE NICOLAISEN
Vespa of America Corp.
Brisbane, California

David Barry replies: "Well, I'd have to disagree with your statement regarding stability and the size of the wheel. As any physics teacher will tell you, two-wheelers are kept upright by the gyroscopic action of the wheels. The bigger the wheels, the more gyroscopic stability they produce. That's why motorcycles are inherently much more stable than scooters—whether on pavement, dirt or any other surface."

My old Pontiac guzzles about three gallons of gas on my drive to and from work each day. Just about the time your May issue arrived, I'd had enough. When I turned to your article on city cycles, my mind was made up. Now I use less than three gallons a *week* on my little scooter. Glad to see OUI's doing its share to put an end to the energy crisis.

ROB GRIFFITHS
Minneapolis, Minnesota

FROM HERE TO PATERNITY

I am writing about your reply in *Dr. Oui* (June) concerning paternity blood tests. As an attorney with the Child Support Enforcement Office of the Texas Department

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of Human Resources, I handle paternity lawsuits for a ten-county area. Contrary to your response, in Texas, the paternity blood-test results *do* carry great weight and are offered into evidence, thereby having legal bearing in a court of law.

RICHARD D. CULBERTSON
Fort Worth, Texas

While blood tests do have legal bearing regarding paternity suits in Texas, the Lone Star state stands just about alone on this one. The law in most states requires 100 percent certainty in paternity cases. Blood tests are only about a 90 percent sure thing in determining the actual father of an infant.

TAKE A HIKE

My girlfriend and I were preparing for our first backpacking trip when we discovered Michael Tennesen's *The Hike Report* (June). The article became our primary source of information and probably saved us from a series of disasters on the trail. Thanks a lot for all the tips.

E.F.K.
Omaha, Nebraska

Your *Hike Report* is a good read, but there is one section that got me down. Author Tennesen's remarks about the Jansport Trail Dome being "a bitch to set up" are a bit extreme—was he on 'ludes when he pitched camp?

I've had a Dome for over two years, and I have no problem setting it up. It takes me about five minutes, maybe seven in a bad storm.

MICHAEL T. STEFELY
Kansas City, Missouri

Some of the fuzzheads who write your articles must not have both oars in the water. I refer especially to Michael Tennesen. Can't he do anything without sucking some kind of crap into his body and then bragging about it? Can't he enjoy nature without the use of dope? You owe it to the rest of us to dump this guy.

OWEN TATRUD
River Falls, Wisconsin

Tennesen agrees with you. His next assignment: an outdoors piece on rowing without oars.

BITS 'N' PIZZAS

Poor Michael Lasky! His consumer survey on frozen pizzas (*Upper Crust*, June) must have sent him running for the Alka Seltzer. But at least your article will stop frozen-pizza addicts like me from doing the same. Good work.

M.K. GREENBERG
New York, New York

THE SINKING OF CUSSLER

Jan Golab's adventure parody (*The Bridlington Rectangle*, June) is a gem. His portrayal of Clive Cussler is great. I've read Cussler's books—*Raise the Titanic*, *Iceberg*—and Golab really captures Cussler's

Don't compare it with other portables, compare it to home stereo systems.

JVC's RC-M70 radio/cassette recorder not only goes everywhere, but does everything with a super power output pumped through a 2-way, 4-speaker system.

That's enough punch to be the life of any party – in whatever room or wherever you roam. The RC-M70 is like a home stereo system that can leave home. It's "portable Hi-Fi". And it's just one of 15 radio/cassettes from JVC.

The RC-M70 features metal tape compatibility, 6-band radio, and a 16-program search system. Its wow/flutter rating is among the lowest yet in a radio/cassette – 0.065%.

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All of these features give you the control over sound that you expect from larger, more expensive systems.

Go see your nearest JVC Home Entertainment dealer and listen to the RC-M70. We're sure you'll take one home. But it's up to you whether or not you leave it there.

For JVC dealer names and locations call toll-free 800-221-7502. In New York, 212-476-8300.

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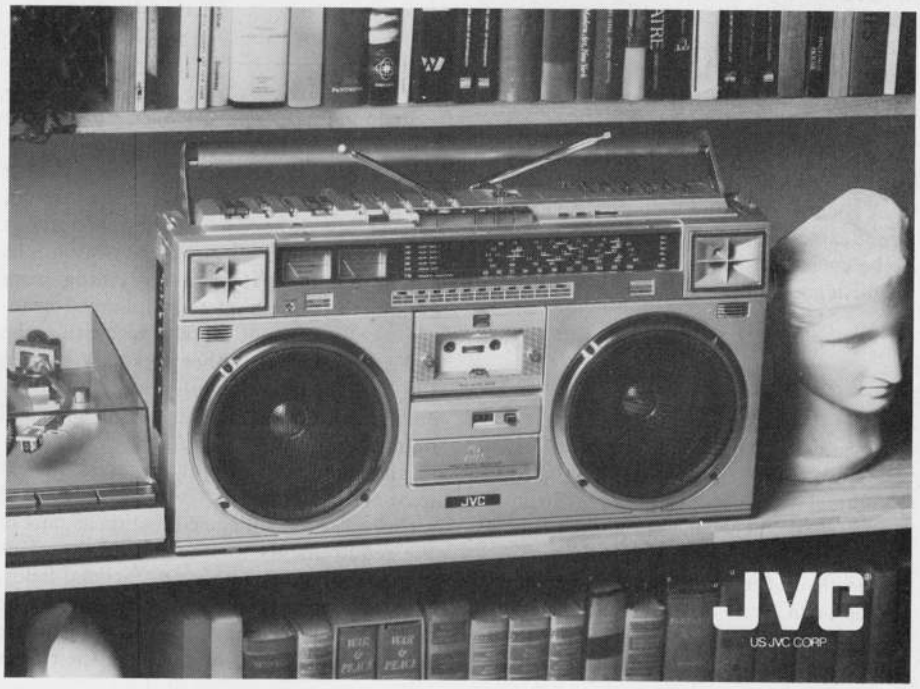
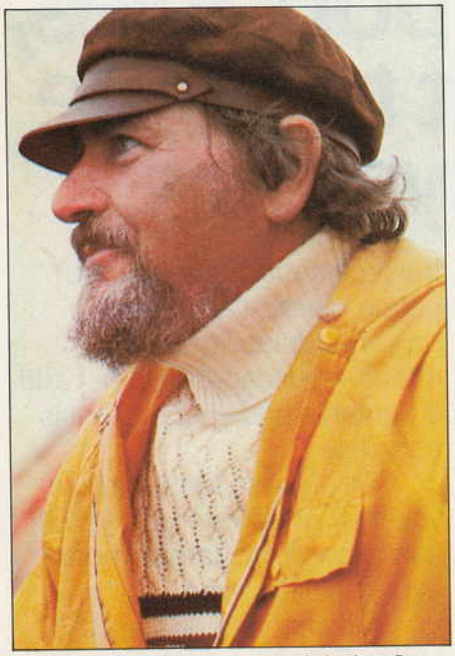


deep-sea suspense style. He also seems to have hit Cussler's own aqua-James Bond personality right on the doubloon.

B.G.
Missoula, Montana



Most of your articles and fiction I can take or leave, but you outdid yourselves with the excellent article by Jan Golab, *The Bridlington Rectangle* (June). It was beautifully written and nicely broken into independent episodes—an item totally different from your usual run of material. The author's constant—and immediate—success with all the females in the story, however, did tend to raise my eyebrows; just a touch unlikely, but possibly possible!

JOHN MCCREARY
Reno, Nevada

I think the article on Clive Cussler missed the true essence of the man. Behind that deceptive look and degenerate giggle lies a cesspool of twisted emotions and dark, shameful secrets. He exudes an image of haughty contempt that prevents even the most testy of blind beggars from daring to approach him. To him, being paged in a Trailways bus station is a sign of class.

A social misfit and a confused victim of cruel exploiters, Clive Cussler is, in reality, to be envied for his superiority, success and devilish good looks.

CLIVE CUSSLER
Chairman, Clive Cussler Fan Club
Golden, Colorado

BACH AGAIN

I was very glad to read *Going for Baroque* by Steve Simels and John Tebbel (May). Skeptical friends invariably regarded me as a screwball whenever I recommended classical music to them as an aphrodisiac.

Much of the success I have had with women can be at least partially attributed to classical music—especially Ottorino Respighi's *The Pines of Rome*, Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite No. 1* and Alexander Borodin's *Polovtsian Dances*.

Please extend my thanks to Simels and Tebbel for a terrific piece of writing.

LARRY R. MIDDINGS
San Ramon, California

I read with great interest the article on classical music. I wish to thank the authors for voting the Musical Heritage Society's Pachelbel's *Kanon in D* as one of the suggested "standards."

One clarification, however: MHS recordings are *not* imports, are not expensive ($4.45 per LP, $4.95 per cassette) and are recognized as having the best pressings in the United States.

ROBERT NISSIM
General Manager
Musical Heritage Society
Tinton Falls, New Jersey

I haven't been able to find any records on the Musical Heritage Society label (including the one cited in your *Going for Baroque* appraisal). Do you have an address available?

S.R.
Northport, New York

MHS recordings are available by mail order only from Musical Heritage Society, 14 Park Road, Tinton Falls, NJ 07724.

FIGURING OUT FERRIGNO

Just finished reading *A Conversation with Lou Ferrigno* (June). I suspect that, like myself, the female audience in general responds not only to the body of the Hulk, but to the masculine statement of the Hulk's behavior. This is important to today's woman, especially in an age of abounding wimps.

I am also attracted by the sense of gentleness that Ferrigno projects—both onscreen and in your excellent interview.

KATHLEEN STEFFAN
Fargo, North Dakota

PLANE TALK

In his article *The Layover Conspiracy* (June), Dean Latimer grossly misrepresents the flight attendant's role. We earn our salary not for being waitresses or sex objects, but rather for our training and our ability to handle all emergency situations and problems that arise—anything from childbirth to a complete, unplanned evacuation. We are not merely decorating the aisles. We do have other thoughts besides sex, drugs and alcohol and, amazingly enough, we do conduct our lives in a normal manner.

The idea that the flight attendant "has at least minimum smarts" is demeaning. Most airlines stress a college education as part of the requirements for the job. Many of us came from other highly professional fields, including management and teaching. We are not "featherbrains," which is fortunate for passengers who might have their lives saved by us someday.

And we are not easily manipulated. In other words, Mr. Latimer is most wrong in assuming that "a gentle touch" or a conversation about X-rated movies somehow guarantees a score.

As flight attendants for a major U.S. airline, we question the author's credibility and his sources for the article; that is, if he had any. The article is a very poor one, full of falsities which reflect the old stereotype of a stew. Sorry, fellas, that's just not the way it is. We advise keeping your "tongue smooch" and your "rump groping" to yourselves.

CAROL S. DAY, SUSAN COOKE,
DEBBIE KILLEN, D.J. FLYNN,
KATHY GAY, DIANNE MARTIN,
SUZIE LANGLOIS, JANET DEAL
Portland, Oregon

We apologize. We'd be the last to stereotype flight attendants as waitresses and sex objects. Let's kiss and make up.

SELF-SERVING STUFF

Just received my May issue and I felt compelled to write and say "Wow!" Never before have you brought together three more luscious, beautiful, desirable women,

as you have with these three blonde goddesses: Corinne, Brigette and Lalla.

The cover shot of Corinne is worth the price alone. Jeff Dunas is sure one hell of a lucky guy!

Keep up the good work. I'm glad to be a OUI subscriber.

ERNIE MENDOZA
Selma, California

Here's another shot of Corinne for you, Ernie. But Jeff Dunas insists that it's just all in a day's work.

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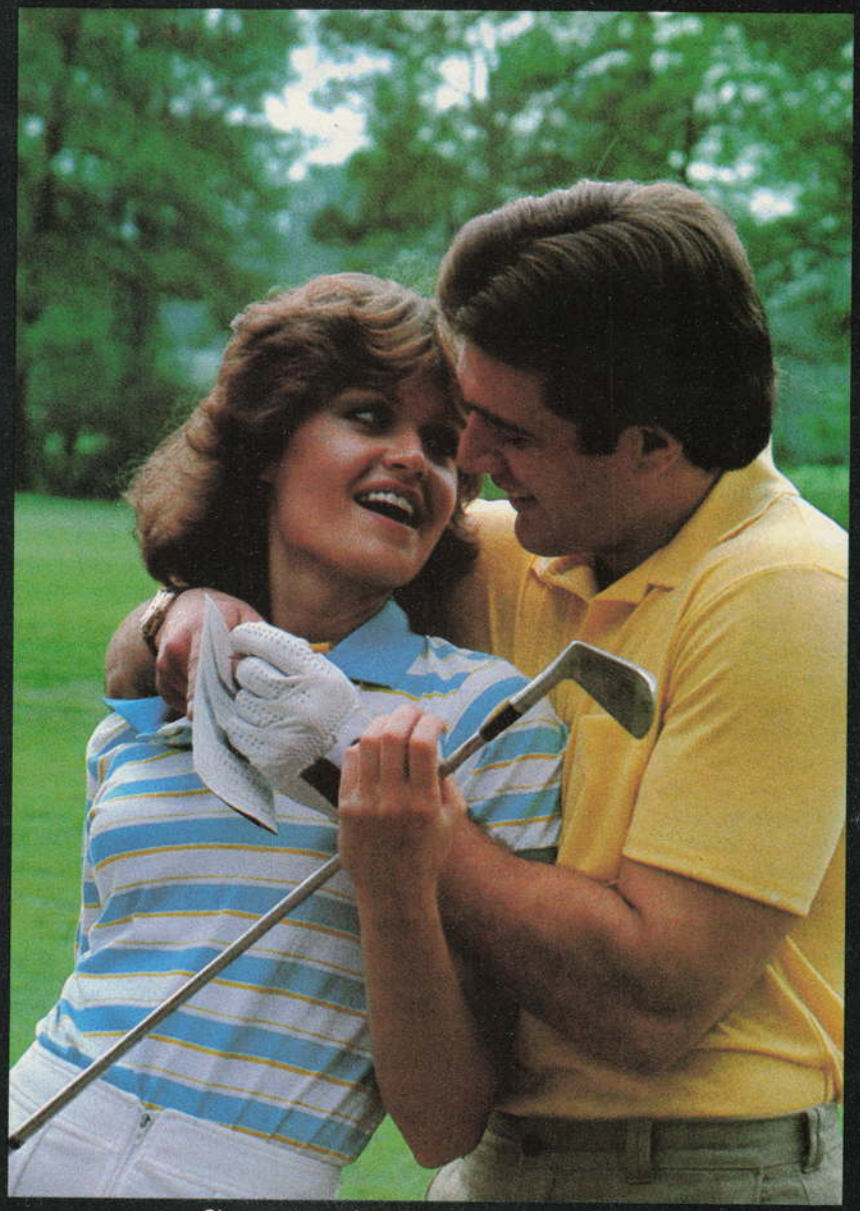

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DR. OUI

Sensible and straightforward answers to your questions
about sex, the law, drugs, money, health, fitness, manners and self-improvement

My wife and I have started experimenting sexually, and I'd like to purchase some mail-order sex material—films, tapes, devices. I've never sent away for anything like this, so I'm wary of ripoffs. Is there any way to spot the unscrupulous or avoid getting burned when ordering goods by mail?

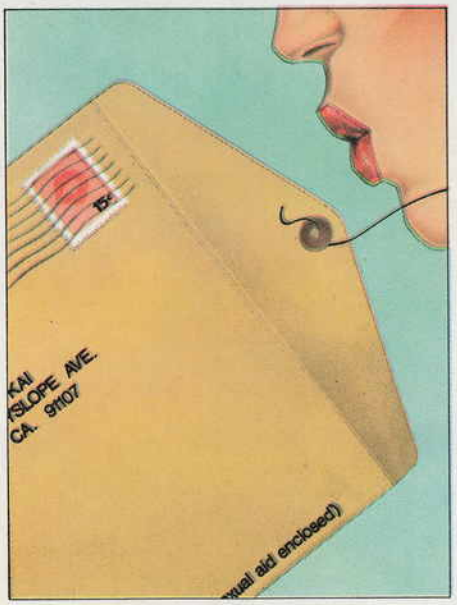
P.M.
Palo Alto, California

For an answer to this very important question, we consulted experts at the TAB Report *(the quarterly news journal of The Adult Business Report, 1228 Half Street, S.W., Washington D.C. 20024). They suggested that the prospective mail-order customer follow these eight commonsense rules: (1) Choose firms that list their name, address and phone number, and be wary of those using only post-office boxes. (2) Beware of requests for a deposit up front. (3) In the case of repair-prone items—electrical appliances, watches, etc.—remember, few mail outfits offer repair services. (4) "Guarantees" are not legally binding and are worth far less than a company's reputation. (5) Ads should show items by photograph (not drawing), and should specify size. (6) They should also state product return procedures and the amount of time for delivery. (7) When in doubt, order COD. And keep records of everything—the ad, copies of your order, your canceled check and all correspondence. (8) Remember, never send cash. And don't send checks made payable to persons by name.*

For about a year now, I've been jogging to try to combat my growing depression. Recently, I've been running as much as an hour a day, four days a week. But now I get more depressed than ever on the days I don't run. Since my schedule doesn't permit daily jogs, I'm becoming a little concerned. Am I a mental case?

H.O.
Princeton, New Jersey

No. But you do sound like a jogging junkie—a genuine, documented syndrome of the Me Decade. It is actually possible to become habituated to extended running, possibly because such activity stimulates the production by the body of endorphins, a natural narcotic. When denied their footpath fix, victims undergo very real withdrawal symptoms (e.g., depression, anxiety, physical discomfort). Persons who jog regularly for more than 40 minutes per session and who jog largely for psychological reasons—to relieve depression, tension, etc.—seem to be most hooked on hoofing. Cutting back to half-hour sessions should help, but don't go cold turkey. Jogging has been found to be as emotionally therapeutic as psychiatry, and a damned sight cheaper.



Up until now, I thought blue balls were the result of a lousy sex life. But lately, I've been getting a regular pain and swelling in my left nut, despite the fact that I see plenty of action in the sack. Although the symptoms usually go away in 24 hours, they have me worried. What could be causing it, and what can I do to stop it?

V.P.
Toronto, Ontario

This sounds like a varicocele, which arises either from varicose veins in the testicle—a nuisance—or from a twisting or enlargement of the spermatic cord—a problem. While the former may decrease sperm count and motility, the latter can alter blood flow in the testes, thus causing a serious reduction in sperm and/or testosterone, or even the deterioration of the testicle itself. The cure involves minor surgery—an unhappy prospect, but certainly preferable to the possible alternative. Go at once to a specialist in reproductive medicine: He will determine the severity of your condition and whether you can live with it. Remember, in this ball game, we are not issued new equipment.

A few months back, you answered a question about smoking cocaine. But how about smoking Quaaludes? I've tried it—powdered and mixed with weed in a hash pipe. It did get me high, but only for a short time. In your opinion, is this semi-high worth the risk?

L.K.
Austin, Texas

In our opinion, you're wasting your money, not to mention your health. Frankly, the idea of smoking the stuff gives us the willies for several reasons. First, a methaqualone overdose can slow (or even stop) your respiration, pulse and blood pressure; a semi-high is just a semi-overdose. Second, smoking produces a more rapid, and possibly a more powerful, onset of these incordial symptoms. Third, the first-aid technique for a Quaalude O.D.—to induce vomiting—is of no value when it's been toked. Finally, since combustion can chemically alter a drug and its effects—not to mention the talc and other padding agents you'd be inhaling—we say to hell with it.

Everybody knows guys are prone to getting off prematurely, but can women have the same problem? I'm really into loving foreplay, but my lover only lasts about five minutes before she climaxes. By the time I'm ready, she's done! Short of abandoning foreplay, what can I do?

S.C.
Huntington Beach, California

Women may not pack rods, but they can still be quick on the trigger. Says one lady, "You get turned on, and it just happens." First off, understand that it's often her reaction to your attention that gets her off—not just your stimulation. You'll need her conscious cooperation to delay lift-off.

Here are some suggested delaying tactics. Stop-and-Go: Pause for a few minutes when she nears orgasm; a cool, damp cloth might help. Anesthesia: Dull her sensitivity with a couple of stiff drinks, or maybe a topical anesthetic. Stay Clear: Avoid her most erogenous zones, especially the clitoris, until you're close to orgasm. Last-Ditch Effort: Just get her off, wait 20 minutes, and then start over. This will probably be her favorite solution. In any case, be as understanding as you'd want her to be if your positions were reversed. Speaking of which, try reversing positions.

I recently saw an advertisement for a negative-ion generator that is supposed to improve your moods, give you more energy

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MUKAI

Alive with pleasure!

Newport

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1980

After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report January 1980.

and generally make life more pleasant—all by surrounding you with negative ions. This sounds like jive to me. Is it?

A.D.
Williamsport, Pennsylvania

Yes and no. Studies indicate that a negative-ion atmosphere is highly conducive to good moods, while positive ions tend to produce foul frames of mind. However, these results are based on controlled lab experiments and may have little bearing on normal human environments and activities. What's more, negative-ion generators are of dubious value. First, ions dissipate rapidly; it's unlikely that any small-scale device could maintain a high level of them outside the lab. Second, defective units may produce unhealthy amounts of ozone. Ideally, you should live where the air is cool, moist and loaded with negative ions—near the ocean or the mountains. But if moving is out of the question, you can always generate some negative ions by taking a long, cool shower.

Several evenings ago, I met a very attractive man, and we went to his apartment for a night of wonderful sex. Unfortunately, I'd forgotten my diaphragm and, of course, there were no douches available. My new lover suggested that I shake up a bottle of Coca-Cola and use it as a douche. I'd heard about this method before—it's really been around for years—but I decided to forego the advice. Still, I'm curious, does cola douche work?

S.B.
Tucson, Arizona

Coke may add life, but it certainly does nothing to prevent it. Using cola as a douche is utterly ineffective as a birth-control device, and it poses potential gynecological hazards as well. In sum, it doesn't work, it can mess you up, so don't try it. And don't take the advice of uninformed friends.

Just before the fall term begins, I'm going to have some routine corrective surgery. It's a safe operation, but it will involve a sizable incision. When I confided to a friend that I was afraid of scarring, he said I should take megadoses of minerals before the operation to promote healing. It sounds like some kind of holistic nonsense to me. What's your opinion?

P.H.
Upper Darby, Pennsylvania

"Holistic" dietary supplements are the biggest caveat emptor *market since silver futures. But maybe not in this case. Recent clinical studies based on our old friend the rat suggest that copper, zinc and manganese in abnormally large doses can decrease the protein loss which usually occurs after major injury or surgery. Our opinion? If your physician and surgeon have no serious and specific objections—but make damn sure you discuss this with them—dose up on the heavy metals before the cutting and during convalescence.*

Two weeks ago, I began experiencing an itchiness and a mild burning sensation when I urinate. The last few drops of urine are kind of filmy, too. I got a complete V.D. check and came up negative. Can you pass a V.D. test and still have it, or is this something more serious?

R.E.
Vancouver, British Columbia

Yes, you can, and it probably isn't. Say hello to NGU—nongonococcal urethritis—the most prevalent and commonly transmitted form of V.D. now known. It's hard to diagnose; we're still learning which bacteria cause it and how. It's not clap or syph, but it's no bouquet, either. If untreated, NGU can inflame the male epididymis gland which carries sperm from the testes. It can also infect the female cervix or Fallopian tubes, causing infertility. It also endangers the health of infants born to infected mothers. You should instantly inform all your sexual partners if you have it! A urologist can diagnose it for you, and then put you on antibiotics to blitz it. Till then, you—and your lovers' other lovers—should use condoms.

Just as I was about to drop a large chunk of loose cash into the gold and silver markets, the roof fell in. So now I'm looking for some advice. Can you recommend some other less dangerous metal or gem investments? Is there any good literature on the subject?

A.Y.
Springfield, Massachusetts

Actually, the best formula we've encountered is in "The Great Dollar Deception" by George Romero (Books in Focus, $10.95). Romero evaluates an investment according to four criteria: (1) Does its value historically keep up with inflation, and is it subject to market or Federal manipulation? (2) Is it quickly and easily convertible into other assets? (3) Is it portable and concealable? (4) Is it considered a capital gain? According to this system, your best bets are semi-precious gems—emeralds, rubies and sapphires (that's where he has his dough)—followed by diamonds and rare coins, and then by rare jade. Gold and silver rank significantly below these. Beware: Romero's ratings are based on an unhealthy or mercurial economy, not on good times; they indicate your safest bets, not necessarily your best ones.

After considering all the possible alternatives, my lady and I have decided to try condoms as a contraceptive. But I'm confused by all the prices, varieties and options.

Here's three ways not to get mugged.
I hate to repeat myself—but you're not listening! So I'll say it again:
1. Walk on well-lit streets.
2. Don't walk alone late at night.
3. Have your keys ready, so you don't fumble around at your door.
Find out what else you can do to protect yourself. Write to: Crime Prevention Coalition, Box 6600, Rockville, Maryland 20850.
And help me...
TAKE A BITE OUT OF CRIME
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A message from the Crime Prevention Coalition, this publication and The Ad Council.
Ad Council

What's the best kind of prophylactic for sensitivity? Are ridges a turn-on?

D.N.
St. Louis, Missouri

It depends—are you looking for a condom or a potato chip? According to recent tests, the leading brand-name condoms are all within a few thousand millimeters of each other in thickness; this difference is too negligible to feel. Ditto for lambskin—their higher price is due to the cost of lambs and production. Many women, however, do seem to find lambskins more lubricated and less drying or irritating than latex.

Ultimately, sensitivity depends on the lover and the technique, not on the condom. The stimulative powers of ridged prophylactics are dubious, since the ridges don't touch the clitoris. An inflation fighter's tip: To preserve latex condoms intact, don't use them with petroleum jelly, carry them in your wallet or buy them from dispensers located in hot areas.

For quite a while, I've been bothered by dry, itchy skin on my butt. Can you suggest anything for this condition? I dislike waving my rectum in the face of an unfamiliar skin doctor.

K.F.
Jacksonville, Florida

No more than he does. Try varying your underwear—cotton, synthetics or none at all—and see if anything helps. Deodorant soaps are highly alkaline and can dry and flake the skin; if you use one, switch to a glycerin soap or a slightly acidic deodorant soap, and check the results. Treat the irritated area to a good rubdown every few days with Nivea lotion or some other hypoallergenic moisturizing cream.

For no apparent reason, I'm suddenly having real trouble generating a good erection. I'm willing to see a doctor—but what kind? My old lady says 99 percent of all impotence is psychological, and she thinks a psychiatrist is my best bet. But emotionally, I don't feel any different than usual. Could a limp dick mean I'm slowly going whacko?

W.E.
Albuquerque, New Mexico

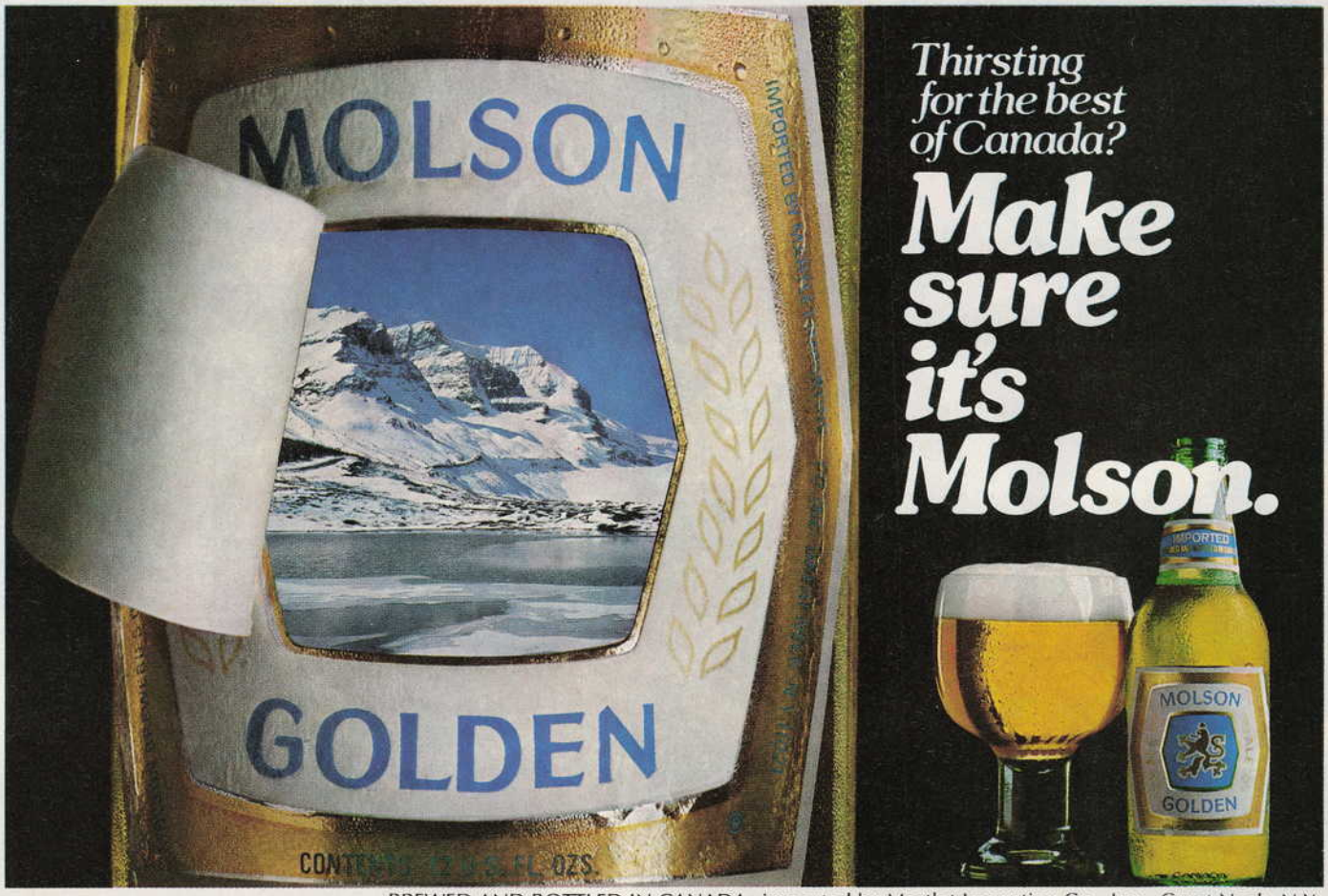
Actually, your lady is giving you the traditional wisdom regarding primary impotence. But in medicine, today's wisdom is tomorrow's revised theory. A recent report in the Journal of the America Medical Association *indicates that maybe one-third of all male impotence could be due to correctable hormone changes. The usual culprit is a decrease in testosterone associated with diabetes, drug use or alcohol. For a quick self-examination, feel your testicles. A hard-boiled-egg consistency and size is normal; small or soft cojones should be taken to an M.D. specializing in sexual dysfunction. If you're not crazy, a chronic mushwick can quickly drive you there.*

My lady and I have a super sex life, except when her period rolls around. Then, intercourse tends to cause her pain and dry out her vagina. At times, it even causes little sores inside her for several days. Is there a remedy for this, or will we have to abstain for a week every month?

J.G.
New York, New York

According to a recent issue of Obstetrics and Gynecology, *there is a strong association between dryness and small lesions in the vagina and the use of super-absorbent tampons. Even regular tampons can produce these effects to a lesser degree. If she uses them, she should switch to external napkins for two to three months to see if things soften up. If they do, she should avoid using tampons in the future. If they don't, her condition could indicate coital lacerations from menstrual sensitivity, burns resulting from vaginal chemistry changes, or worse. Have her get a V.D. test, viral cultures and a Pap smear.*

The Doctor is in every month to answer your questions about sex, health, women, drugs, law and life in general. Write: *Dr. OUI, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.*



BREWED AND BOTTLED IN CANADA; imported by Martlet Importing Co., Inc., Great Neck, N.Y.

The eyes of Texas, and the nation, will be firmly focused on this month's PLAYBOY. The reason? A spectacular pictorial spread on *Girls of the Southwest Conference*, featuring comely coeds like Texas Tech's own Teresa Campsey. Also this month: our annual college football preview, the rise and demise of Cowboy Chic, a package that probes the current state of romance. Plus an interview with Roy Scheider, a fascinating study of silver-market maven Nelson Bunker Hunt, Cheech and Chong doing their thing and lots more. In September PLAYBOY. At newsstands now.
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OPENERS

SEPTEMBER

Liz Sowis

OUI'S GUIDE TO GOLDBRICKING

Hung over? Tired? Anxiety stricken? Spaced-out? Love problems? Sleepless nights? Or maybe you're just in the mood to screw off? No, this isn't an ad for a new time-release tablet that will cure your every ill. But if you're like most people—fed up, pissed off and hog-tied to some undesirable remunerative activity 40 hours a week, then you deserve a break. You owe it to yourself to take this home study course in how to improve your condition and gain sympathy by lying your ass off—in other words, goldbricking.

For this course, you will need the following items: a battered collector's car, like a '57 Chevy; a can of Manhandlers soup; a cassette tape recorder; crutches and Ace bandages; an American Heart Association wall calendar; an A.M. radio; and some legal stationery.

Now, how does all this fit together? Well, if you happen to possess all of the items on this list, you already own a complete self-help kit for goldbricking that should guarantee you—at a lowball estimate—an additional six weeks of vacation every year. So, open your eyes, plug in your girlfriend's vibrator to keep her from distracting you, and pay attention.

1. The battered car has multiple purposes. If you do not own such a vehicle, buy one for $75 and begin driving it to work. On the first day, ask around for jumper cables. You get the idea. If you're worried about status, simply say, "I'm restoring a classic." The faulty battery is good for late arrivals and extended lunch hours—you're having it recharged at the neighborhood garage. Later, you can drive the car into a large tree or a brick wall at about ten miles an hour—preferably in reverse.

2. Now that the car is battered, take the 16-ounce can of Manhandlers soup, and bring it in to work already opened. Spread the word that you've been hit from behind by an uninsured motorist. Then spread some of the chunky soup on the carpet by your desk. People will get the idea that you're upset. If the boss doesn't suggest you take the day off, take the rest of the can of Manhandlers and, at the next opportunity, pour it on *his* carpet. He'll get the idea.

3. Take your new cassette deck to a pay-phone booth near an interstate freeway—rush hour is best. Record the dimes dropping in the slots. Call time service and listen to the time until you get the operator's taped warning about depositing more coins. Record more coins falling in. Now record your voice (make sure that the cars and the 18-wheelers can be heard in the background). "Hello, this is [your name]—I can't hear you, there's too much traffic—can you hear me? This is [your name]; my car's broken down! I'll be in late! I have to call a wrecker!" Repeat this several times, preferably with the operator cutting in asking for more money. Use this recording for those mornings when you're too hung over to make sense. This prerecorded monologue will serve your purposes much better than a slovenly, poorly enunciated excuse.

4. Gather information about your boss's background through casual conversation. He should have an injury of some sort. Find out how he got it and then cultivate an interest in that activity. For example, if he broke his ankle skiing, subscribe to a ski magazine. If he has an old knee injury from college football, acquire pamphlets on Y.M.C.A. touch football. Call in the bad news of your injury and, after several days off, show up for work with the appropriate limb bandaged. Crutches are also useful. Based on the boss's understanding of your sports injury, you may be able to have numerous relapses. In these cases, remember to complain of pain several days in advance of the day you wish to have off. Then call in.

5. Pin an American Heart Association calendar on your wall and then dial time service to discuss your next blood donation. You should give regularly, about once a month,

T-Shirt of the Month

David Gray

preferably on a Friday afternoon. Thursday is a good day to donate whole pints of blood—then you have Friday and the rest of the weekend to recover.

6. Listen carefully to morning traffic reports on your A.M. radio. If there's a pileup on the North Freeway, arrive at work around ten. Be sure to tune in to the most popular station, so your colleagues will already be aware of the pileup. Remember, people believe what they hear in the media—your being a part of it will ensure not only your credibility, but your popularity as a celebrity. Similarly, when statistics are broadcast about swine flu, Eurasian clap or what have you, catch the disease immediately.

7. Go to a stationery store and purchase a dozen blank subpoenas and summonses. Fill in the appropriate data and leave the appearance dates blank. You might be subpoenaed for the part you played in the North Freeway pileup, or you might have to testify against the uninsured motorist. In fact, take your "classic" car and drive it into a real freeway pileup doing about 45 miles an hour. Take photographs, and leave them in obvious places on your desk. Then subpoena yourself to testify. Of course, if you want a longer break, witness an important crime and summons yourself for jury duty—preferably sequestered.

So, go to it. And good luck. —JAIME MARDIS

ROBERT TOLONE

COME ALL YE FAITHFUL

The Venusian Church of Seattle is not an extraterrestrial cult, although its encounters are definitely of the close kind. However, it *is* the only church in America that has been charged with lewd conduct.

Some call it "born-again porn." That's understandable, since church members practice their sacred rites at the Temple of Venus, which is wedged between a tavern and an adult bookstore in the heart of Seattle's Tenderloin.

"Our notion is that religion works when it's a social and pleasurable activity, rather than a matter of superstition, gloom and self-denial," the church proclaims. Indeed, self-denial may be the only sin for its 1500 members.

Empyreal harps and celestial voices greet the worshiper upon entering the lushly carpeted lobby. One then proceeds down a cosmic corridor, the walls of which display galaxies and planets, pictures of the Venusians' matron saint and the written tenets of their humanistic philosophy—Esalen psychobabble spiced with *Joy of Sex*. "God creates herself into physicalness, in order to have experience," they say.

The next room comes closest to resembling a chapel. There, members sit on pews that face a flashing slide show of the Venusians frolicking ecstatically among images of wildflowers, brilliant sunsets and steamy sex.

The altar room offers devotees a chance to watch cavorting couples or triples from the privacy of their own confessionals. Donating a dollar reveals a plush bed in a room patterned after Mount Olympus, with marble columns, a vase of ostrich plumes and an array of exotic oils for massage. The only rule is: "Be sharing, caring and sexual if it comes up." And it frequently does.

Until recent police hassles put a stop to them, orgies were ordained at the Temple of Venus. Even Camp Armac, the church's 32-acre retreat, which once boasted an 18-foot hot tub, has been closed down.

Ronald Petersen, a 42-year-old cherub, founded the church in 1978 to enhance human sexuality and to "contribute to the universe."

"Sex is part of most religions," Petersen asserts. "But most treat it as a negative. We want to make sex positive.

"The church never placed emphasis on having sex," he explains. "It took place naturally. I thought it was kind of beautiful but, apparently, the vice squad didn't." Since its inception, the Temple has been busted six times and charged with lewd conduct and running a "body shop."

Petersen claims that the church's promiscuous activities are protected by the First Amendment. So far, the courts haven't agreed, and the vice squad stepped up its harassment to include the church's retreat. Petersen vows to take his fight to the Supreme Court to defend his religious freedom.

"Our patriarchal society has so narrowly defined and repressed sexuality," Petersen says, "that we have come to consider our bodies as lewd and our acts of love as criminal.

"The vice squad is very interested in being in the sex business," he continues. "Civil authorities are enforcing religious notions of guilt. Our positive package presents sex in a socially redeeming way that is more of a threat to their values than it is pornography. We're not backing down, but we're very concerned with the psychological trauma this has had on our staff."

Because of police pressure, Petersen said, the church's personnel has shrunk from 22 to seven. But no one's behind bars, and the altar room is still open, although on a limited basis. The less Olympian and more informal Aphrodite room is still holding services, too. Worshipers sit around a raised divan, while one or more of the "clergy" use their pudenda as a pulpit to sermonize on sexuality.

"I feel I've been a member of the church all my life," says Sharon Long, a lovely blonde devotee of Venus. "I go in the Aphrodite room feeling very good about my body. Hopefully, I enlighten people about their own sexuality. A lot of men have never even seen a clitoris before."

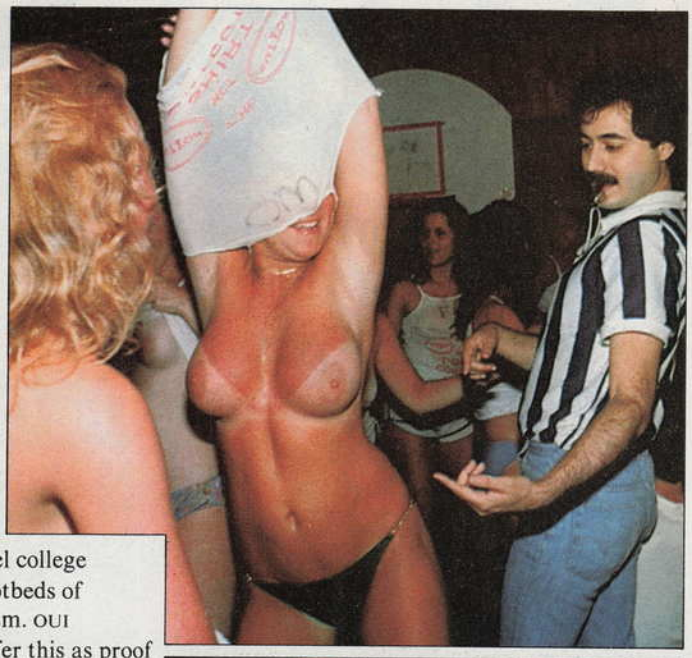
"Who you are is a sexual being," Petersen says. "What we provide here is the experience of sex. And sex is the agent of love." Hallelujah!

—SPENCER RUMSEY

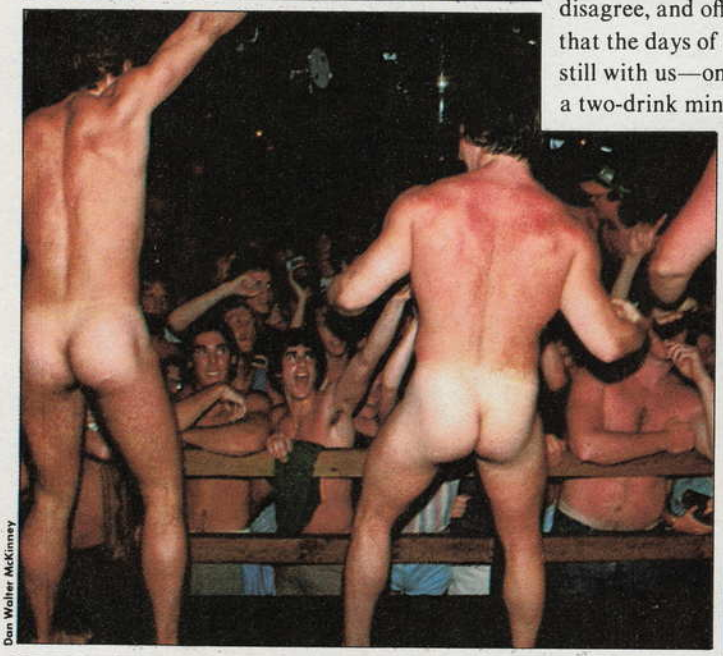
WHY WE DON'T PLAY RUGBY IN AMERICA

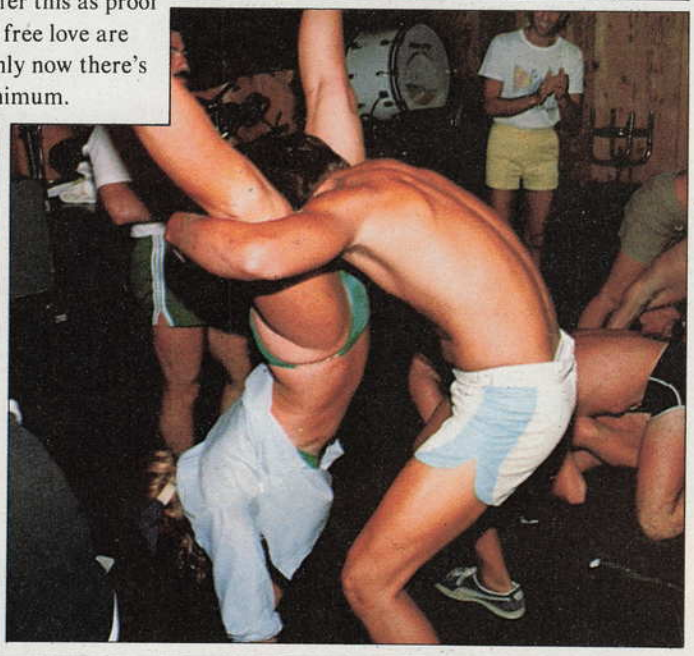
CLAY GEERDES

What We Did on Our Summer Vacation



Many people feel college campuses are hotbeds of neoconservativism. OUI disagree, and offer this as proof that the days of free love are still with us—only now there's a two-drink minimum.





Dan Walter McKinney

MONKEY BUSINESS

Has someone been driving you bananas lately? Does your party-animal roommate turn the apartment into a jungle every weekend? Or would you like some "swinging" entertainment for your next party? Go all out this time; go ape—rent a gorilla.

Rent-A-Gorilla will dispatch any of a half-dozen hairy models of ape to entertain, titillate or even deliver birthday greetings to your animal-loving friends. For $25 a half hour, you can choose a Miss Piggy Gorilla with feather boa. Or a wise-cracking, stogie-toking Groucho Gorilla. Or watch a belly-dancing Baboon shake her money-maker for an extra $15. The most popular model, a primately promiscuous, red-string-bikinied number can transform any mundane pool party into an animalistic orgy almost instantaneously.

An Atlanta, Georgia, operation masterminded by Charlie Church, Rent-A-Gorilla (404-874-5348) will send these cavorting creatures anywhere in the country, air fare extra. Under the skin, employees swear the discomfort of wearing those sweaty, hand-stitched costumes is made much more tolerable by an interesting fringe benefit: partygoers literally line up to shovel King Kong–sized snorts of coke up those widened nostrils.

In his first year of business, Charlie claims more than 300 successful jobs, the most unusual being a birthday party for Dr. Kinky & the S/M Gang, at which a sexy gorilla popped out of a tremendous birthday cake. The future appears even brighter, with plans for a Gourmet Gorilla, who, teasingly dressed in a frilly French maid's outfit, will whip up breakfast in bed; a Mother's Day Gorilla; a Jimmy Carter Gorilla during the elections; and an Uncle Sam Gorilla for patriotic Fourth of July celebrants. And for anyone with an unlimited expense account, 27 gorillas and Charlton Heston will soon be available to reenact *The Planet of the Apes* at your next business convention.

—SHAY ADDAMS

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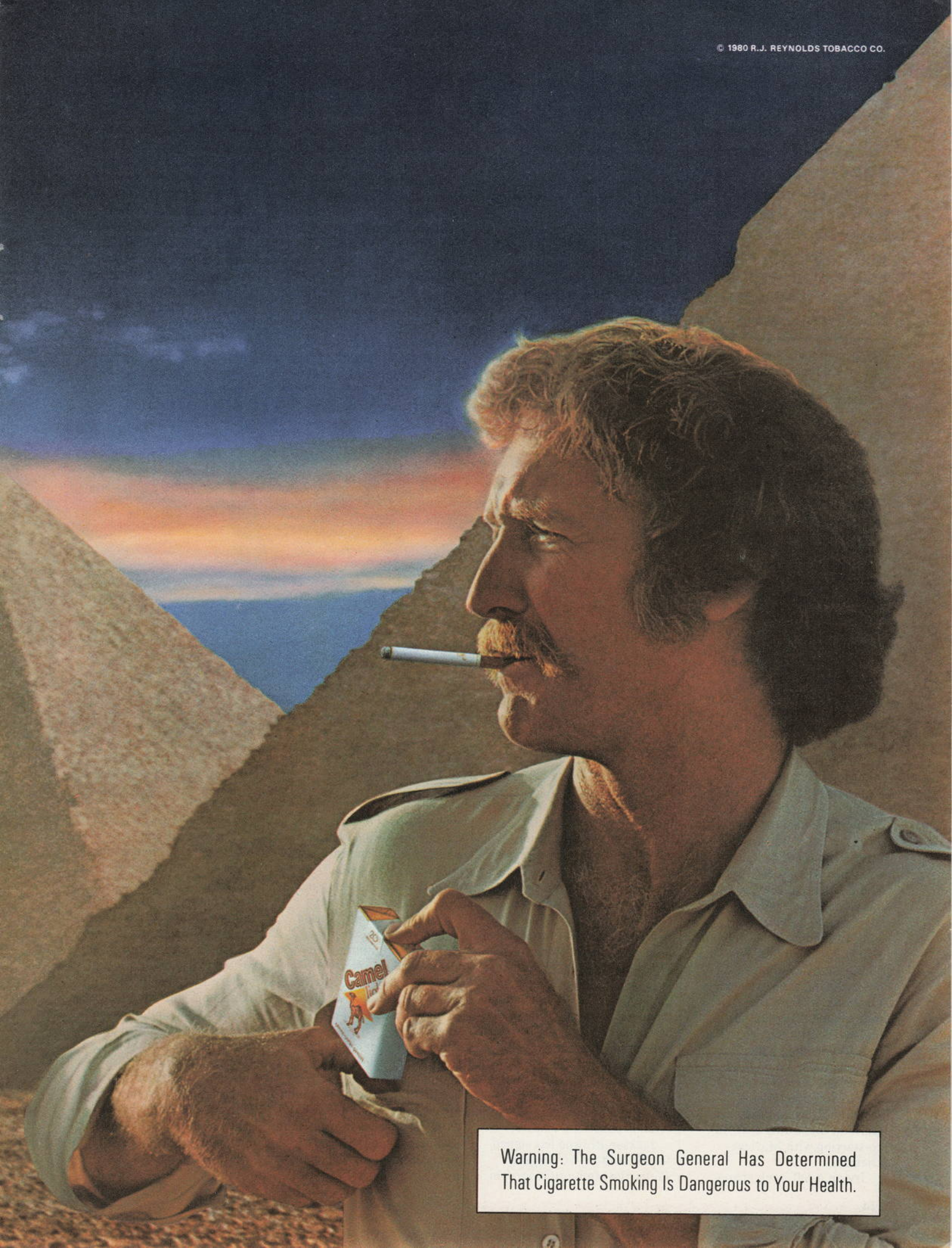

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Rock Goes to the Movies

"It really offends me when singers try to be actors. They're making light of my profession, negating all the work and training I've put in. Let them go study acting if they want to be actors."—JAMES CAAN

Tough luck, Jimmy. Whether Caan likes it or not, half the ranks of the Musicians Union are dropping their guitars and filling out Screen Actors Guild applications, while poring over mountains of script ideas. A cursory countoff: Neil Diamond, Deborah Harry, Meat Loaf, Levon Helm, the Clash's Paul Simonon, ex–Sex Pistols Paul Cook and Steve Jones, Jackson Browne, Paul Simon, Stevie Nicks . . . And that's just the tip of the proverbial iceberg of recording stars that are coming to Hollywood in a big way.

Not that this is anything new. Dick Powell, singing star of the Thirties, handily segued into a solid film career as director, producer and tough-guy actor. Frank Sinatra took a similar leap into filmdom following his crooning heyday. Not to mention Der Bingle: Crosby even landed an Oscar during his casual meander down the celluloid path. Elvis Presley managed to squeeze a few pictures under his belt. The Beatles, collectively and individually, have shone on the silver screen. (Remember John Lennon in *How I Won the War*?) Ringo, in fact, has pursued movies wholeheartedly; his latest venture is *Caveman*, wherein the multiringed Liverpudlian tackles the title role, as well as beautiful leading lady Barbara Bach. And David Bowie, last seen in *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, most recently completed the German-made *Just a Gigolo*, co-starring with Marlene Dietrich.

Irving Azoff, rock mega-manager and entrepreneur, has shoved virtually his entire roster of platinum popsters into the movies. The Eagles have several projects in development, one a film rendition of their Western warbler, *Desperado*.

Not every rocker and rockette has been able to make the crossover. Some singers who've been screen-tested and nixed for various roles include Deborah Harry (she lost out to Lisa Eichorn who lost out to Barbra Streisand for the co-lead in Gene Hackman's *All Night Long*, although she landed a spot in *Roadie*), Nicolette Larson and Pat Benatar. Bruce Springsteen tested for *King of the Gypsies* and Carlene Carter and Stevie Nicks both tried for a part in last year's Jack Kerouac/Neal Cassady story, *Heart Beat*. Nicks *is* slated to star in a production based on her own Fleetwood Mac hit, *Rhiannon*.

In one of Hollywood's most unlikely matches, Neil Diamond made his bow in EMI's remake of *The Jazz Singer*, co-starring none other than Sir Laurence Olivier. Not to be outdone, fellow pop-music crooner Barry Manilow has written and will star in Marble Arch Productions' *Encore*.

Jackson Browne has signed for the lead in *A Change of Plans*, the semi-autobiographical story of a rock star who is left to raise a young son after his wife dies. Paul Simon follows his small part in Woody Allen's *Annie Hall* with *One Trick Pony*, which he wrote and stars in. Again, more than vaguely autobiographical, Simon's look at an aging pop star coming to terms with his life features first-time actor, long-time rocker Lou Reed, as a jaded record producer.

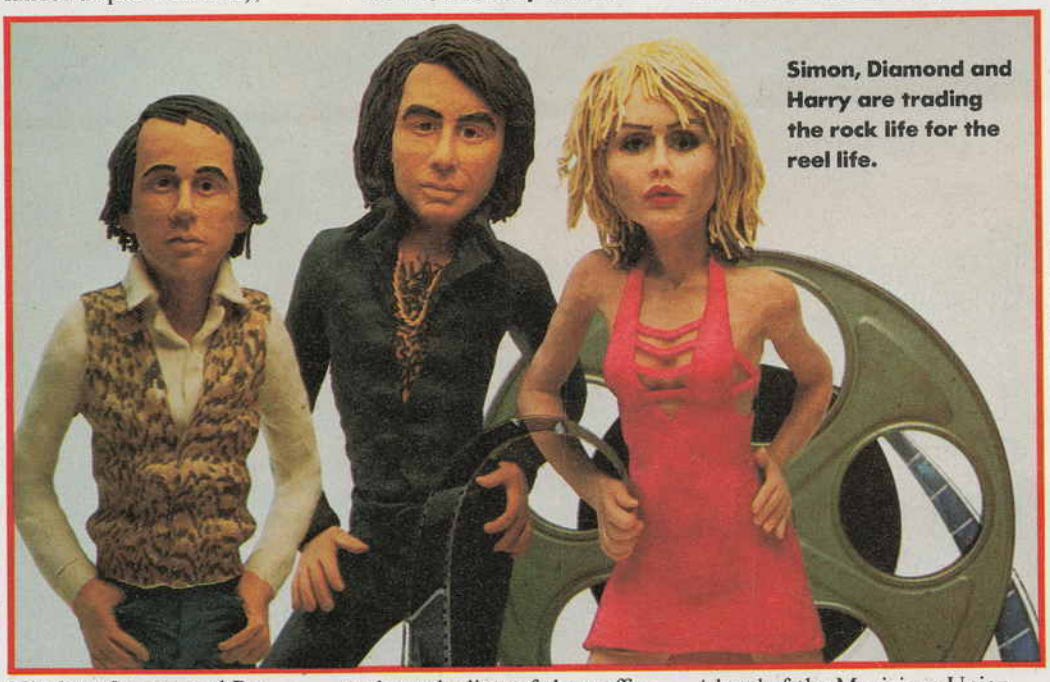
On the country side, Dolly Parton's first film foray finds her teamed with Jane Fonda and Lily Tomlin in *Nine to Five*, a comedy-drama about the lives of three office secretaries. Willie Nelson, whose first screen venture was in *Electric Horseman*, takes the lead in *Honeysuckle Rose*, a love story with actress Amy Irving. Nelson is then set, along with Kris Kristofferson (another guy who just used to sing songs), for a role in Larry Gordon's *Songwriter*, which is, cleverly enough, the story of a pair of songwriters.

On the Academy Award front, Bette Midler glommed a nomination for Best Actress her first time out in the fictionalized Janis Joplin pic, *The Rose*. The Band's Levon Helm is expected to take a Best Supporting Actor nod next year for his portrayal of Loretta Lynn's father in *The Coal Miner's Daughter*. And fellow Band-man Robbie Robertson is no slouch himself as Patch Beaudry in *Carny*, which co-stars Jodie Foster and Gary Busey.

Then there's the Who's Roger Daltrey, Paul McCartney (readying a film version of *Band on the Run*), Tom Waits, Rickie Lee Jones, Teddy Pendergrass (a film bio of Otis Redding), Runaway Cherie Currie and the cartoonish Cheap Trick.

What does all this portend? Should the Hollywood local of the Musicians Union start its own acting classes? Are singers and songwriters bored merely making records? Have they all harbored hopes of cinema stardom since infancy? Some artists, like Jackson Browne and Paul Simon, appear seriously committed to parlaying the sensitivity and vivid imagery of their songs into equally sensitive and vivid motion pictures. Whether they'll succeed depends on the verdict of that ultimate judge—the box office. But whatever happens, James Caan had better stand aside, lest he be stampeded. Or maybe he should pick up a guitar and grab himself a record deal.

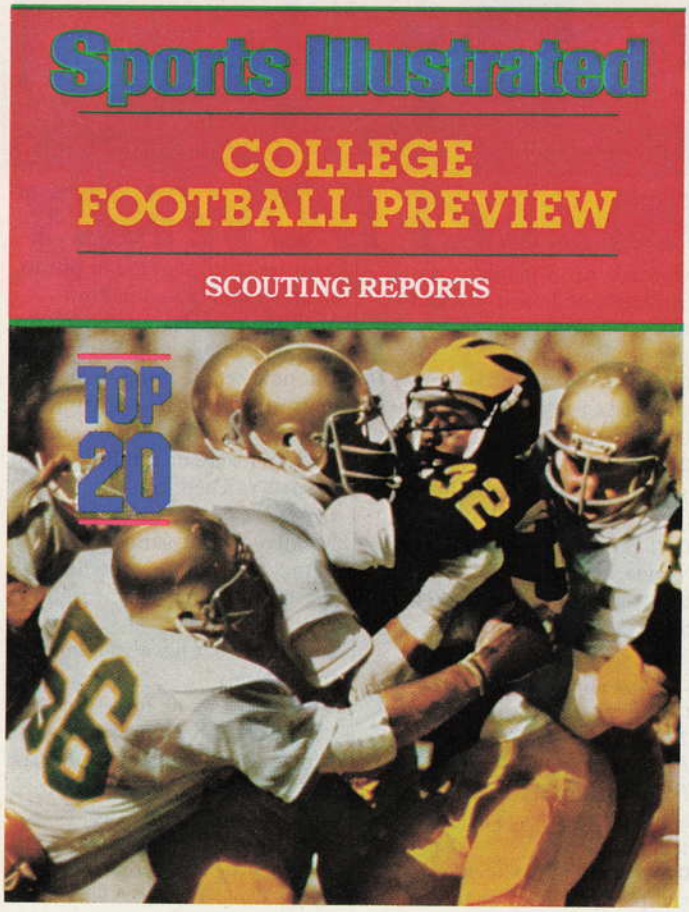
—STEVEN X. REA

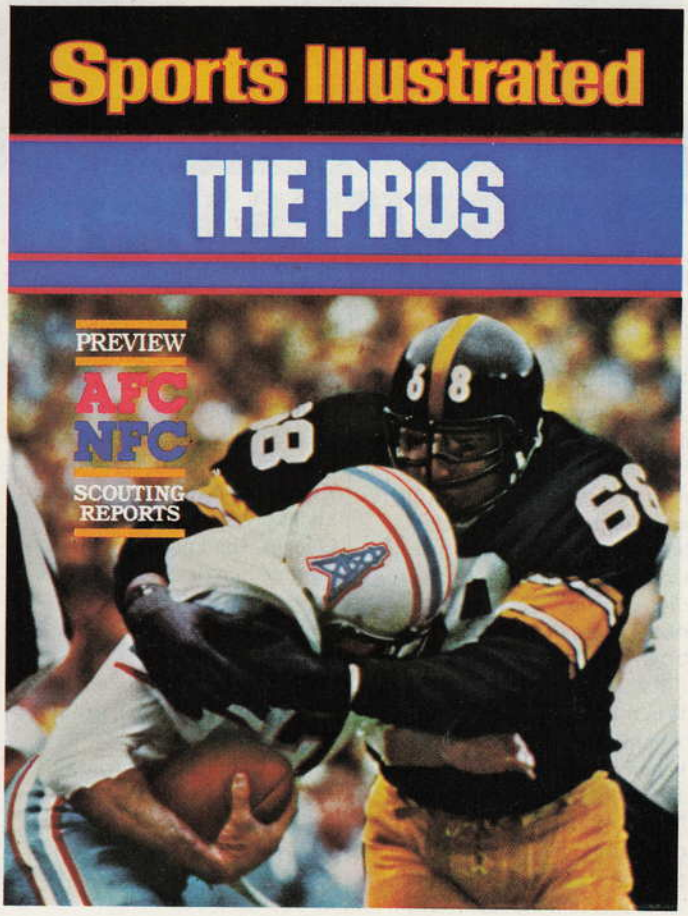


Simon, Diamond and Harry are trading the rock life for the reel life.

SCULPTURE BY ROBERT GARDINER/PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD ARRINDELL

Get a college education, then go to Sunday school





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Chris Christensen

10 MINUTES WITH ROBERT DOWNEY

Robert Downey was thrown out of his home, four schools and the army. Then he wrote a novel (unpublished), six plays, eight original screenplays (all of which he directed), and has developed a cult following from his films *Chafed Elbows*, *No More Excuses*, *Putney Swope* and *Pound*. Now Downey is back in the public eye with *The Gong Show Movie* and *Up the Academy*.

OUI: Where do you hail from?

DOWNEY: New York City. I'm half-Irish and half-Jewish. When I was thirteen, I was ashamed of being half-Jewish. When I was nineteen, I was ashamed of being half-Irish. Now I'm just ashamed.

OUI: Of what?

DOWNEY: Of doing this interview. I have nothing to say. If you catch me telling the truth, I'll lie my way out of it.

OUI: How many films have you written and directed?

DOWNEY: Eight. My first film, *Babo '73*, was backed by my ex-wife. I beat her to the mailbox and cashed a three-thousand-dollar check she got for doing a commercial. The next film was *Chafed Elbows*.

OUI: What's it about?

DOWNEY: It's about sixty-two minutes. It ran ten months at the Bleecker Street Cinema in New York. Then it ran about ten minutes in Boston before it was banned. In answer to your question, *Chafed Elbows* is a sensitive love story about a young man from Queens who knocks up his mother, marries her and ends up on welfare. This got me a Guggenheim grant for ten grand.

OUI: Why did the Guggenheim Foundation give you a grant?

DOWNEY: To write a script about vegetarians in Alaska, but I wrote *Putney Swope*, instead.

OUI: How do you feel about *Putney Swope* being referred to as a racist movie?

DOWNEY: Badly. Some people thought it was antiwhite, but it wasn't racist. The only race was to get it finished. I cast the first forty blacks that came through the door. The guy who played Putney Swope was so lame, he *still* doesn't know his lines. I ended up dubbing him myself. Now, is that racist? What's funny is that the white liberals thought it was antiblack, and most blacks I've met get hostile when they find out I'm white.

OUI: Why did you cast a midget as President of the United States?

DOWNEY: Because of all the actors that auditioned, he gave the best reading.

OUI: Do you consider *Putney Swope* a cult film?

DOWNEY: It's one of the few films I've made that got national distribution. Why is it called a cult film?

OUI: Because it ranks with *The Harder They Come*, *Performance* and *Pink Flamingos*, and they are considered cult classics. They never seem to die.

DOWNEY: Thanks for the compliment. They're three of my favorite films.

OUI: What came next?

DOWNEY: *Pound* for United Artists. The day it opened, the wife of the head of U.A. was there. She called her husband, demanding to know why U.A. had allowed a film to be made with eighteen dogs played by actors, who were locked up in a dog pound, with ninety minutes to be adopted or put to sleep. *Pound* closed in New York the next day and ended up on a double bill with *Satyricon*. But now people bring their dogs to see *Pound* every time it plays at the Fox Venice.

OUI: You were on a roll.

DOWNEY: Then I made *Greaser's Palace* in New Mexico. A zoot-suited Jesus parachutes into the middle of a Western, trying to get it right this time.

OUI: But what have you done for us lately?

DOWNEY: I wrote forty-nine percent of *The Gong Show Movie* script with Chuck Barris, and directed a film called *Up the Academy* for Warner Bros.

OUI: Chuck Barris signed you to write *and* direct *The Gong Show Movie*; so why did Barris direct the film?

DOWNEY: Barris gave me a new car and a lot of money not to direct it.

OUI: Have you seen *The Gong Show Movie*?

DOWNEY: Yes.

OUI: What did you think of Barris' acting?

DOWNEY: It's got to be very difficult to play yourself, especially when you don't know who you are.

OUI: Is the movie business changing?

DOWNEY: In my humble opinion, there's a Renaissance going on. They ran out of shit, so they're sending out for originality. Maybe that's why I'm working now.

OUI: What do you think of the new Hollywood directors?

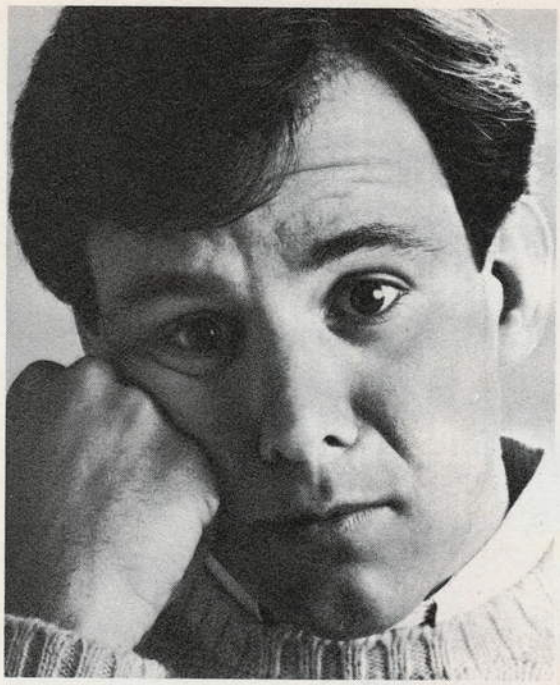
DOWNEY: I don't want to judge . . . but most of them don't want final cut on their films; they want final cut on their cocaine.

OUI: How big a part do drugs play in your life?

DOWNEY: Other than me, you're the only dope in my life.

—ROLAND EISENBERG

HEAVENLY BODIES DEPT. French *Playboy* recently stunned the scientific community by offering this pictorial proof of life on Mars. Next month: the moons of Jupiter.



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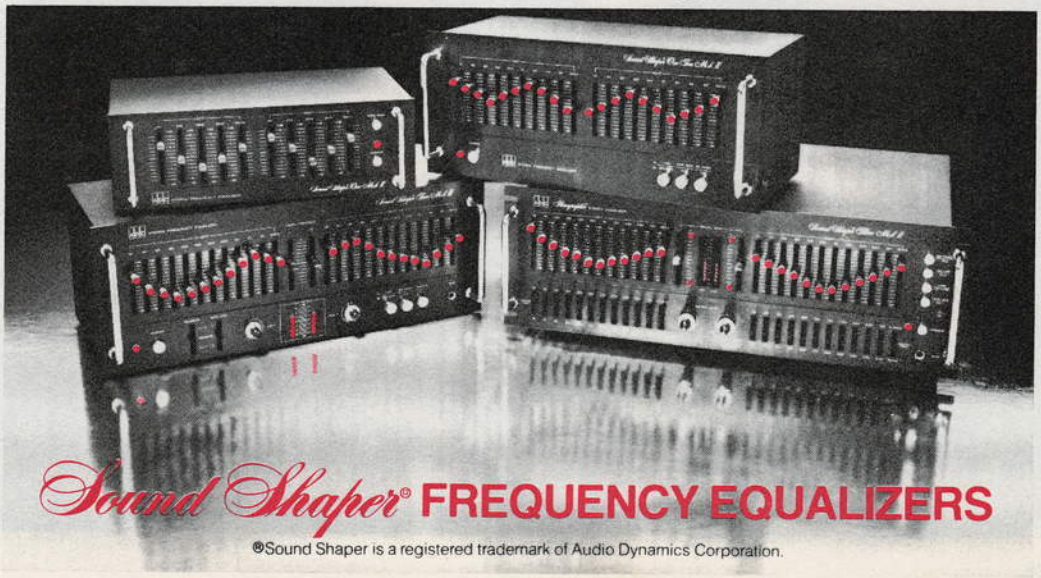

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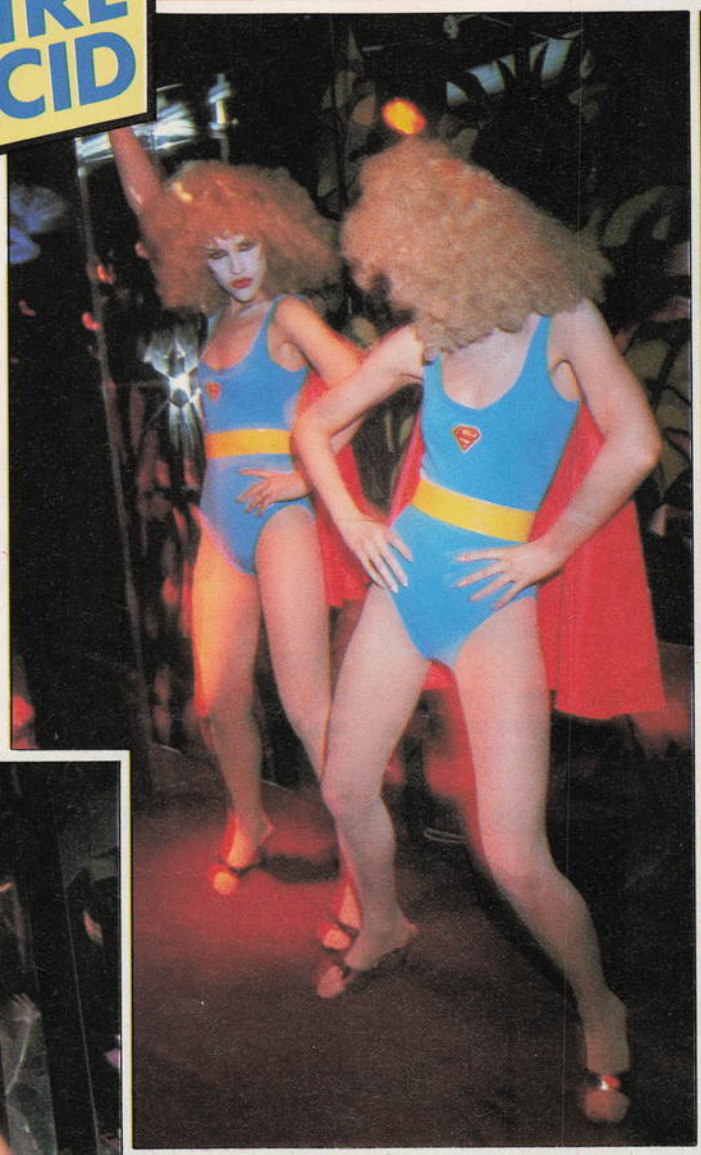

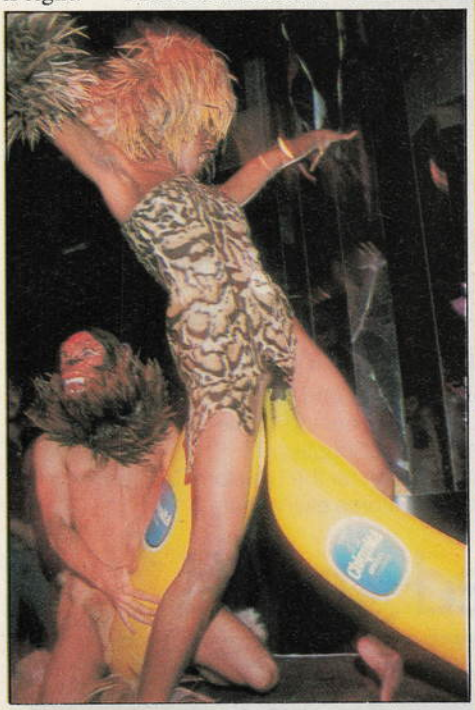

Wearing Abbott

FURRY FREAKS FIND FAME

Chris Buchinsky

A dozen years ago, Mr. Natural himself, Robert Crumb, wandered the streets of Haight Ashbury peddling early issues of *Zap* and *Snatch* comics for 50 cents apiece. If you were smart enough to buy one and tuck it away, you'd know your investment has multiplied at a rate that outdistances both gold and oil. This point was brought home at the first public showing of original underground-comic art at the Will Stone Collection, a posh San Francisco art gallery. Original hand-painted covers of comic books such as *Slow Death* and *Inner City Romance* were going for as high as $3500, while black-and-white pages commanded equally impressive fees.

The show was a retrospect in honor of "ten hard, weird years of publishing innocent and carnal graphic art" put on by Last Gasp, one of the main publishers of the erotic, political and science fiction stories that make up underground comics.

The artists assembled at the gallery opening sported black ties (on request) and torn T-shirts and, no, they didn't talk in balloons. Although most seemed right at home among their works, some expressed bewilderment. Joel Beck, one of the first underground artists, lamented, "Sometimes I feel like I'm part of a nostalgia craze—and I'm only thirty-seven!"

Ted Richards, one of the legendary *Air Pirates*, whose sexual satires on Mickey and Minnie landed the publication on the losing end of a lawsuit brought by Disney, commented cryptically on the new legitimization of his art form: "Two hundred trips and they've all been bummers. But I ain't givin' up. That's my motto for the Eighties." Other artists were less equivocal about their art being put on display. *Anarchy Comics*' Jay Kinney snorted, "Better crumpled on the bathroom floor than under glass on the wall." But the consensus was voiced by Spain Rodriguez, the creator of *Trashman* and other urban heroes: "I'm more than willing to sell out—as long as there's something in it for me." Straight-talking feminist Trina Robbins of *Rosie the Riveter* fame concurred, calling her *Rita Rake Private Eyelash* and *Rosie* cartoons in *Playboy* an "ultimate attainment."

Rotund Ron Turner, publisher of Last Gasp Comics and the "Underground Mayor of San Francisco," used the occasion to dump on the notion that underground comics were a Sixties fad. "People who say this are stuck in the Sixties themselves. When they first saw the undergrounds, they saw something that artistically dropped their pants for them, but that's where they got rooted. The new second-generation cartoonists are producing neopolitical, arch-historical dramas—a new literary and art form combined." A unique example of the new comics is a translation of the Japanese comic, *Gen of Hiroshima*, the story of a survivor of the bomb blast. *Gen*'s editor, Leonard Rifas, has produced several "educomics" dealing with corporate crime, child care, food distribution and atomic energy.

Underground comics are making their way into another art-investment field—signed and numbered prints. *The Portfolio of Underground Art* has just been released. It's a collection of original plates by artists like Guy Colwell, Greg Irons and Dan O'Neill. The collection, limited to 1200 editions, is priced at $35 a copy—stiff for a comic book, but low for a hedge against future inflation.

—Sally Harms

Aaron Rapoport

MEET THE GIRL GROUPS: VOL. 6

Goldilocks. The name used to reek of innocence. But if Karen Evans and Leslie Smith have their way, Goldilocks will soon conjure up rocking, erotic visions of two tough, sexy blondes belting out New Wave ballads like *Garbage Queen* and *Hard-Core Baby*.

The two sultry ex-Easterners studied jazz and classical—so it's only logical that they'd end up playing bizarre New Wave rock in L.A clubs. "Back East we were offered a recording contract. We passed it up, though. The guy was more interested in hitting on *us* than in hitting the charts," says Karen. Obviously, that wasn't the right approach for these ladies. "That's not our trip," concurs Leslie. "Our music is hard-core but sophisticated—just like we're hard-core but feminine. I mean, we're singers and musicians, and we want to be appreciated for it. We're not just tits-and-ass. And before you ask, we won't pose nude!"

Well, if they don't make it as musicians, they can always find work as mind readers.

—Anthony Mora

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO DRINK LESS THAN THE REST OF THE BOYS?

Some people think the more a man can drink, the more of a man he is. However, it usually works the other way around.

Men who drink to build up their egos, end up putting themselves down.

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IT'S PEOPLE WHO GIVE DRINKING A BAD NAME.

BOOKS

Reading on the Run

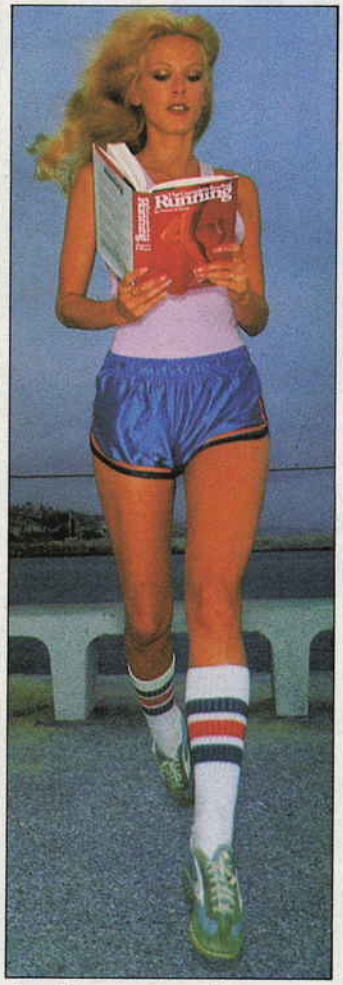
If you failed to gain admittance to the running cult because your mind got boggled when you had to choose a pair of running shoes, wait till you try to select a book on the topic. You have *The Complete Book of Running*, *Zen Running* and *Beyond Running*. You can choose among technical/medical tomes, pseudospiritual essays and semi-literate-jock autobiographies. There are even books about running shoes.

If you have been thinking about taking up running or if you have been jogging for years, it's not a bad idea to find out exactly what you are doing to your body. Besides, buying a book is a natural step in the sequence after the shoes, the warm-up suit, the headband and the Gatorade. To save you from overload at the bookstore, here is a fast preview of the available selection.

The Complete Book of Running, James F. Fixx, Random House, $10.00. Everybody who runs reads it, sooner or later. The celebrity runner-writer-cereal endorser wrote a highly readable, down-to-earth, richly informative book. It isn't great literature, and it isn't all that complete—I was disappointed that he didn't say anything about what to do with your fingers while running—but Fixx did a competent job, and there is little chance that anyone is going to write a better "Complete Book" at this point.

Jim Fixx's Second Book of Running, James F. Fixx, Random House, $10.00. I can't blame Jim Fixx. If all I had to do to earn a fortune were to write anything at all about running and put my name on it, I'd do it, too. Save your money for something better, unless you want a blue running book to go with your red running book.

Dr. Sheehan on Running, George Sheehan, M.D., Bantam Books, $2.50. If you are around runners for more than five minutes, you're going to hear about Dr. Sheehan, the



RICHARD ARRINDELL

physician-runner-writer-philosopher. He is a salty fellow, down-home and accurate, and he gets right to the point. An excellent book for beginners. This book and the *Runners' Repair Manual* constitute the basic running library.

The Runners' Repair Manual, Dr. Murray F. Weisenfeld with Barbara Burr, St. Martins, $9.95. You don't get Jim Fixx's easy anecdotal style, and you don't get Dr. Sheehan's medically authoritative philosophizing, but you do get precisely what the cover promises—a clear, complete, illustrated, understandable guide to everything that can go wrong with your body if you run. If you can describe your ache or pain, you can find its cause. The authors also include a good warm-up routine to prevent injuries that's worth the price of the book itself.

Running & Being—The Total Experience, Dr. George Sheehan, Warner Books, $3.95. The title says it all—boring. He may be a decent doctor, runner and writer, but George simply isn't in the top one hundred thousand of great philosophers. Skip this one, unless you are a glassy-eyed fanatic in search of the jogger's Thoreau. Another volume that proves that a book doesn't have to be good to be a best-seller.

Beyond Jogging—The Inner Spaces of Running, Mike Spino, Berkley Medallion, $1.50. This book is a gem, despite the title. It's more suitable to the experienced runner and, although it is esoteric, this book is far from flaky. Mike Spino is the director of the Esalen Sports Center, so he knows about teaching the mysticism of running. Everybody talks about the fantastic natural high that comes with long-distance training, but Spino is the only one who tells you exactly how to attain this state. A true bargain.

Marathoning, Bill Rodgers with Joe Concannon, Simon and Schuster, $11.95. Only people who are able to run 26.2 miles will have the strength to finish this book. Bill Rodgers is a superb athlete, and he has every right to make some money. Buy his book, make Bill a little more affluent, but be prepared for a load of leaden running writing.

Running Away from Home, David Colker, Jove Publications, Inc., $2.25. Another travel running guide, but this book is cheaper and better written. If you like to travel light, it is also smaller. And this book describes the best running routes in 32 cities.

Does anyone really need a book to learn how to run? As far as the beginner is concerned the answer is probably no. There is really only one vital piece of knowledge to be found in any of these books, and I'll give it to you for free: Take it easy at first and build up gradually. Run at a pace that enables you to have a conversation while running. Other than that commonsense caution, nobody needs to read a book to start running.

—HOWARD RHEINGOLD

PHOTO STRIP

Debbie K. and her friend Clyde Rowland of Portland, Ore., win $150. Send your entries to "Photo Strip," OUI, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069. And don't forget your name and address.

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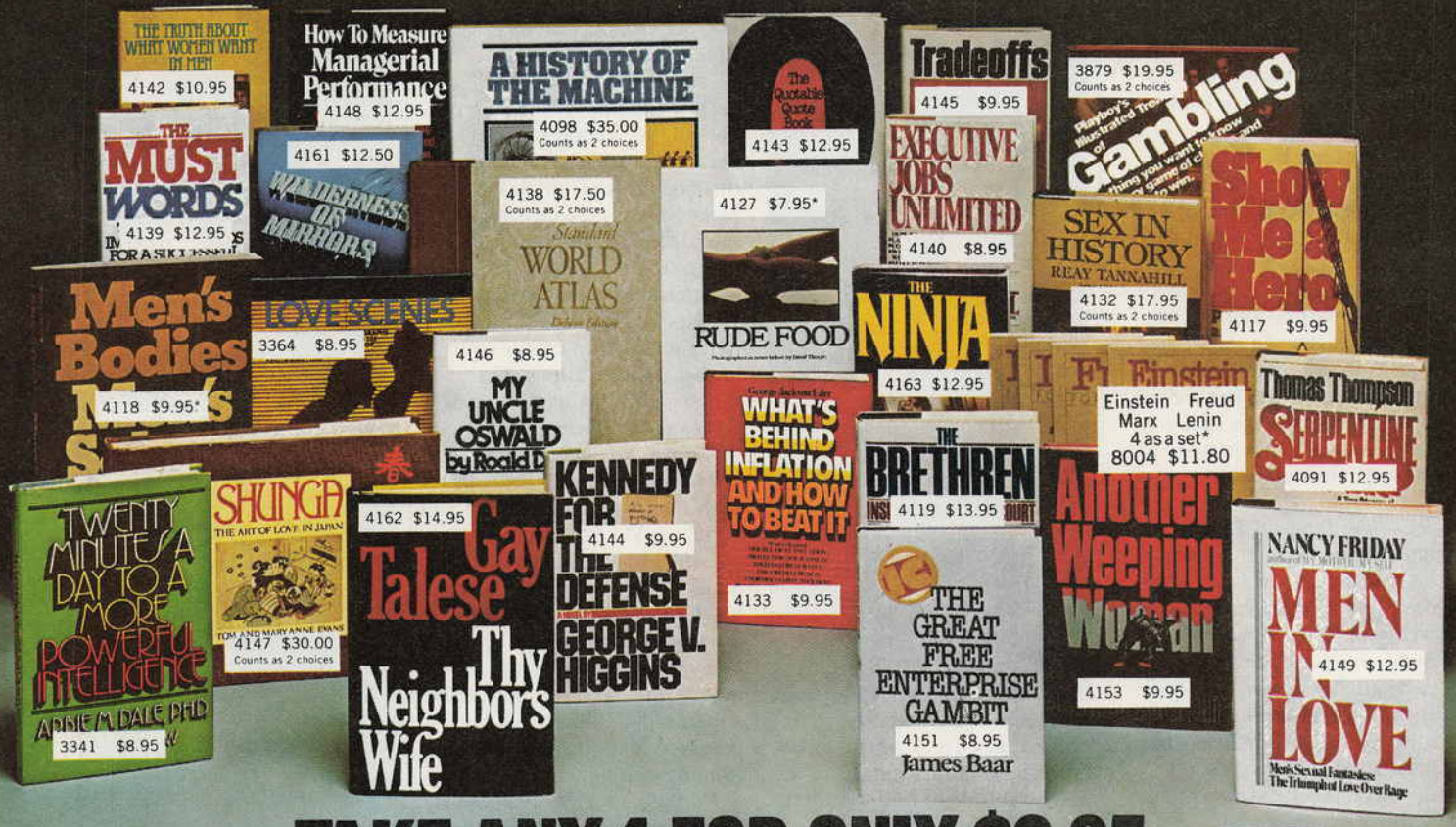

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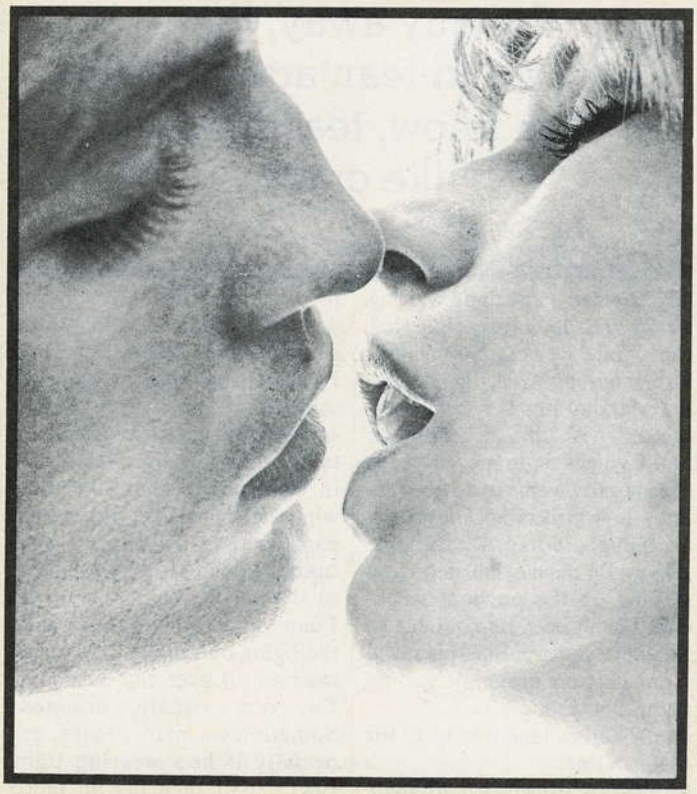
Speak Easy

VOYEURISM

It's easy to conjure up stereotypes whenever voyeurism is mentioned: Peeping Toms panting with lust as they gaze into neighboring apartments, getting last-ditch thrills as they spy on other people making love. But voyeurism, simply defined, is merely the achievement of sexual gratification by observing the sex organs or sexual acts of others, often from a secret vantage point. It is considered deviant only when the desire for visual cheap thrills exceeds the desire for the real thing.

As children, all of us were voyeurs. It was about our only sexual option. As Dr. David Reuben suggests in "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex": "Mutual inspection of genitalia is the primary basis for those childish games, Playing House and Playing Doctor." As we grow older, and as other means of sexual gratification become possible, our voyeuristic impulse declines in relative importance. This isn't to say, however, that adults are not interested in peeping.

Voyeurism may just be our number-one national spectator sport. If you doubt it, consider the vast number of socially acceptable outlets for the peeping impulse: burlesque shows, X-rated movies, topless waitresses, nude beaches. Many psychologists and most of the people OUI *talked to agree that voyeurism is both a normal and pleasurable aspect of total sexuality. For some, voyeurism supplies the thrills of group sex without the chills. For others, voyeurism is an aphrodisiac, confirming the old adage: "The couple that peeps together, sleeps together." Still other people believe that voyeurism is educational. Could be. After all, seeing is believing.*



(Frank is a 23-year-old lead guitarist for a New Wave band. When not on the road, he lives in Cincinnati, Ohio.)

OUI: Several of your band's songs revolve around voyeurism. Are you into "watching" on a personal level?

FRANK: Yeah, I'm a hopeless sucker on that score.

OUI: Oh? Have you been into voyeurism for a long time?

FRANK: Since I was a kid. It's practically second nature with me. It started with those hot lingerie ads in the Sunday paper when I was about fourteen. I'd take them into the bathroom, lock the door and not come out for an hour. My imagination was so strong, I could almost see those models taking off their clothes. It was like, well, being invisible, having no responsibilities. The movies did it for me, too. Remember that love scene between Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie in *Don't Look Now*? Just the memory of that one makes me shiver. I was so locked into that scene that everyone in the movie theater just disappeared. I pretended I was watching from outside their bedroom window.

OUI: Did those fantasies carry over into your adult life?

FRANK: Of course. And I'm glad they did. I don't care what anybody thinks—I still like watching women undress, especially when they don't know I'm looking.

OUI: Why do you think that's so?

FRANK: Like I said, it takes the pressure off, at least for a minute. Even if it's some lady who has come to my motel room for a night of cocaine and some carnal craziness . . . even if it's a one-night stand, I can relax for a minute by asking her to let me watch her undress. Sometimes I use a mirror.

OUI: How's that?

FRANK: I watch her reflection in the mirror while she's undressing. That removes me from the scene for a moment; it gets me out of the ego trip "She's here for me because I'm such hot shit." It allows me to just look at her and admire her. I don't have to feel like I'm responsible for pleasing her. Make any sense?

OUI: Go on.

FRANK: Well, once I let go of being some sort of sex god, I can

just be me and have a good time. If I *don't* remove myself and I just watch her undress, I have a harder—or rather a softer—time getting it up. I don't know if I'm the only person like this.

OUI: Why do you think you react like that?

FRANK: Come to think of it, I suppose my visual trip really started with my babysitter. See, when I was about thirteen, I still had to have a babysitter when my folks went out. They were real fanatics about stuff like that. Sometimes, they'd be gone all weekend, and they'd have a neighbor lady come stay with me. She was divorced and in her thirties, and she had real big breasts—like, huge. And this babysitter would take advantage of the house while my folks were gone and I was supposedly upstairs asleep in bed.

OUI: Take advantage?

FRANK: Well, it didn't take me long to figure out that there were strange noises going on downstairs that deserved my attention. So I'd sneak out of my room and peek down from the upstairs landing. The first time, she was undoing her bra, and some guy was stripping off his clothes real fast. When I saw those tits of hers drop like balloons out of her bra, I got the most ferocious hard-on I can ever remember. You know how memory is; everything seems bigger now than it really was then. But when I saw those breasts, I got my first idea of what sex is all about.

OUI: And what's that?

FRANK: Anticipation. Yeah, that's it. Anticipation is why I'm into voyeurism. Watching gets my juices going.

OUI: How often did you check up on this babysitter?

FRANK: For nearly two years. When my mother told me I was too old for a babysitter, I nearly cried. Listen, sometimes this lady would have two or three guys over in one night.

OUI: And you would watch them, all? Didn't that cut into your sleep?

FRANK: You bet. My folks could never figure out why I was so tired after the weekend was over. They even took me to the doctor because they thought I had mononucleosis or something. I'll tell you something else I bet nobody has mentioned about this peeping business.

OUI: That's hard to believe. What is it?

FRANK: Voyeurism can prevent teenage pregnancy. At least it did in my case.

OUI: Come on—watching other people get it on kept you from getting pregnant?

FRANK: Naw . . . Listen, one weekend this babysitter was very active. Right after my folks left, she had some dude waiting at the back door. It was like that the whole weekend—one guy after another. Well, the following Monday I'm at school making out with this girl, and she really comes on to me. She says she actually wants to do "It." Ya know how girls talk? They say *it* as though it had a capital I. Anyway, I'm so exhausted from staying up the previous weekend, I can't even think about It. So, there you are. She was saved from getting pregnant by my being a voyeur.

OUI: That's a long way to go for a punch line.

FRANK: [writing on a pad] Yeah, let me write that down. "I'd go a long way, baby, if you'd punch me out a line. . . ." [laughs]

OUI: So, do you feel that being a voyeur has been a positive thing for you?

FRANK: As I said before, it gets my juices going. It helps me appreciate the lady I'm with, and it makes everything better. Voyeurism is quite simple. What you *see* is what you get.

(Janet, an executive at a large bank in Denver, and Cindy, a certified public accountant, have shared an apartment for the past eight months. Janet is 28 and Cindy is 26.)

OUI: Have you ever experimented with voyeurism?

JANET: I guess that depends on your definition of the word. Mild stuff, yes—like getting turned on by romantic scenes in a movie. But I get more aroused by a very passionate, PG-rated kissing scene than I do by going to a porno flick. I've never wanted to peep in windows or get involved in group sex, either. I guess I'm not a very visual person when it comes to sex. Touch, smell and taste are more important to me. I'm more interested in what a guy feels like than what he looks like. I'd rather participate than watch.

CINDY: I don't see why you have to do one without the other. I can't stand making love with the lights out, and I like lots of mirrors all over the bedroom. I'm very visually oriented. Sometimes a man's looks, especially if he's wearing tight Levi's, will turn me on more than actually going to bed with him. I know it's weird, but I'm also a peeper—a Peeping Cindy, I guess you'd say.

OUI: What do you mean by that?

CINDY: It's simple—whenever I watch other people getting it on, I get off, too. Women aren't supposed to feel that way, you know. But by the time I'd read that, I'd already experienced spontaneous orgasm watching some couple necking in the balcony of our local theater. For me, watching other people having sex is like experiencing an extremely vivid and unpredictable fantasy . . . I get off from those, too, by the way.

JANET: You mean you actually experience orgasms? Without masturbating?

CINDY: That's right.

JANET: I'm jealous as hell.

CINDY: I don't know what to tell you.

OUI: Voyeuristically speaking, what specifically turns you on?

CINDY: Long seduction scenes are probably the best. It's fascinating to watch people's sexual defense mechanisms break down. I especially like watching situations in which either the man or the woman is very resistant at first. I like it when the tension builds until they can't stand it any longer, and they finally have to give in to the rush of sexual feeling. But quickies interest me, too. You see some weird things.

OUI: Such as?

CINDY: Oh, once I saw a couple balling on horseback. She was on his lap, her pants pulled down just to the top of her thighs. It was the expression on her face that got me to look closer. Otherwise, I doubt I'd have noticed; the horse was moving at a canter and I didn't have long to watch them. Another time, I saw a couple doing essentially the same thing on a motorcycle. They were getting off on the vibrations as well as on each other. Of course, they weren't going very fast. And I've seen hundreds of people screwing in every conceivable way at beaches and in the mountains. I guess Mother Nature brings out the exhibitionist in lots of people. I'd like a penny—make that a dollar—for every passionate couple I've almost stepped on in the woods.

OUI: How does voyeurism compare to good old-fashioned intercourse?

JANET: On a scale of one to ten, voyeurism's about a five and sex is about a hundred.

CINDY: I'd hate to have to separate the two things. For me, the visual stimulus is just a natural part of sex. I couldn't have sex with my eyes closed any more than I could have it without a vagina. The best thing for me is a partner who's like me, a guy who shares the visual thing. My current lover is as much of a voyeur as I am. We love to go to X-rated and drive-in movies—you can see some great stuff in

> We could see into the living room, and there was a couple fooling around on the couch. The woman kept pushing the guy away, then she would lean against him. You know, teasing him like crazy.

the other cars. A few weeks ago, we were taking a walk together late at night, and we passed a house with a big picture window in front. We could see into the living room, and there was a couple fooling around on the couch. The woman kept pushing the guy away, then she would lean against him. You know, teasing him. Pretty soon, he simply buried his face in her lap. She still had her clothes on, but I could see she was getting hot. When the guy sat up again, he began undressing her. She kept shaking her head, but she didn't stop him. When he had her pants off, he pushed her down on the couch and started doing her. She moved faster and faster, and then she lay perfectly still. Finally, they were both too exhausted to move. By that time, my lover and I were so horny we couldn't wait to get it on.

OUI: Does the idea of getting caught ever bother you?

JANET: It would bother me.

CINDY: To be honest, I can't imagine any of the people I've watched reporting me. There they are, making it in front of windows or out on the lawn. They're probably exhibitionists. If they're not, why don't they pull down the shades or stay in their bedrooms?

(Bob, 27, and Lisa, 25, have been married for two years. They live in Philadelphia where they both work as commercial artists.)

OUI: Have either of you had any experiences with voyeurism?

BOB: Sure. But neither of us are voyeurs in the pure sense. We like making love too much to settle for keyholes.

LISA: I think voyeurism is just one aspect of normal sexuality. For us, it's an aphrodisiac. I'll never forget the first time I saw a couple getting it on. Bob and I were double-dating with my girlfriend Sue and her boyfriend, John. One night, things got a little kinky—I loved it.

OUI: Can you be more specific?

LISA: Well, all four of us were in art school at the time. We used to do some crazy stuff. One night, Sue had some 'ludes, and we each did one. Then Bob decided we ought to do a Fifties thing—you know, get dressed up in pedal pushers, glitter shirts, tight pants, weird T-shirts. Bob and John greased their hair and slicked it back. Sue and I did ours in beehives. Then we went to this bowling alley called Sweetheart Lanes and tried to bowl. After staggering around and making a lot of noise, we realized we'd better split before they threw us out. Sue kept saying, "Let's drive somewhere and park." John agreed to search out an appropriate spot. We ended up in a big park full of vans and other cars, all with fogged windows. John didn't waste any time. He and Sue were in the front seat, and pretty soon, he had her shirt off. The moon was so bright that Bob and I could see everything—the way he was fooling around with her breasts and kissing her shoulders and neck. Sue was shivering. Then his head dipped out of sight, and although we couldn't see him, we knew he was going down on her. Her breasts rose and fell, faster and faster. We saw her face flush and her teeth clench. Then she got off. I'd never seen another woman have an orgasm. It fascinated me, and I got so

SPEAK EASY QUESTIONNAIRE

Mail to: OUI Speak Easy, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069

Your answers to these questions will be detailed and discussed in the *Speak Easy* column of a future issue. Individual identities will be kept strictly confidential. We don't want to know who you are; we just want to know how you feel about voyeurism.

1. First name or initials: _____
2. Age: _____ Sex (M or F): _____
3. Occupation: _____
4. Marital status: _____
5. City and state: _____

FOR MEN:

6. Voyeurism is . . .
   a. something we all do, in one way or another.
   b. how I learned a great deal about sex.
   c. something I've never thought much about.
   d. one of my favorite spectator sports.
   e. not appealing—I'd rather do it than watch it.
7. My favorite peeping practices include . . .
   a. watching myself make love to a woman in a mirror.
   b. going to X-rated movies.
   c. using binoculars to spy on my neighbors.
   d. watching at group-sex scenes.
8. The sexiest scene I've ever watched was . . .
   a. a couple making love at a party.
   b. a neighbor sunbathing in the nude.
   c. my girlfriend doing a striptease.
   d. my girlfriend masturbating.
   e. Other: _____.
9. The best thing about voyeurism is that . . .
   a. it's a great way to spice up your love life.
   b. there is no pressure to perform.
   c. it's educational, especially if you're a virgin.
   d. it's harmless.
10. If my girlfriend were a voyeur . . .
    a. I'd tell her to see a psychiatrist.
    b. I'd say, "Show me." We'd peep together.
    c. I'd be indifferent.
    d. I'd have a lot more fun than I'm having now.

FOR WOMEN:

11. As far as voyeurism is concerned . . .
    a. looking is fine, but touching is better.
    b. it's an important part of my sex life.
    c. I've never really thought much about it.
    d. I'm repelled by the whole thing.
12. My first voyeuristic experience happened . . .
    a. when I caught my parents (or siblings) fooling around.
    b. in a car on a double date.
    c. when I chanced upon a couple outdoors.
    d. when I went to my first X-rated movie.
13. If I came unexpectedly upon a couple making love . . .
    a. I'd probably stand there and watch.
    b. I'd hurry away as quickly as I could.
    c. I'd make a noise so they'd know I was there.
    d. I haven't the slightest idea what I'd do.

FOR BOTH SEXES:

14. The voyeuristic experience I gained the most insight from was as follows (use separate sheet of paper):

turned on I couldn't stand it.

BOB: I couldn't stand it, either. I started going down on Lisa, and she didn't give me any shit about it at all. Pretty soon, we were really going at it, and she was getting off like crazy. It was one of the best times we've ever had. I mean, the whole car smelled like orgasm—musky and hot. It was kind of like group sex—but with none of the disadvantages.

OUI: Such as?

BOB: Oh, Lisa and I were into the group-sex thing for a while—a very short while. We liked . . . well, I guess I should speak for myself. I liked watching the other couples making love a lot more than I liked actually having multiple partners. If you could just watch at orgies and then make it only with your lover, group sex would be great. But a lot of people into group stuff think that exclusiveness is Victorian. I have to admit that I have a lot of old-fashioned possessiveness in my soul.

LISA: So do I. I found that I resented the other women who were into group sex.

OUI: Why?

LISA: First of all, they were noisier than I was—especially at the point of orgasm. It gave me a complex. I felt as though I weren't having as good an orgasm or something. As if there's a right way to have a climax. Also, and it really pains me to admit this, I found myself becoming very body-conscious. Do you know how hard it is to have an orgasm when you're trying to hold your stomach in?

BOB: I also have to confess a certain amount of performance anxiety in group scenes. My idea of a real nightmare would be to become impotent at an orgy—or to show any kind of inadequacy.

OUI: So how do you satisfy your voyeuristic impulses?

BOB: We go to X-rated movies occasionally. And then there's Greta.

OUI: Who's she?

BOB: She's a lady who lives in our apartment complex. She has a sun deck right below ours.

LISA: We think she's probably an exhibitionist. She's into nude sunbathing and outdoor sex. I'm positive she knows we watch her.

BOB: The first time I saw her doing her thing, I couldn't believe it. I was lying on the deck in the sun, and I happened to look through the wooden slats. There she was—slender, naked, with long red hair. She was brushing it in the sun. When she finished with her hair, she began caressing herself, pinching her nipples, sliding her hands down over her thighs and into her red pubic hair. I went inside and got Lisa. When we came back out, Greta was still at it. We watched her get herself off three or four times. After that, I don't know what she did. Lisa and I were so hot, we practically ran to our bedroom and jumped in between the sheets.

OUI: Psychologically speaking, what is it that's so stimulating about watching other people's sexual behavior?

LISA: I don't know for sure. But it could be that doing something taboo is a turn-on in and of itself. I've heard that sunbathers don't walk around nudist camps in a state of perpetual horniness, and I imagine it's because peeping isn't taboo.

OUI: Do you agree?

BOB: Yes, basically. Lisa and I parade around the apartment nude about fifty percent of the time. It's no big deal, really. I mean, she still turns me on, but it's not an automatic response. I don't have to ravish her just because she has her clothes off. ■

LETTERS

When it comes to learning about pickup techniques, slightly more than half (55 percent) of our readers marked the questionnaire choice that read "I prefer to try out various approaches on my own." Most of the others turned to a variety of books and magazines for inspiration. Close to 70 percent agreed that paying a woman a sincere compliment is the best way to gain her attention; appealing to her sense of humor was the second choice. All of our male respondents said that they love it when a woman tries to pick them up, and they like it best when she "gives me the eye." Our female readers overwhelmingly agreed (90 percent) that the best way for a man to pick them up is by "saying complimentary things." The worst thing he could do is to "lie to me about not being married." As far as their own pickup techniques are concerned, the women's approaches are split right down the middle between "making the first move" and "putting myself in a position where I need the guy's help." What follows is what OUI *call "help."*

For a long time, I made a real production out of going to pick up girls at one of the local bars. First, I would put on my three-piece suit and make sure my shoes were shined. Then I would try to act like a real big shot, maybe a sales manager from Dallas or a rancher's son in town for a little fun. I used to think that would go over better than telling them what I really do—I'm an ambulance driver.

I found, however, that this technique often backfired. I picked up girls, but found that I had to keep living the lie I had told them. If later I wanted to develop a real relationship, I had problems explaining myself.

One night, my partner and I worked late. After work, still dressed in our white uniforms, we dropped into a neighborhood bar. The place was crowded, and we elbowed our way to the bar. After a couple of beers, some of the men and women around us started to put us on about our clothes. One girl who was all dressed up came on especially strong. I told her that I was an ambulance driver, and then I asked her if she had ever made it on a stretcher. She laughed.

I heard a couple of hoots from the others as we left—I'm sure we made a rather odd couple, she in her sequined dress and I in my white shirt and pants.

> I told her I was an ambulance driver, and then I asked her if she had ever made it on a stretcher. She laughed.

On the way home, she reminded me of the question I'd asked earlier. We drove over to the hospital garage and quietly entered the back of a reserve ambulance. After helping her out of her dress, I lowered her onto the gurney inside. We began with mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. When both of us were ready, I gave her a long, hard "injection." She recovered nicely, thank you, although the procedure had to be repeated again at my apartment.

Since that time, I have not been ashamed of my occupation. I have also scored many, many more times, though that night in the ambulance has never been repeated.

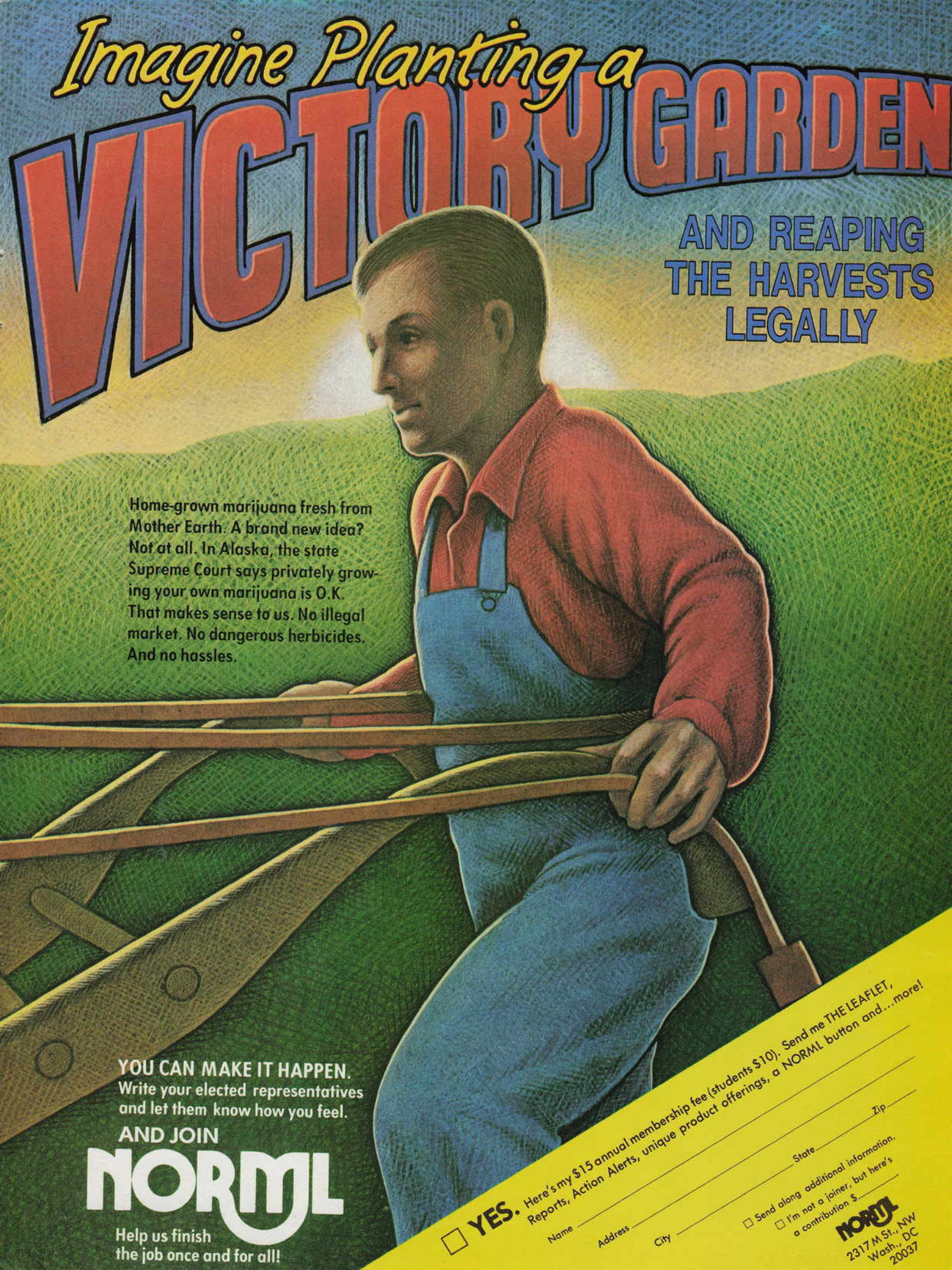
B.B.
Topeka, Kansas

My ex-girlfriend taught me the best pickup technique. I know that it's a good one because she used it on me.

I went to a party where I only knew the host. After a couple of beers, a pretty girl came up to me and asked a question. I answered it. She asked me another question, and again I answered. After five minutes of her questions and my answers, she had me talking a blue streak. She knew my name (Tom), my age (23), my occupation (lab technician), where I'd bought my shoes, the name of my dentist, my love of football, my dislike for dancing—enough other data to fill a book. She must have liked my answers, for we spent that night together.

After a while, our relationship became stormy. I knew it was coming to an end one Saturday afternoon at a football game. A group of my friends had gathered around during

(Continued on page 124)


Imagine Planting a
VICTORY GARDEN
AND REAPING THE HARVESTS LEGALLY
Home-grown marijuana fresh from Mother Earth. A brand new idea? Not at all. In Alaska, the state Supreme Court says privately growing your own marijuana is O.K. That makes sense to us. No illegal market. No dangerous herbicides. And no hassles.
YOU CAN MAKE IT HAPPEN.
Write your elected representatives and let them know how you feel.
AND JOIN
NORML
Help us finish the job once and for all!
YES. Here's my $15 annual membership fee (students $10). Send me THE LEAFLET, Reports, Action Alerts, unique product offerings, a NORML button and...more!
Name
Address
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State
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Send along additional information.
I'm not a joiner, but here's a contribution $
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Wash., DC
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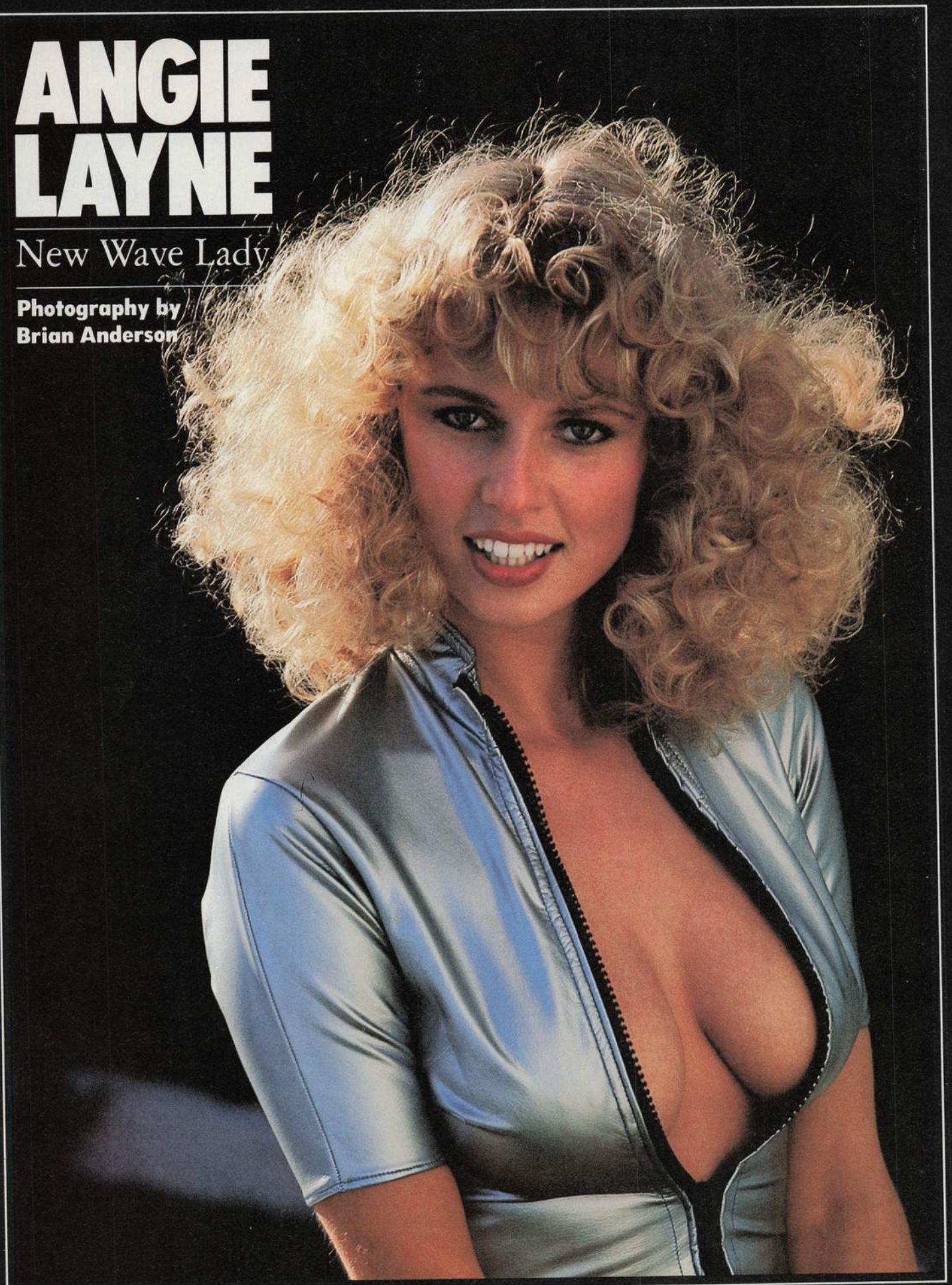
ANGIE LAYNE

New Wave Lady

Photography by Brian Anderson



"You don't have to be a punk to like New Wave music," says Angie Layne, who has lived all 24 years of her life in the rock-'n'-roll capital of the world, Los Angeles. For the last five years, she has been a stylist for a photographer who shoots record covers for pop-music groups. "I'm in charge of coordinating things," Angie explains. "You know, finding props, arranging costumes and making sure everybody gets there on time."

That must be a nice gig, what with you getting to meet so many musicians, we say. "Yeah, but most of them aren't my type," says Angie. "I tend to like the kinds of groups that no record company will take a chance on—groups like the Lounge Lizards and Single Bullet Theory." How come they all have such weird names? "I think it's just an effort to break with the past . . . and to be remem-

"The message of New Wave is to cut through the bull and find your own style."

"I only wish I knew enough men to match my every mood."

bered. I mean, you're not likely to forget a group called the Dead Kennedys or Hornets Attack Victor Mature."

Just what is it about New Wave that appeals to you so much? "Its rawness. Its honesty. I'm tired of this pseudohippie shit—people sitting around smoking pot and 'sharing their space.' My parents and all their friends are like that."

Did you ever go around with green hair and safety pins in your earlobes? "I'll admit I went through a certain ripped-plastic stage, but that got boring after a while, so I stopped. To me, the message of New Wave is to cut through the crap and find your own style. I don't want to wear torn T-shirts just because everyone else is wearing torn T-shirts."

What do you like to wear? "Oh, nothing. I'd really rather walk around in nothing at all—it's the ultimate freedom. If I have to put on

something, I suppose it might as well be a leopard-skin bikini. Or Bermuda shorts. Or anything else that happens to take my fancy at the moment. I don't know why we all can't wear whatever fits our mood at the moment, instead of following some knee-jerk fashion."

What about men? Do you also have a man for every mood? "No, but wouldn't that be terrific? Only, I don't think there are that many men in the world. I've had the same boyfriend for the last two years—he's a bass guitarist—and we have an agreement not to see anybody else unless he's on the road."

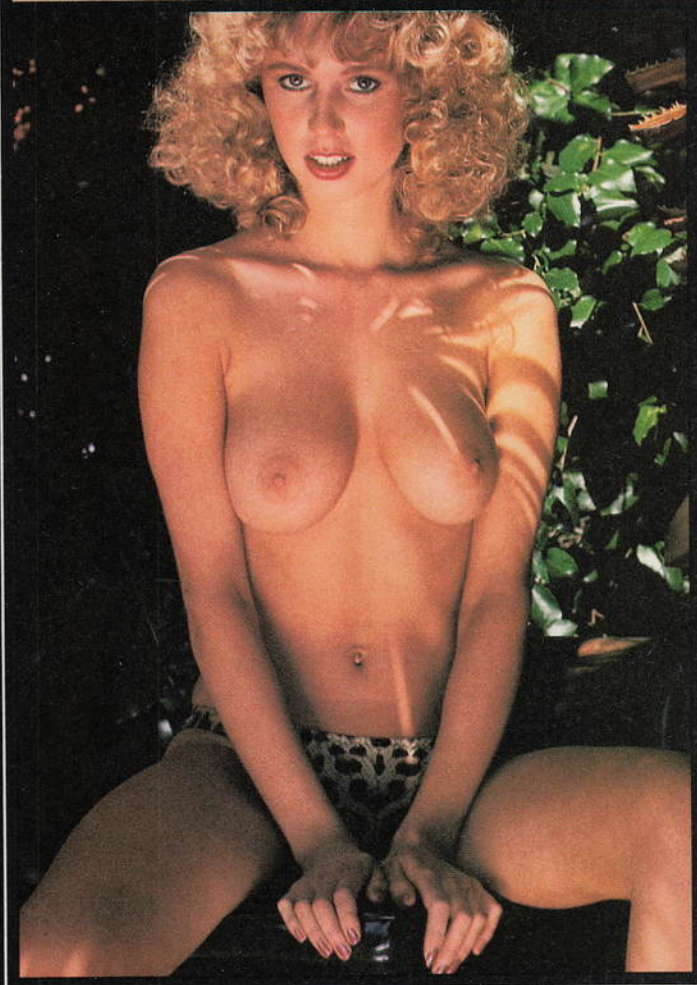
Doesn't it bother you that he might be seeing groupies when he's out of town? "Not really. I've been hanging around rock 'n' rollers ever since I was thirteen, and I just know that the easiest way to scare off a

"I'd really rather walk around in nothing at all—that's the ultimate freedom."

musician is to hang on too tight. Give 'em a little room and they'll always come back."

What about you? Do guys come on to you a lot? "Yeah, but I'm past the stage of making it with a guy just because he has some dope. And too many musicians are still hung up on that trip."

Aren't most New Wave musicians too poor to afford good dope? "Honey, in this town, *nobody* is too poor to afford it. Especially cocaine. It's the fuel of the Eighties. I can honestly take it or leave it. There isn't a drug in this town that gets me off as much as dancing to some hard-driving music." Or making love to the same music? "You know, that's a peculiar quirk of mine. I



really prefer getting it on to classical music. It's more sensual. I think it probably goes back to my childhood. I remember having a series of erotic daydreams as I lay around listening to my folks' classical records on Sunday afternoons. I guess it's stuck with me ever since. To this day, I can't listen to Rachmaninov without shivers running up and down my spine."

What inspired you to pose for OUI? "My boyfriend Jim. OUI is his favorite magazine—in fact, you'd be surprised how many musicians are OUI fans. Anyway, he was always telling me how much he'd like to see me in the magazine so, when he was out of town, I had some pictures taken as a test. Later on, I was called in for an official photo shoot. I still haven't told Jim that I was accepted for the September issue. I want him to pick it up at the newsstand and be surprised."

He will be . . .

"Give a man a little room and he'll always come back to you."

oui
SEPTEMBER 1980

CABLEVISION

How you can become a TV superstar with little or no talent. Almost.

Article by Jon Denny

TELEVISION KILLS. As Barry Gilardi remembers it, he was sitting in front of his 19-inch Sony last Christmas night and playing with his newest toy, the ultrasonic channel switcher. Gilardi is a television junkie who can lip-sync virtually all of *The Odd Couple* shows. He remembers every subplot of the previous week's *Dallas*. He knows his television.

He knows that on Christmas evening, even in New York, there isn't that much on that isn't holiday green.

He recalls switching from green reindeer to Andy Williams to Ernest Ainsley and back again before finally landing on Channel D, one of four public-access spots on the electronic smorgasbord called cable TV. There, in living black and white, was a small, nondescript and muttish dog tied to a stake, being shot to death.

Gilardi sat transfixed. The 30-second loop was repeated over and over, the same grisly scene: the dog, the stake, the gun and the dog crumpling to the ground.

MAN SNUFFS DOG: LIFELESS FROM NEW YORK.

After half an hour of intimate execution, Gilardi took the first elevator down and sidled up to his doorman, who knows about such things. "It was a fake," he assured Gilardi. "They can't put that sort of stuff on television."

He was wrong. It wasn't a fake, and they can put that kind of stuff on.

Almost anything goes on public-access television.

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It is several weeks after the mutt was gunned down on Manhattan's Channel D, and spokespeople from the local cable are squirming under TV lights they don't own. It was all a big mistake, they say. Somehow, that tape slipped through our hands. Actually, the cable system received only one call of complaint the night the show was aired, but the stink really hit the air when a local paper got wind of it and printed the DOG SHOT story.

We love little dogs, they insist. We had no idea what was going on. We're upset that it aired on Christmas night. In fact, one of the spokespeople adds, we're even more upset that it was played again a few nights later.

Ooops.

No one planned to make it a mini-series, of course. No one really likes watching little bitsy dogs get blown away. Point-blank. Especially on Christmas night.

"They say that cable television is the great alternative," says Barry Gilardi, the TV addict who considered pulling the plug on his cable, but didn't. "I think that show was just weird and crazy. It made absolutely no sense at all."

Which is what public-access cable is: weird and crazy. It boggles the imagination. And it oftentimes makes no sense at all. Public-access might be called the Jerry Brown of television.

Public-access TV means exactly what it says: Anybody who wants to can have a television show. Heavy hitters like Getty Oil, American Express and many organized religions have already staked their claim in the great cable gold rush (cable TV could become a six-to-seven-billion-dollar industry by the middle of the decade) but, unbelievable as it may seem, so can you.

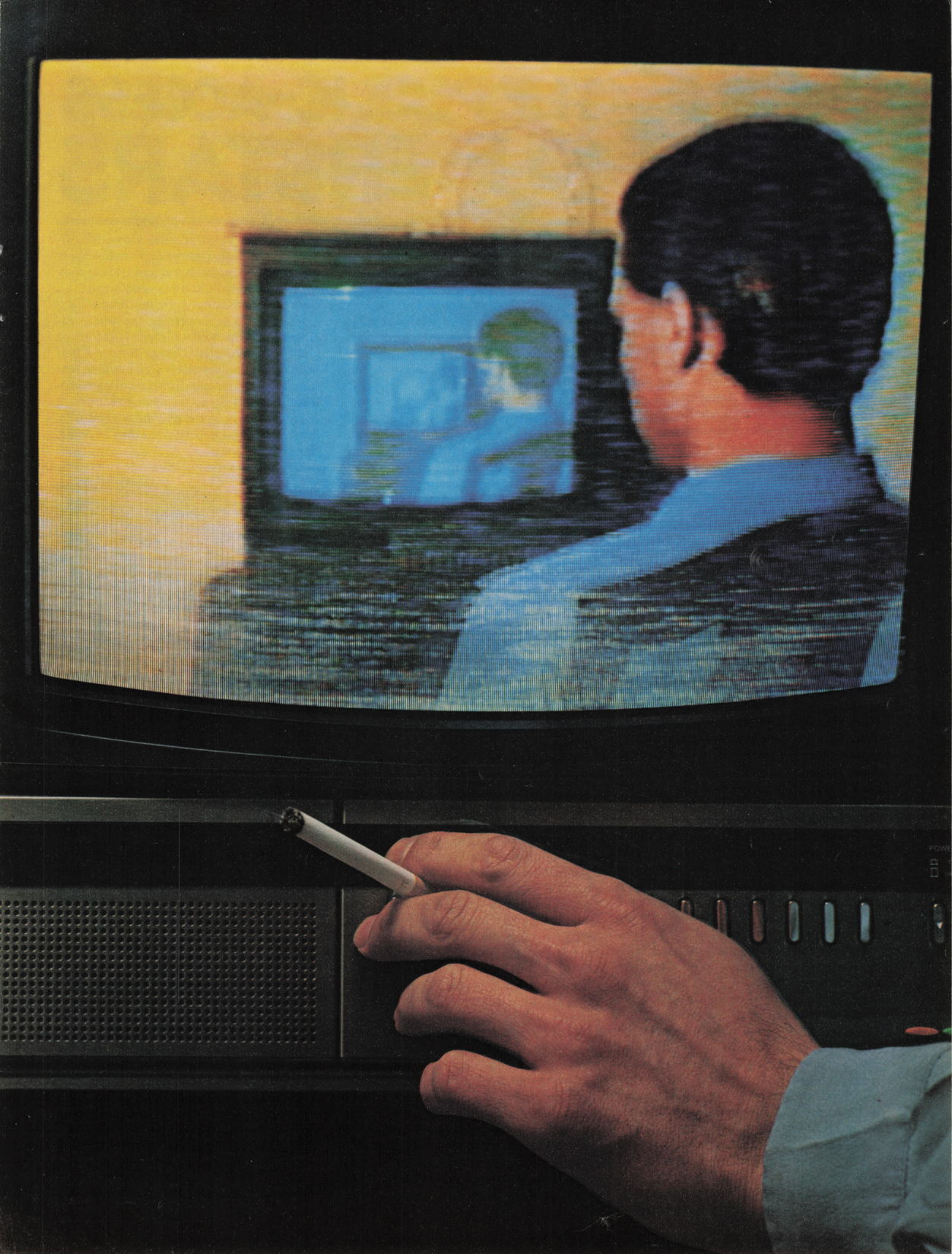
Admit it—there is no other way for a child of the small-screen generation to feel truly self-fulfilled unless he or she can get on television. The question then becomes: How do I get my own show? William Paley doesn't return my calls. I'm no Phil Donahue. And I have no discernible talent.

All you have to do is call up your local cable company and tell them that it may be in their best public interest to offer you free time on a first-come, first-served basis. Tell them that in 1966, the Federal government assumed regulatory control of the cable companies (whose primary service then was improved television reception) and suggested that some time be made available to the public. Specifications were vague, leaving the details up to the municipalities that would franchise the companies.

So, by the time the first cable companies applied for New York franchises, for example, numerous educational, artistic and community groups had developed very strong ideas about what "public access" should be. These groups banded together to help draft the city's franchise charter into one of the most liberal and well defined in the nation. The charter was made law in 1970 and served as a model for Federal regulation in 1972. While it was overturned in 1979 by the Supreme Court decision on *Midwest Video vs. FCC* (which took away the mandate to have a public-access channel available and gave each franchise the choice as to whether or not they wanted one), it's still a good bet that you can get on the air.

The charter had said, in effect, that if cable companies were permitted to go into operation, digging up city streets for the

PHOTOILLUSTRATION BY HUBERT KRETZCHMAR



wiring, etc., then the city and its inhabitants should get something out of the deal. And while the original concept was for public-access to function for the public good—featuring community board meetings, local high school field-hockey games, earnest discussion groups and civic-minded humdrum—what happened was that some off-centered and idiosyncratic individuals began tinkering with the system.

Mass media became everyman's media.

The original New York City franchise charter was careful to protect the "freedom of expression" of the public-access shows, stipulating that the cable companies could have absolutely no editorial control over them. Now the cable companies are supposed to abide by acceptable community standards but, unless the right to edit is specified in the contract, no one is supposed to interfere with the independent producer's free expression. Since the question of who monitors whom basically remains unresolved, the independents still do pretty much as they please.

Now that cable-TV penetration has hit almost a quarter of all American households, is growing at the rate of one million homes per month and appears to be a viable medium for advertisers, there is heady optimism among the underground public-access futurists. As the cable industry grows, there are more and more cable companies in America's cities and towns through which these programs may be syndicated. Satellite transmission has also opened up vast new possibilities.

So, simply, the cable-TV programming boom is on. Desperate for material to fill all its channels, cable television wants you. It needs you. And it probably won't admit it.

You can become a public-access television star for very little money. First, get the name and number of your local cable company (there are now close to 4100 systems nationwide), then pop a dime in the phone and ask whoever answers to give you the local sales manager. Tell his secretary that a citizen concerned about his Constitutional rights is calling. Almost immediately, the sales manager will be on the phone telling you exactly how much or how little it will cost said citizen to place his show on the public-access channel.

Public-access is singular to the cable industry partly because its markets are usually smaller and more controlled, so airtime is cheaper and less painful to give away. A half hour of prime time (8 P.M.–11 P.M.) is worth roughly one million dollars to the television networks. A half hour on your public-access cable system is usually free of charge and, depending upon that franchise's contract with the city, there may be no station manager to tell you what you can or cannot put on the air. You also cannot be canceled because of poor ratings.

Freddie Silverman doesn't operate that way, you know.

In New York City—the number-one television market in the country—you can grab

THE PUBLIC-ACCESS SUPERSTARS

George Urban sits in the makeshift television studio that is really the bedroom of his fourth-floor walk-up in Brooklyn, New York. The apartment/studio looks like an outtake from *Animal House*. Old, new and obscure sex magazines are littered throughout the flat. Clumps of yellowing newspapers huddle in corners. The mattress that passes for a bed also passes for a desk; hundreds of photographs of nude women form a glossy blanket across it.

Half-empty jars of Vaseline pop up all over the place. Empty containers of Reddi-Wip are strewn about. Little blue packets of contraceptives lie unopened near a red phone, which is very near a slightly worn onion roll and a glass of muddled warm milk.

Across the room is a shock of sophisticated studio equipment, a huge poster of Sigmund Freud and hundreds of tapes filed neatly, one on top of the other.

Here, George Urban turns into Ugly George.

The Ugly George Hour of Truth, Sex and Violence has been called—and not without reason—the most obscene program in television history. It airs three nights a week at 11:30 P.M. on both of New York City's cable systems.

Ugly George, friends, is a public-access superstar.

"I am watched by two-thirds of the cable homes in New York," admits George. "And I have a sixty-six rating. No one has a better rating than I do. Not *Dallas*. Not *60 Minutes*."

George doesn't like to detail his privately commissioned, "semi-scientific" ratings data. Suffice it to say that the man who has started his own fan club, calls his life the "story of America," claims to have an "incredibly high I.Q.," doesn't quite remember his age and is absolutely plumb broke *does* have an audience in Manhattan that is loyal enough to justify his having continued on the public-lease Channel J (off and on) for the past four years. Ugly George is a survivor.

What George does, exactly, is the easiest and yet most difficult thing to describe. Hanging on a hook above his mattress is a skimpy one-piece silver suit, which George slips into whenever the weather is mild. When the weather isn't mild, he wears hiking shoes, faded Wranglers and a red T-shirt. He also wears nearly 80 pounds of portable video equipment strapped to his back. He then takes a subway and hits the streets of Manhattan.

In between stops at video stores for discount tapes, Ugly George approaches busty white women on the street and tries to coax them into dimly lit hallways and overhangs, where he fast-talks them into exposing a breast or two or, hopefully, the whole enchilada. All the while, George is recording and taping *The Ugly George Hour*—a half hour of low-budget video vérité, which features a 37-year-old former college professor, a Wall Street account executive, a part-time porno actor *and* the women who, invariably, can't believe what they're doing, but do it, anyway.

Ugly George at work: "I have a better rating than 'Dallas' or '60 Minutes.'"

George will occasionally be more persuasive, and a woman who doesn't know from Ugly in the morning will get a personalized guided tour of the "Polish Penthouse" at night. The camera will be rolling. And she won't be alone. George will be there.

On the streets, in the hallways or in the privacy of his own home, George likes to get naked with his newfound actresses. He puts the camera on a tripod and enters the picture. The silver suit is often entangled around his ankles.

Ugly George is, essentially, the Zubin Mehta of pickup sex. He orchestrates. He

cajoles. He kvetches, complains and contradicts himself. He never takes Quaaludes. The man is really a perfect prude, except that he has this incredible hang-up about large-breasted, naked women. "You could say," he states matter-of-factly, "that I don't hate girls with big tits." Naked breasts are Ugly George's obsession.

"The girls come on with Ugly George," he says, "because they want to know Ugly George. They're fascinated by me. They want to go to bed with me. I'm a sex symbol."

Although George isn't Ugly, he might be stretching things. He has a round, open face, a bushel of brown hair that sweeps across his forehead and a look in his eyes of absolute self-righteousness. He also refers to himself with royal deference.

"The Ugliness does not like exhibitionists," he continues, "because they're not interested in me personally. You have to remember, it's Ugly George first, and then the camera. The girls I pick up on the street have to turn me on. It's not just some stupid guy taking pictures."

He pauses. "I'm totally honest with the girls. I do not do the show just to get laid. My critics say that the girls don't know what they're doing. They say shit like that, like I take advantage of these girls. They say I exploit women. That's what all the lesbian, bitter man haters at the cable company say.

"I do an interview show with redeeming social value," he insists. "The girls who watch me and want me are called smart. Everybody talks about Ugly George."

Public-access producers around the country, even Ugly George in New York, cannot show actual intercourse on their programs. This is, of course, thanks to our friends, "community standards." Neither these standards nor the cable guidelines specifically mention the word *intercourse* or even *coitus*. But they do forbid "excessive nudity." And Ugly George *is* nude.

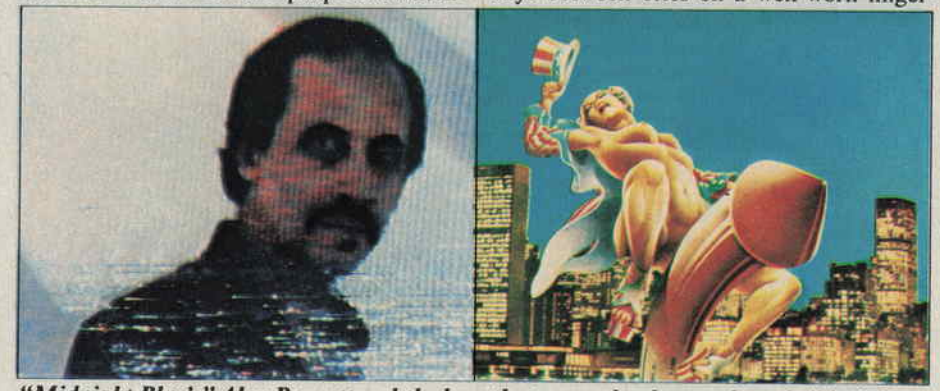
Actually, George has had numerous runins with Manhattan Cable over just about everything. Three times they have yanked him off the air. Three times he has gotten back on. Twice he has threatened the cable company with a five-million-dollar lawsuit.

"They're evil," says George. "They want to keep me off forever. They want to figure out a way to stop all public access." Manhattan Cable has stipulated in George's contract that he not be allowed in the corporate building or even in the lobby. He is not permitted to talk with any employee of the cable system. He is not even allowed to call their offices.

Manhattan Cable doesn't like Ugly George. They simply would rather not see his face. "They really have it in for me," says George. Manhattan Cable executives say that George has been involved in several fights in their company offices.

George does tape an X-rated version of his show—a logical extension of his street fondling—which he is trying to peddle to cable systems outside Manhattan. "I got a phone call from Pennsylvania, and they want the hard stuff," he says. "Michigan called, and they want the hard stuff. Two years ago, all they wanted to do was show it in the control room for themselves." At last word, though, George still hasn't gone into syndication.

Sponsors have also been a big problem for him. "I know the bank people are watching," he says. "I know the soft-drink people are watching. But they're worried about their images. They sit and watch my show and whack off. But they're just closet kings. They're afraid to let anyone know it." George currently has a couple of local sex merchants as sponsors. He charges $66 per commercial spot. He's just barely covering his costs.



"Midnight Blue's" Alex Bennett and the logo that opens the show each week: "A girl went for the Guinness world record here. Took on eighty-three guys in a row."

He's not worried, though. "I know this show is leading to something," he says. "I know the heads of the networks are watching me. I see a network series about Ugly George. And it'll be like Stallone and *Rocky*. If I don't play it, you won't get it. No one plays Ugly George except Ugly George."

He's on a roll. "I'm a cult hero," says Ugly George. "Why can't I take my show on the road? Why can't I extend my cruising area to the world? Who says they wouldn't love me in Dubuque?"

Dubuque, that's who. "We have public-access here, too," says Rod Kuehl, programming manager for Teleprompter cable TV. "But you have to remember, this is Dubuque—antiabortion and everything. We had a public-access show about a natural-childbirth farm, and the woman's exposed breast was a big problem. *Ugly George*? A program like that would blow the roof off this place."

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So, presumably, would *Midnight Blue*, the longest-running weekly program in the history of public-access TV. Produced by former radio-talk-show host Alex Bennett and financed by *Screw* guru Al Goldstein, *Midnight Blue* has been on public-access since 1976 and, compared to *Ugly George*, it looks as stylish as *Last Tango in Paris*. "I don't want to be associated with George," says Bennett coldly. "He is sexist, manipulative and antisexual. Worst of all, he's boring. Truth, sex and cellulite. He wallows in the swamp."

Alex Bennett is a tired-looking man with a lean face and sad, heavy-lidded eyes. He says he doesn't quite remember his age, but he looks about 45. And he talks convincingly about the role of a public-access martyr. "I have a historical perspective," he says between bites on a well-worn fingernail. "I want to be in the history books. I might very well be the guy who opened the door for *Charlie's Angels*." Bennett looks like a man who has been through a few very real wars but doesn't have much to show for it. Not yet, anyway.

He likens *Midnight Blue* to a sexual *60 Minutes*: The program opens each week with a cowgirl riding a huge phallus over the Manhattan skyline. You immediately get the feeling that Morley Safer isn't in town. Right into your living room come bondage, boot licking and endless bordellos. Occasionally, Buck Henry shows up. Regular features include the sex survey (Is it bestiality if the lamb loves you back?), sexual consumer guides and video centerfolds. Spermathons are a very hot item, too.

"A girl came up to me and told me she was going after a Guinness world record," says Bennett. "She took on eighty-three guys in a row." *Midnight Blue* recorded the proceedings and edited out the record breaker. "We cover things as journalists," he says. "We have dignity. Personally, I don't think you can masturbate to *Midnight Blue*."

For economic reasons, Bennett is now trying to promote the middle ground. Cable systems don't want hard-core sex unless it's tasteful and aired on an adult channel. Public-access channels want no part of sticky scenes. "It's sex without the headaches," says Bennett proudly. "It's the *Little Whorehouse on the Prairie*, for God's sake."

Apparently, the audience is still with him. The program airs on Wednesday nights at 11:30 P.M., and Bennett believes he's beating out Carson in the ratings. "That's pretty damn good for a show that costs fifteen hundred dollars," he says. Bennett also claims that over the past several years, his program

Coca Crystal, host of "If I Can't Dance . . . You Can Keep Your Revolution": "My show provides an opportunity for weird, sick people to air their views."

has sold 20,000 boxes (subscribers) in the New York area alone.

Midnight Blue has not been without its headaches, though. Bennett was denied time on the RCA satellite and had to take to peddling the program system by system. He usually charges a cable system $250 per program, with the understanding that they leave in the commercial time he has sold.

One of the first cable systems to buy *Midnight Blue* was the Perry Cable franchise in Stuart, Florida. For the past two years, the Stuart system has been offering *Blue*, along with a variety of soft-core titles, free of charge to subscribers who had already bought the pay channel (HBO). It might very well be the best deal in cable. After HBO goes off the air late each night, the local cable operator slips on a sex feature. The response has been fantastic.

However, all is not rosy pink in Stuart, Florida. Recently, something went awry with the automation machine in the studio, and *Midnight Blue* popped up for five minutes at 12 o'clock. Noon. The local press had a field day. "They love to jump on us down here," says Bob Wilson, the program manager. "We get no mercy at all."

The cable system will certainly be spared no mercy when and if a vigilante group calling themselves Citizens Against Pornography makes its presence felt in Stuart. The group has already picketed HBO affiliates in Jacksonville and Orlando, and Wilson is afraid that his system is next. "We go about these shows very quietly," he says. "We don't advertise them. Our subscribers love them. But if the pressure was put on, we'd have to yank them. It's a shame, but not many cable operators are in a position to stand up to these kinds of groups."

Even if the porn prudes don't swoop in on Stuart, *Midnight Blue* might still be in trouble there. "Lately," says Wilson, "the quality of the show has been piss poor. And there have been way too many commercials." [Since the author's interview with Bob Wilson, Perry Cable has taken *Midnight Blue* off the air.—Ed.]

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"They're all maniacs," says Coca Crystal, star of public-access' number-one anti-authoritarian show, *If I Can't Dance . . . You Can Keep Your Revolution.* "All the other shows stink. I'm the queen of access TV. And I'm going for goddess."

Coca says she doesn't quite remember her age. She can, however, recall getting kidnapped in Bombay, taking acid in San Francisco, being hijacked to Havana ("I asked if I could stay") and sitting on poll results she didn't agree with when she worked for Lou Harris.

"My show provides an opportunity for weird, sick people to air their views," she says between hits of Colombian Gold. "I've put our fringe of society on the map. You can call me a relic of the Sixties, but the people out there think I'm a hero. I have TV personality."

Coca also has no money, and she has to work in the studio for credits, which are applied against the cost of taping her show. "I didn't mean to make cable my career," she says. "But I spend all my time on it. It's good for my ego, I guess."

Cut to *If I Can't Dance* . . . in glorious, scratchy black and white: Madge the Beautician is soaking Coca's fingers in a bowl. "Dear, your hands are so bad that they deserve the Ayatollah Khomeini treatment—let's cut them off." Coca: "Oh, no—isn't there something less drastic?" Madge: "Yes, there's Oil of Khomeini, made according to strict Iranian tradition from the blood of limbs severed from thieves, masturbators and wearers of phony beards."

Stay tuned, America. The public-access uglies are coming! And hide the kids and puppy dogs. —J.D.

a chunk of free time on cable Channels C, D and L, but you're not allowed to sell commercial time within the program. If you have a ready sponsor for your program or think you can get one, however, you can lease 30 minutes of airtime on Channel J for only $25. You then have carte blanche to make a fortune, or at least the opportunity to try to sell the maximum eight commercial minutes allowed per half hour.

In Los Angeles, the Theta Cable system has only one public-access outlet, Channel 3, which is offered to users free of charge, though the cable system does tack on a $15 fee per show for screening and handling. Currently, no commercial time is allowed to be sold within the access programs, although Theta officials are considering the possibility of sponsor underwriting, a system similiar to that of PBS.

A number of cable sales managers around the country are still reluctant to offer public-access time. In most areas, use of the public-access channels is nonexistent, possibly because most citizens aren't aware that it's available—cable officials don't encourage people to come in and get on their systems for free.

"Cable TV is big business now," says Dick Fairbanks, sales manager for San Diego's Mission Cable, which has the largest number of subscribers (267,803) in the country. "I don't like to give anything away for free. We've tried some public-access shows, like *Standlee's Cake-Decorating Program*. That was on for four years. Usually, though, the access people don't have the money to back themselves up. We try to stay as far away from public-access as possible."

Of course, there's no real escape. Mission Cable still has Channels 23, 24 and 25 set aside for the public's use. And if the independent producer wants to put on an advertiser-supported program, it will cost him $350 for a half hour of leased time.

Obviously, you as producer (and on public-access, *producer* usually means *star*) have to spring for your own production. That can be as little as $20 for a live half hour in black and white (one camera) at the E.T.C. Workshop in New York, or up to $90 for a half hour with two color cameras.

Theta Cable in Los Angeles offers the use of its studios and charges $70 for 60 minutes of black and white, including crew. New York's Teleprompter system has its own studio as well, and charges $25 for 30 minutes of actual taping. You won't get a complete crew (bring your own staff of makeup people), but you do get an additional half hour of setup time.

Most cable systems around the country, though, do not have their own studios or, if they do, they don't let the public come in at will and roll the cameras. Many smaller towns don't even have an available studio where you can produce your show. Then again, you could make a show in your living room or bedroom and invite your very own studio audience. All you need is someone to

videotape it for you. Or you could go the extravagant route and buy a tripod, point the camera in your general direction and become a star. Used tripods go for $20. A used camera, you can rent.

After the tape runs out, gather it up, run to the cable company and demand that they show it. The sales or program manager will ask you if you're a subscriber to his system, but it doesn't matter one bit. Most likely, their contract implies that they should provide you airtime whether you're a customer or not.

Then you'll be asked if this show of yours will offend his community's standards. In other words, what plays in New York might not air in Kansas. However, since no one really knows the definition of the term *community standards*, answer no. Stress that you have produced a program of unwavering and redeeming social value.

Finally, the cable company might want a down payment for airing your show. Cable companies lose money on public-access; the more they do, the more they lose. It costs money to put the programs on the machine and to process tapes and print up viewing guides. Even so, unless you have a sponsored program and a small down payment is necessary to secure your time slot on the leased channel, no money should be exchanged up front between the independent producer and the cable company.

ONCE YOU GET PAST these preliminaries, the cable company will actually schedule your program. The air date will probably be within two weeks of the time you set foot in their office, reel in hand. Just enough time to make you a total, incorrigible public-access neurotic.

Case in point: Donald Swann of Kankakee, Illinois, or thereabout. In the summer of 1979, Donald Swann began producing his first television show, which he intended to put on the local cable's public-access channel. Lacking the formal television-production knowledge and skills, he gathered up the last of his savings, bought a secondhand video camera and began taping his show in and about Kankakee.

Donald Swann didn't want to produce the run-of-the-mill access program; he wanted to produce a documentary. So he began spending a lot of time in other people's bathrooms. He had conceived of a documentary called *The John in American Society*, and felt that the time was right for such a visual inquisition. He felt it would garner him much attention and acclaim in the movie biz.

So he zeroed in on local bathrooms, and more than occasionally caught a surprised subject with his or her pants down. He would excuse himself, stop the tape momentarily, wait for the person to finish the business at hand and then ask him or her appropriate documentary-style questions: Do you read in the john? Do you have to run the water in order to go? Do you lock the bathroom door? He put it all together in a half-hour program and called his local cable company.

They told him the mere mention of toilets offended community standards.

Swann looked elsewhere and finally gained access to a public channel on a cable system some 80 miles away. They scheduled his program free of charge for the following Friday, and Swann made plans to stay in town and watch it in a local bar.

When the program came on that Friday, Swann noticed that his opening shot of an empty ladies' restroom had been cut. So had the interview with his neighbor, who had reminisced about missing the bowl after a big night of Bud drinking. The quick shot of the woman toilet-training her baby son had also been snipped.

Swann became incensed. He watched his half-hour documentary end after 16 minutes, and then walked the 14 blocks to the cable company. He demanded to see the program manager and the copy of his tape.

When both arrived at the reception desk, Swann fired off a few invectives, grabbed the tape, reached for his lighter and set it aflame. A few sparks nicked some papers on the desk, and they went up in smoke, too By the time the program manager sprayed the area with the fire extinguisher, half the desk was burning, and the fire was threatening to spread to the cushioned chair nearby. The police were called, and Swann was arrested. The molten tape was kept as evidence.

There *is* a moral to this story: Always make a copy of your tape. Also, know the rules of the business: Unless noted otherwise in the contract, the cable company is *not* allowed to censor your show in any form. If they want a change to be made, they must send it back to you for adjustment. Then they *must* air it after the revision has been made. Don't let your public- access career go into the toilet—like Donald Swann's.

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OK, so no one is making a fortune on public-access. Yet. Even though you are allowed sponsors on a good many channels around the country, most producers are having trouble selling their time. "I went to a big advertising agency in New York with a copy of my show," says a young performer who appeared on Manhattan Cable. "And they told me to fuck off, in fancy ad terms. They wouldn't even look at the show. Once they heard 'public-access,' they all went to lunch or told the secretary to tell me they were in meetings. The place emptied out like I was a bad fart."

The few available rating surveys of public-access do indicate an inconsistency in numbers: The recent Nielsen study of cable TV concluded that absolutely no one watched public-access programming, while a concurrent telephone survey indicated that a great many were watching. (A recent public-access program in New York drew over 6000 phone-ins in a half hour, according to New York Telephone Company.)

Of course, most of the programs on the public-access channels don't quite mesh with the squeaky-clean images of major sponsors, either. Virtually all of the big advertising dollars in cable are being funneled into a few satellite services like Getty's ESPN, the "total" sports channel that airs weird sports at all hours of the night. Other satellite services attracting sponsor interest include Cable News Network, the around-the-clock talking head propped up by news-maker Ted Turner; the Black Entertainment Program Network; and Madison Square Garden Sports, which juxtaposes fencing and rodeo with dog shows and midget wrestling.

STILL, SOME LOCAL, LOW-budget access producers have been able to titillate advertiser interest by going up on the "bird"—the telecommunications satellite. The Satellite Program Network in Tulsa, Oklahoma, for instance, has approved several access programs from around the country for their satellite service. But once they screen your program and approve it (no sex, please), it's still going to cost plenty to send it skyward.

The Tulsa people currently charge approximately $300 for a half hour of satellite time, but that brokerage fee delivers its dull programming to over two million cable homes across the country—and you can sell four and a half minutes of advertising time within your program. Pick up a few sponsors interested in that sort of coverage at 100 bucks apiece and you've got yourself a "hit" show.

The key strategy in snaring sponsors for your public-access gem is to sell them on the hopefully original qualities of your program and then on the unique demographics of a cable home. Special-interest programming (narrow casting) always has a special-interest sponsor to match. It's like computer dating. One of cable's most successful access programs is produced in Canada for American cable consumption. Titled *Canada—News from Home*, the series plays on the Tulsa satellite and appeals directly to Canadians living in the United States. Sponsors gearing their products for that very select Canadian audience, who may have moved from Winnepeg to Miami Beach, have been willing to pay as much as $2000 for a single minute commercial. The series, by the way, is operating way in the black.

In dealing with potential sponsors, you can't point to ratings and shares, especially if your program hasn't been on the air yet. You must sell them on the special qualities of the cable subscriber. The experts say that since it costs money to install cable ($8–$10 per month for basic cable, including public-access, and an additional $8–$15 for one or

(Continued on page 127)

YOUNGER WOM

One is hungry the other already has

Article by

Older women . . . younger women. But how old is older? How young is younger? One who seems an older woman when you're 20 may be a younger woman when you're 30 and, by the time you're 50, almost all the eligible females fall into the category of younger women. This is a very cheering thought, to have such shifting perspectives—absolutes are so limiting.

I remember when I was 20 years old and hitchhiking out West in pursuit of experience and enough detail to flesh out the biographical data that would describe the author on the book jacket of my yet-to-be-written first novel. Good luck struck rapidly; I was picked up on the Pennsylvania Turnpike by a young woman on vacation who turned out to be a copywriter for a New York advertising agency. She was a wry, witty, recently divorced, extremely attractive brunette of 23. For me, she was without question an older woman—so much so, that I lied to her about my age and told her—how about this?—that I was 22. I suspect she guessed the little game I was playing, but it hardly mattered as we balled our way across nine states to Los Angeles, where, sad to say, we parted company.

The point is that two decades later, I hesitated to have anything to do with a 23-year-old female, because I feared she might be too *young* for me. I'm glad to report that in most instances I conquered the fear and didn't regret it, thus repaying my debt to womankind and having a hell of a good time in the bargain.

Nevertheless, for the sake of convenience, let's think in terms of the needs of a red-blooded heterosexual man somewhere in his rampaging 20s. We can define the ladies thusly: A younger woman is someone younger, and an older woman is someone older—than you are. Using that rough definition, there's clearly far more latitude in the category of older women: In theory, they could range from their mid-20s on up to 50. Beyond 50—with apologies to your favorite aunt, Dinah Shore and Marlene Dietrich, whose existence threatens to break every

PHOTOGRAPHY BY

OLDER MEN

for experience; it. What's a guy to do?

Clifford Irving

rule and destroy every generalization—we will not go. We'll leave the 60-year-old foxes to the 70-year-old satyrs. And in the opposite direction, we won't go too far, either, lest we break some laws concerning conspiracy to corrupt the morals of a minor. We will leave the tiny-titted Lolitas to the middle-aged Humbert Humberts.

The great tradition that has come down through the centuries in any enlightened society is for young men to seek their sexual initiation at the hands of older, gentler, presumably wiser women. Hundreds of European novels contain that delicious, exciting scene of the hero entering his sexual prime and being seduced by the French governess, the Bavarian chambermaid or Mama's elegant best friend next door. And for good reason. Ipso facto, older women are more experienced; they know more, so they are natural teachers. There are exceptions, of course, but they are to be avoided like a social disease: We'll have nothing to do with the prim, aging spinster or the neurotic housewife who's just discovered female liberation and wants to ball every young buck on the block just to rack up a high score. And we've already disqualified Grandma. No, we're talking about mature, intelligent women who know what they want and have grabbed their share of it.

The virtue of experience can't be overemphasized, but it has to be studied a bit to be truly appreciated. What exactly is it that older women know? It isn't the kind of theoretical knowledge that can be gained by reading texts on male psychology, *Gray's Anatomy* or even *More Joy of Sex*. No: What they know, on the simplest level, is how to please a man. They've learned, in bed and out of it, what makes a man feel like a champ and what makes him feel less than a man; and if they're any good and have learned from their experience, they know how to provoke that first sensation and how to avoid the second one. What an older woman brings to your bed is often the sum total of not only her happy affairs, but her failures as well, and you can be grateful for the fact that she's had both. A younger woman is always experimenting, learn-

PAMELA BARKENTIN

ing—sometimes at your expense. An older woman gives you her best.

Let me tell a tale.

The lady has passed on, so I can write without fear of wounding or libeling her. At her funeral in Key West, I'm told, there were 30 or 40 men, other than relatives, of all ages. Many came with their wives, and I can't think of a warmer, more open tribute.

I was lucky enough to meet her when I was 23. Still uncertain about exactly what I wanted to do in life or how to find out, I was unsure of myself in ways not readily visible. A youthful marriage and annulment lay behind me in New York, as well as several affairs that had ended with my being told I was a ruthless, utterly selfish bastard. Well, I *was* selfish, and I wasn't ready to settle down. I was young, and I didn't consider youth a crime. I wandered down to Key West and took a little cottage for the winter, intending to dangle my feet in the soothing Gulf Stream and get my head together.

I met Isabel at a cocktail party. She was married; her husband was home in Toronto. A lithe, handsome, blonde woman, she was in her mid-40s—a good 20 years older than I. I was well aware of that fact and a trifle wary of it, but her dark eyes glowed with a vitality and warmth of purpose that canceled out my wariness. What I remember most about our first meeting was that she listened so carefully to what I said and she seemed to take me so seriously. "Oh, a writer? You'll succeed, I *know* it. You phrase things so well. You're very observant." She quickly convinced me I was the most fascinating, intelligent, attractive man—not just in the room, but in all of Key West. I invited her to dinner, and then back to my place.

I remember how she trembled as I undressed her. "I'm so nervous," she said breathlessly. "You make me feel like a little girl." All the women I'd known previously had tried to be so sophisticated, so cool.

In bed, she was no little girl, and she surely wasn't cool. Her body was in splendid shape, without a ripple of fat. She had two teen-age children—fortunately, away at school in Connecticut—but there wasn't a stretch mark to give evidence. She worked out an hour a day on an exercise mat, and she played tennis, preferably singles, whenever she had the opportunity. "Jogging? Oh, no, my dear," she told me, smiling. "It makes the breasts bounce too much, and then they sag."

The alleged nervousness vanished, too. She crawled all over and under me all night long, wearing me out and then some. And the cries! The yells of joy! The testaments to glory! "I *adore* it," she cooed at me. "Do you always make love like this? Are you always so wonderful?"

I mumbled, "Well, I try."

"You're such an extraordinary lover . . ."

See? I still remember. Who could forget?

After that, of course, I was her slave. Not that she treated me that way—quite the contrary. But with such words echoing in my mind, and then being repeatedly whispered in my ears (for she never tired of praising me, my ardor, my sexual techniques, my body), it was impossible to feel anything but a king, or at least a prince—a kind of Humphrey Bogart encased in a Robert Redford skin.

We spent the second night of our erotic celebration in her house, and I was treated not only as a lover with a rating of "10" but as an honored guest—breakfast in bed and a copy of *The Sunday New York Times*. As the winter progressed, so did the affair; and since Isabel lived in far more luxurious circumstances than I did, I found myself sleeping in her bed five or six times a week. But Isabel never suggested that I give up my own place—oh no! She allowed me to cuddle my cherished illusion of independence—the young man with no ties, no obligations—at precisely the same time as I was devouring breakfast, lunch, dinner and all my bedtime stories *chez elle*.

"There is no substitute for the freshness of a younger woman. That enthusiasm can't be replaced."

Once in a while, quite deliberately I'm sure, she arranged it so that I was on my own for a day or two in my cottage. How do you settle for grilled hot dogs and Budweiser after a diet of *malard à la presse* and Château Haut Brion '49? Afterward, like a grateful puppy, I would sit down to a candlelit dinner in her dining room, with its view of the sunset over the Gulf of Mexico, and thank the conjunction of the stars that had steered me to that fateful cocktail party. That woman knew what she was doing. She was artful. Have I suggested that sufficiently?

One detail, though—because, to this day, 20-odd years later, it remains unique. We all, as the years pass, tend to acquire our little ritualistic practices, and Isabel, being a well-traveled lady of 45, was no exception. The first night in my house, after we had made love in what I then considered the standard way—you kissed, hugged, stroked, sucked here and there and finally slipped the rampant beast home—and after a dreamy ten minutes or so of lying exhausted in each other's arms, Isabel roused herself and gently whispered, "Oh, darling, you were so good to me. Now let me do something for *you*."

Imagine! As if it had been done all for her pleasure and I was the greatest sexual saint in the world! Whereupon, before I could protest that I'd hardly been shortchanged, she slid down to the proper place and happily, enthusiastically, blew me. Terrific! She had all the moves and, when I came, one that I'd never seen before or since. She dipped a hand into her pocketbook, which lay on the carpet beside the bed, and produced a small white-lace handkerchief. Swiss, I later discovered. This she used to mop up. No wet spots, no stickiness in the pubic region, on the jaw, anywhere.

How convenient, I thought. But it was not convenience, it was ritual. Every single time we made love, this was the pattern; the only difference was the color of the handkerchief. Most of them were white, but not all. She had a whole drawer full of them next to her bed, rather like Gatsby's many-colored shirts in the closet of his West Egg mansion. In the flickering light, before she snuffed out the candle, Isabel's white teeth gleamed. Service with a smile . . .

Small wonder I have such a good memory of her, and that the funeral was well attended. I wonder how many of the men there, as they wiped their eyes with a pocket handkerchief, remembered the little bit of white lace from Switzerland . . .

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Anyhow, these pleasurable reminiscences have forced me to spread the joy and seek the opinions of my friends. The first I came across was the Spanish sculptor, Carlos Sansegundo, a man who has screwed his way methodically, yet enthusiastically, across two continents over two decades.

"But there's nothing to discuss," he said, with a curt wave of his hand. "Older women are better."

"And why is that, Carlos?"

"Because they cook better."

I laughed, and he became upset. "It's not funny at all! This is something not many Americans understand. Food is seductive! It's part of sex! How many young girls realize this and, if they do, have they the skill to cook and serve a meal that gets a man excited? You've told about your woman in Florida, this Isabel. Didn't she cook wonderfully? And serve it tastefully? And get you in the mood each time to fuck your heart out? You see, I told you."

"All right. Granted. But what about younger women? Have you nothing to say in their favor?"

"Absolutely nothing. I hate the clean look of girls and younger women. It's so . . . straightforward. Nothing dirty. Nothing mysterious. Nothing decadent. What is sex without mystery?"

This discussion provoked a thought. Somehow it is easier to sing the praises of older women than their younger sisters, but a moment comes when the singer must wonder if he protests too much. I have another friend, a film director, who's happily married with two young children; he also travels a lot and gives his libido free rein when he's away from home. He praised the quality of

experience in older women as well, but then he added: "Experience, however, is *all* they've got. I think most men lie if they say they prefer older women. They're kidding themselves, because most of them are married. In a word, stuck.

"There's no substitute for the freshness of a younger woman. Her freshness toward life. She rarely comes to you as a virgin, but in the sense that she's inexperienced, malleable, a sort of blank slate to be written on by the man who's lucky enough to catch her before she's fully formed, there is a virginal quality about her. And that is far more exciting than an affair with someone who may be wonderfully sophisticated but a bit jaded, a little too demanding and assertive. The enthusiasm of a younger woman—that can't be replaced."

Beyond enthusiasm in the species and the obvious mutuality of interests, there is something more basic, and that is the sheer physical allure. The flesh will never again be so firm, the musculature so well formed, the belly so flat, the limbs so supple. From 18 through 30, unless she's been turned into a baby factory, a woman is in her physical prime. She may prolong that state, but it's a struggle in a losing war. The silkiness and smoothness of skin slowly vanishes, especially in those women who are addicted to browning themselves in the sun; the acrobatic swiftness of movement is gone; and bounce turns to sag.

On the other hand, there are men who are turned off by that very quality of uncompromising youthful firmness: the breast that never bounces and rarely jiggles; the ass that responds like a soccer ball to a good grab, unyielding and balloonlike; the pert, tiny pink nipple. Such men prefer flesh with a little give to it, a little more noticeable sway and wobble under the blouse, a subtlety rather than a robustness . . . and a nipple that over the years has learned to assert itself and to stand to more significant attention. (Did you see Ali MacGraw in the shower in *Just Tell Me What You Want*?) Here it is a matter of taste, and there is room for debate.

Speaking of taste, another debate rages. There's little argument that younger women, less sexually experienced and not yet afflicted by the perils attendant on motherhood, have tighter pussies. If that's what you like or need, your path is clear. But if you like space in which to roam and experiment, you might look toward the older woman; for one of the joys of the complex female sexual gestalt is that the vagina is the last physical part to suffer the wear and tear associated with age. For practical purposes, the pussy is eternally young.

"Not so!" cried my friend, the film director—the adamant lover of unblemished skin, the taut ass and the uptilted tit.

"How not?" I asked.

"Because, my friend, as you know, in sex it's the aroma that's everything. The smell, the musk, the scent. Isn't that so?"

"It's got to be there," I admitted.

"And as well as the aroma . . . the taste."

"Are you trying to tell me that young women's pussies smell different, taste different, than older women's pussies?"

"I like to think so."

"In what way?"

"I'm not sure . . ."

"Aha!"

"Wait. I'll tell you. They smell . . . they taste . . . *younger*."

Well, it may be so. It would certainly be pleasant to define the terms and undertake to find out.

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One of the chief advantages of being with an older woman is the implicit understanding that the affair is transient. Marriage rarely looms as the ultimate goal. That need not be so, of course, and older women are often fine mates. Compared to younger women, they may be in welcome positions of power: They may have already established entry to desirable social circles and, more important, they are more likely to have money to lavish it on a younger husband. Do these marriages work? What are the hidden traps and less obvious advantages?

"Older women are usually less jealous than their younger sisters. They tend to be more secure."

The deepest pitfall, of course, is the aging process, which no amount of creams, face lifts or visits to Swiss miracle doctors will halt. Few men under 50 like to walk into a room with a wife who is visibly withering and, when the deterioration of flesh is too much observed in the act of love, it tends to make that act occur less frequently. What can be done? Not much. Charm, habit, skill and devotion must be brought into play in varying mixtures to make such sex exciting. A clever woman can manage it. Moreover, if she's aware of the situation and it doesn't destroy her ego too much, an older woman will give her younger mate enough leeway so that, from time to time, he can pick up a bit of pleasure elsewhere.

Older women are usually, although not always, less jealous than their younger sisters. They tend to be more secure, more realistic. They understand that a man's restlessness is quickly satisfied by an occasional unquestioned holiday, a night out, an extended business trip, and that the need for creature comfort and cosy familiarity will drive him back to the nest, sated and grateful. In this sense, the older woman—ever loving, supportive, reasonably permissive—is Mother. And why not? What man doesn't seek in the woman he chooses someone who can play that role, too?

Beyond that, a man had better realize that *any* woman he takes as a wife is doomed to physical change, and he is doomed to be witness. At least with an older woman, he knows, to a visible extent, what he's getting. The process has already begun, the signs can be read. Marry a younger woman and, all too often, you're in for a shock. It's not easy to look at a 25-year-old face and body and imagine what they will be in 20 years.

Seeking corroboration or rebuttal of these weighty, male-chauvinist views, I turned to another friend—Richard Gardner, author of the novel *The Adventures of Don Juan*. He should know.

But like most intelligent men, he has a balanced view. Older women, he said, seem better able to separate sex from the attendant rituals and problems. "In other words, they're less confused than younger women about whether they want attention or want to be fucked." For that reason, Gardner explained, precisely because of that confusion in their minds, younger women are more psychologically susceptible to a man's desires. "You can get them to perform more perversions," he added with an evil leer. "An older woman will usually only do what she wants to do. A kid, on the other hand, will try out all kinds of crazy scenes because she wants to gain experience or because she thinks it's expected of her or because she doesn't want to let you down."

"Why is that?"

"Because she's *dumber*."

Does that mean, in the end, that the author of *Don Juan* prefers younger women?

"No, no," he groused. "You have to spend too goddamn much time *listening* to them."

So he prefers older women?

"Well, what's nice is that they're so grateful; that is, if you're a young guy with plenty of vigor and staying power. But, on the other hand, you can't usually pull the wool over their eyes. I mean, they know a good fuck from a fake fuck, don't they? And then, on the other hand, if you're worn out from a hard day on the job and can't get it up when she spreads her legs, an older woman is apt to be a lot more understanding about it; whereas a younger woman makes it into a Federal case. She feels inadequate, and she can make you feel like you might as well start digging your grave because you're gonna have a limp pecker for the rest of your miserable life. On the other hand . . ."

There seem to be a lot of other hands here, and that may be a clue toward the solution of the dilemma. Knowing there's a choice, you're already lucky. And if you're luckier, you'll grow old trying to choose.

Me? Didn't I say it at the beginning? I want it all. ■

SEARCHING FOR THE POT OF GOLD

Weeding Out the Winners at the Fourth Annual Marijuana Festival

ARTICLE BY JOHN ROEMER

On a large ridgetop estate somewhere north of San Francisco, proud growers and marijuana connoisseurs recently gathered to check out the dope you'll be smoking in the Eighties.

It was a cool, fog-laced weekend in the rugged up-country redwood region, as a score of amateur horticultural aces tried to outzonk one another with ample samples of their state-of-the-art weed. The growers and their dates sipped white wine between tokes and exchanged botanical formulas for exotic pot hybrids. All got quietly wasted. As the sun dipped behind the mountains to the west, the partygoers moved from the big deck cantilevered out over a misty valley to the tasting room where oak logs blazed in a six-foot fireplace. An Eric Clapton record played on the turntable.

Although it was the Fourth Annual Harvest Festival, it was an unlikely scene for a doper revolution. Yet this and similar tiny groups of West Coast gardeners are posing a direct threat to the megabuck overlords of imported marijuana.

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"Number nine. Anybody want a hit of nine?" Jesus, not now. Not nine. Just the word on paper made the muscle across my forehead go taut. At the tasting tables, 20 Jolly Green Giant–sized stalks of bush lay on wooden nursery flats, each numbered to maintain the growers' anonymity. Sitting behind them, a quintet of judges got very stoned and giggled a lot.

Veteran pot smokers speak of a condition called situation-specific memory. As best I can recall, the situation was this: A joint of number nine didn't *taste* especially potent, although the smoke was saturated with hash undertones. One did notice, though, that a few good hits turned the bottom third of the joint the color and consistency of a Hershey bar melting through its wrapper in the sun. A third or fourth toke of number nine led directly to a slo-mo seizure of the eye, ear, temple and forehead muscles. Then came a ripple effect that seemed to compress the skull, thereby squishing the gray matter beneath. Those in the grip of number nine could recognize fellow afflictees by their squints. Nine was the very essence of demon dope; it was doing literally what we'd always been promised dope would do—it was warping our minds. And it didn't even place in the top three.

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Well, sure, it was serious business. But somebody had to do it. The imported marijuana market was getting entirely out of hand. Take your pick: unsettling reports of organized crime moving in, the paraquat scare, the recurring supply disruptions—to say nothing of the outrageous prices affixed to stale, moldy, mass-produced weed.

For years, smokers have saved the seeds from their $60 lids of dubious Colombian, have sprouted them between damp paper towels on top of the fridge and then have raised sparse and spindly plants on windowsills or under grow bulbs in the attic. The crop invariably turned out to be vile, fit only for mixing with your good stuff—a kind of organic Hamburger Helper. *Homegrown* deservedly became a dismissive epithet.

Dedicated growers have since learned that it was botanical madness to expect seeds from the equator to flourish in the relatively cool, short summers some 40 longitudinal degrees to the north. Fortunately, seeds do exist from plants that have spent years adapting to climates very similar to that of the American West Coast. Northern California alone contains a wide range of microclimes—fog-washed coastal hills, deep forests, meadowlands, scorched and arid interior valleys.

Much of the best dope grown in the U.S. is no longer the Western Hemisphere's standard dope plant, *Cannabis sativa*. Thanks to a legendary smuggling venture from Kabul, Afghanistan, to Topeka, Kansas, in 1975, the high-test seeds of *Cannabis indica*, the hashish plant, are now available to serious growers who are plugged into an informal international garden club dedicated to the improvement of the weed.

Zack and Bud, the festival organizers, got their hands on some of those Afghani seeds in 1976 via connections in Minneapolis. Both are slender, energetic men in their late 30s. Zack's a cabinetmaker; Bud drives 40 miles to his small-town law firm three days a week. Most of the growers here are similarly self-employed countrymen who cultivate their crops as a profitable sideline.

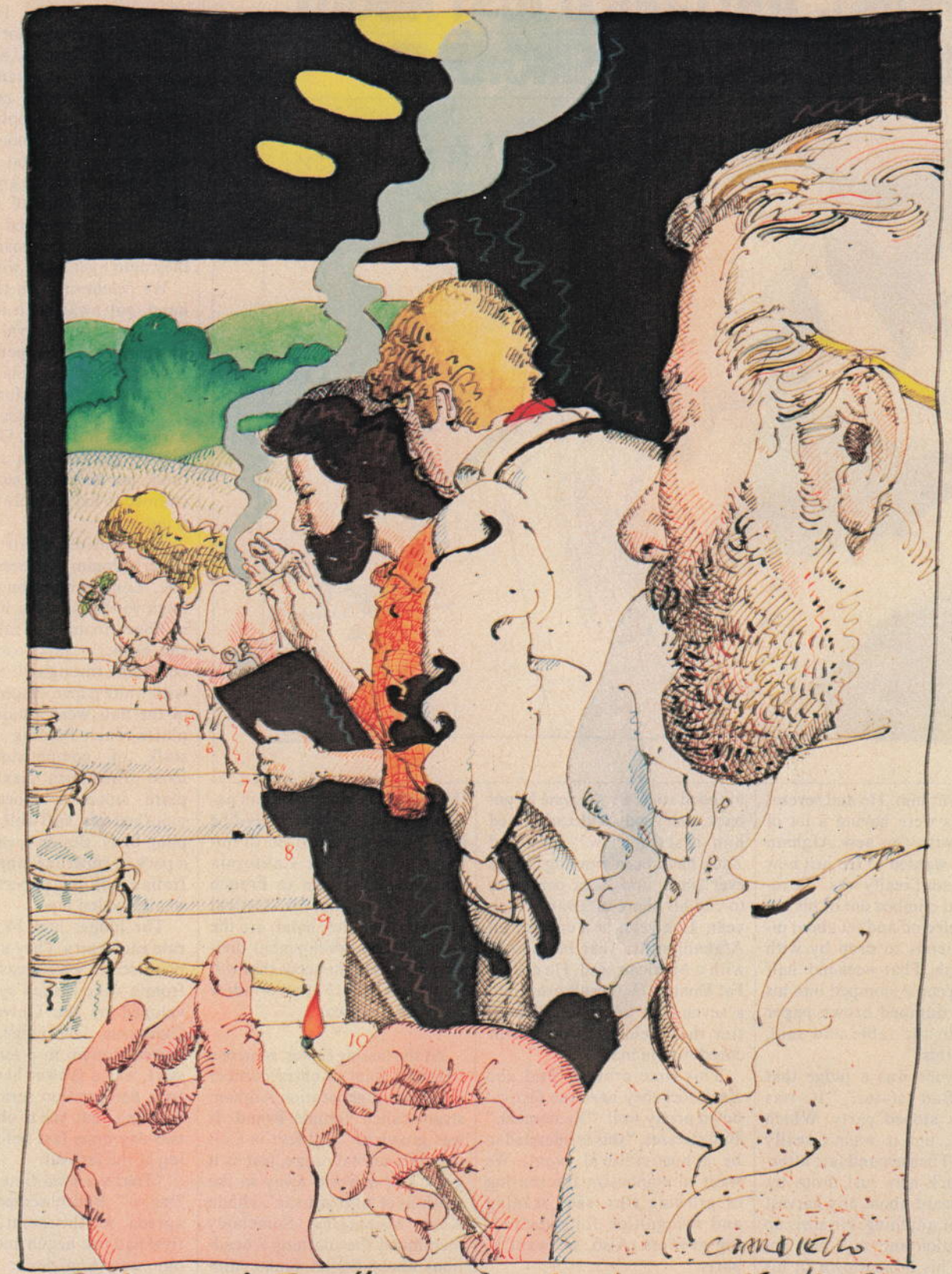
Each grower paid a $25 fee per entry, which was nonrefundable if the sample failed to make the cut. "But if we cut you," Bud points out, "you get your grass back." Bud and Zack evaluated 28 entries this year and ruled that eight of them were insufficiently impressive to rank with the top 20.

"We tried to have a screening committee one year, but it got too complicated," Zack says.

"But before that, it was too simple," Bud adds. "Back before we had judges and all."

It all started in 1977. Bud was lounging in his hot tub in approved California fashion when

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE CIARDIELLO



Judges at Fourth Annual Harvest Festival

AFTER SOME 24 HOURS OF NONSTOP PUFFING, YOU COULD JUST ABOUT ROLL THE AIR AND SMOKE IT.

the idea hit him. He and several neighbors were having a lot of success with the new Afghani seeds. "I wanted to see just how good the stuff really was," he recalls. Bud climbed out of his hot tub, toweled off and set about inviting friends to drop by with some stash. That weekend, half a dozen people stomped into his kitchen, dumped brown-paper bags onto the table and said, "Smoke this!"

"Everyone was a judge that year," Bud states. "It was mainly a stoned party. Which was OK, but it wasn't really focused. Then around late afternoon, Zack here just drops by. Hasn't heard about any harvest festival or anything. He sizes up the situation and says he's got some of his homegrown in his truck. Not his best stuff, he says, but he goes out and gets it, and it just knocks everybody on their ass." Bud grins at the memory. "Zack said, 'Hey, that's nothing,' and he drove home to get his good stuff. By the time he got back, everybody'd already voted him best in show." Bud and Zack have been running things ever since, and Zack continues to cop his share of awards each year. This year, he's entered an Afghani strain that he crossed with a Mexican seed. He calls it Fat Donna. The result grew into a seven-foot greenhouse monster that yielded 13 ounces of cured marijuana.

This time around, Bud and Zack feel they have the festival down pretty well. "Remember," Bud stresses, "this is intended to be a horticultural event. We want to emphasize the sharing of growing tips, seed trading and recognition for outstanding growers. Also, we want to party."

Zack and Bud and their pals do well financially, although they're a breed apart from the real agribusinessmen in the domestic dope market. The money-makers are the ones with the big farms hidden deep in national forests, the assembly-line growers who plan to do to imported dope what California vintners have done to French wine. These harvest-festival guys, on the other hand, are the research-and-development division, breeding the seeds that will some day reach the window boxes of America.

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At the tasting tables, someone lighted a joint of entry number five, a third generation Afghani strain called Temple Brand. It was grown at 2800 feet in California's coastal range, just as it grew half a world away in the foothills of Afghanistan's Hindu Kush Mountains. Somebody mentioned the morning's headlines about Soviet tanks rumbling through those very mountains.

"Good thing those seeds escaped when they did," my pal D.L. observed.

The entries had ancestors from three continents. Peacock Farms' number-two entry was a thick, choky, first-generation Chamba strain from Zaire, in equatorial Africa. It's now grown in a hothouse not far from the Pacific Coast. There was also a rich, oily Cuban–Southeast Asian hybrid raised in another nearby greenhouse. It smoked sweet, smooth and deadly. In a technical note affixed to his entry, the grower explained that some of his crop had been "harvested a little early by punks with machetes—they didn't get away with it."

We celebrants, on the other hand, got away with it totally. Security at the festival was unobtrusive but unimpenetrable. Indeed, despite levels of zonk seldom witnessed before, much less described, the bash came off without a hindrance. One guy's pickup got stuck in a muddy ditch, but he and six stoned pals claimed to have simply levitated it out.

The entire affair was a doper's dream if I ever did see one. Long tables ran beneath huge windows in the big, high-ceilinged room. The tables bore the nursery flats, each numbered one through 20 and lined with white paper. Placed in front of the flats were antique china plates, each holding a choice stalk of competition-grade, hand-raised bush. Next to each plate stood a short, wide-mouthed jar half-full of sampling buds. Beside each jar was a pack of superfine, ungummed, Italian rolling papers and a small wooden pipe.

The judges had 24 hours to rate each entry. They used a 20-point scale, which was adapted from a wine-tasting system developed by the University of California. One judge, a dark-haired woman in a long, violet skirt, was a grower herself. She took her position seriously, remarking that she'd observed a two-day dope fast before arriving at the festival.

"That's a long time for you, Denise," Bud observed. Denise agreed. At this point, the festival had just begun and, despite our mounting desire to get a lungful of the prize vegetation, we were all holding off a little, while the judges worked their way through the appearance and fragrance part of their complex score sheets. Each sample

FOLKS AROUND HERE APPRECIATE A CROP THAT REPAYS A LITTLE KNOW-HOW WITH VAST AMOUNTS OF CASH.

was checked for condition, color and visual impact (four points) and for aroma and bouquet (four points).

The dope was gorgeous. The stalks of leafless, seedless, artfully cured marijuana lay in the sampling boxes. Many stalks were as long and as fat as ears of sweet corn, their tightly packed clusters of buds redolent of 100 proof cannabinol. The stalks lay glistening, throbbing, beneath a rack of high-intensity spotlights, which were clamped to the ceiling beams by a stage-lighting expert. The light excited the beautiful female flowers, making the tiny red hairs shine wetly on the dark-green tangled hearts of the buds. The light further heated the plants, reminding them of the hot sun of autumn, when their spicy perfumes had tried vainly to entice a male plant's pollen. These prize plants were passionate virgins, harem girls guarded carefully by grower-craftsmen who kept the male plants far away from the greenhouses and the small, well-fenced outdoor plots where championship grass is raised. Sexual denial can triple a female plant's potency—a fact confirmed by one whiff of the sampling tables.

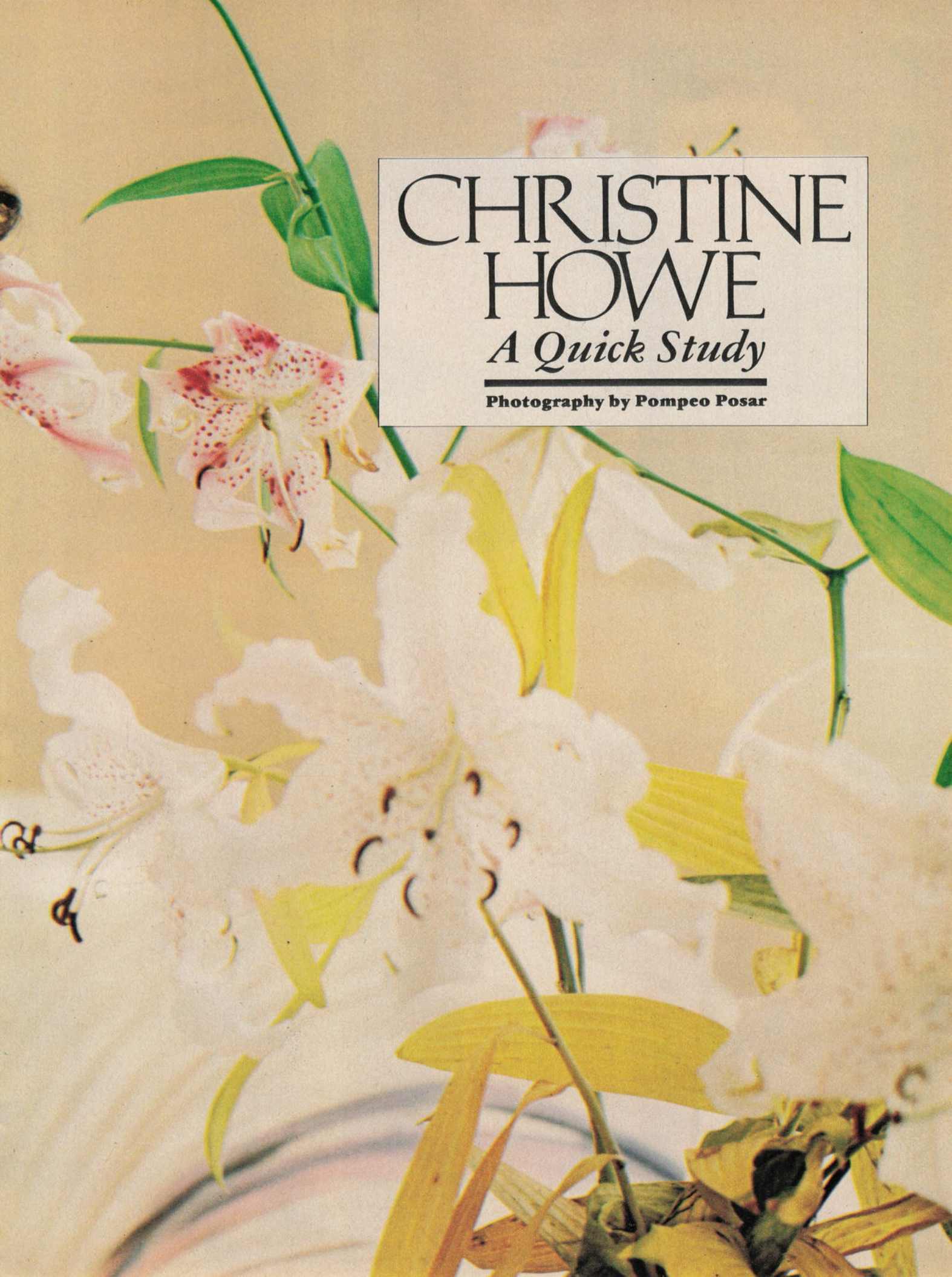
Just walking into that warm, fragrant room, a high-stepping Marin County lady named Blanche observed, was a sensual rush like the musky aromas of hot sex.

Across the room, samples of each entry lay in shimmering pools of light beneath the lenses of binocular microscopes. We all stared, engrossed in the miniature jungle behind the eyepieces, a green-red-brown curvaceous botanic paradise aglitter with hypnotically clear droplets of THC sap.

We gazed and drooled. It was time to light up. Our unspoken consensus was triggered by the female plant's messenger-perfume, the one that unlocks certain nasal receptors and triggers speed-of-light nerve urgings: *Smoke me!* In decorous haste, led by the judges, we all began crumbling buds, picking out stems and fumbling with papers. A blonde fox in a tight, red sweater flicked a tight, red tongue down the length of a joint. Her lacquered fingernails glittered as she rolled the paper tight. She slapped a kitchen match across her blue-denim ass, carefully waited for the sulphur flare to subside, touched the flame to the neatly tapered tip and drew the premiere toke from the harvest festival's first of many reefers.

After that . . . I forget. I know my first joint was a number four, because Larry the carpenter, himself an exhibitor, scrutinized the field at length, with and without microscopes, and came up with a solid tip just before the big light-up. "Try the four," he muttered at Blanche and me, and we obeyed. I recall watching Al, the freckle-faced judge and Oregon lumberjack, take a hit of something, pass it to another judge, move on a few steps, whirl and quickly return to reclaim the joint for another

(Continued on page 123)



CHRISTINE HOWE

A Quick Study

Photography by Pompeo Posar

"All the guys I knew were attracted to big-breasted girls. I used to be *so* envious."

Nineteen-year-old Christine Howe is the perfect example of a young lady just coming into her own. "A few years ago I was a tomboy," she says. "All the guys I knew were attracted to the big-breasted girls, and I was considered just one of the boys. I used to be so envious of them. It wasn't until I went off to college that I discovered guys who found me attractive. And now, suddenly, I'm a model for OUI. You must admit, I've really had to change my thinking quite a bit in the past few years."

Indeed. Christine has found a lot of exciting new worlds at college. "There are so many things to learn here, and not all of them come from books. But what I like most about this environment is the freedom I have to do what I want, to try new things, to experiment."

And what has she done with her newfound freedom? "Everything! Oh, I guess I was a little scared when I came here. But after a while, I discovered some totally new things about myself. For example, last spring I met a guy in my English class who I thought was cute. In an effort to get him interested, I started

"A grad student I had my eye on didn't even give me the chance to be aggressive."

flirting with him. But nothing worked. I couldn't understand it. Then one day it dawned on me that he *had* noticed me; he was just terribly shy. So the very next day, I threw caution to the wind and asked him out. This may not sound like much but, for me, it was a major breakthrough. I felt like a new woman. I realized that nothing was impossible for me if I was willing to take a risk. As it turned out, I seduced him, and we had an affair that lasted about a month. I was so thrilled by my newfound power that I had to try it out on more guys. I may sound a bit wild these days, but I'm just making up for all the fun I've missed. Now I don't want a day to go by without experiencing something new, either emotionally, intellectually or sexually. I've broken out of my shell."

Of course, a sense of discovery also means finding out about some of life's complexities. "Now that I've tasted a little adventure, I don't want to stop. But I have to watch my step. Once, I got so involved with my aggression trip that I was caught off guard. I was blown away when a grad student I had my eye on didn't

"I may be a bit wild these days, but I'm just making up for all the fun I've missed."

even give me the opportunity to be the aggressor. I enjoy being bold, mind you, but this guy was too much. He sensed my interest in him and took care of everything himself. I must admit it was nice to be swept off my feet again, but it also taught me to treat each person as an individual, not as a conquest."

And what about Christine's plans for the future? "I want to travel some more, meet lots of men and then settle down. I'm an optimist, I think there is going to *be* a future.

"I enjoy modeling, but I'm realistic enough to realize that I can't do this for the rest of my life. I guess that deep down I'm rather old-fashioned, because my goal is to settle down with the man I love and have a few kids. In the meantime, I'm going to meet all the candidates for the job that I can. It's my theory that the more men I meet while I'm young, the better my chances for finding someone perfect in the long run. I suppose I'm like most girls. I want to have a bit of fun before I settle down. And I guess you can tell that I'm having a lot of this fun right now." So are we.

oui

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A CONVERSATION WITH

DAVE PARKER

The Cobra comes out slugging with uncensored opinions about free-agent salaries, sports groupies, Reggie Jackson, hostile fans and the uncertain future of the Pirates "Family."

Twenty-nine-year-old Dave Parker has been called the best player in baseball today. He's also been called loudmouthed, greedy and, ironically, a management stooge. And more than once, he's had to duck steel pellets, flying bats and assorted debris fired at him by hometown dementos at Pittsburgh's Three River Stadium. Indeed, it's no secret that the superstar power hitter who propelled the Pirates "Family" to their world championship in 1979 is far from the most popular guy in the City of Champions.

But there ain't no stopping the Cobra. A high school standout, he escaped the Cincinnati ghetto by becoming a 14th-round draft choice by the Pirates. In ten phenomenal years, he's won the National League batting crown twice ('77 and '78), the Golden Glove Award three times ('77, '78 and '79), the National League MVP award ('78), the All-Star Game MVP award ('79) and three Roberto Clemente Awards from the Pittsburgh Baseball Writers Association ('75, '77 and '78). What's more, he's batted over .300 in the last five consecutive seasons. And with a players' strike sidelined for the rest of the 1980 season, he's hunkered down to the task of winning the one award that has, so far, eluded his formidable talents: the Baseball Triple Crown.

In the wheel-and-deal world of major-league baseball, statistics like Dave Parker's add up to one thing: big bucks. And Parker has scored big. With fringe benefits and deferred payments, his current long-term contract with the Pirates pays him in the neighborhood of a million and a half dollars a year. So, in addition to being the best player in baseball today, Dave is perhaps the highest paid. Therein lies the Cobra's dilemma. With all the stink raised about his astronomical salary, too few people have gotten to know what really makes this massive talent tick.

To find out, OUI sent Larry Sloman (author of *On the Road with Bob Dylan: Rolling with the Thunder* and *Reefer Madness: History of Marijuana in America*) to interview Dave between games in New York. Sloman reports: "I'd just finished eight months with the New York Rangers researching a book [*Thin Ice*] about the lives of hockey players, so I'd gotten used to the kind of hostile attitude a sports star can assume when confronted by a strange member of the press. And when you first meet Dave, he's so damn big that you sort of fear for your life, not to mention your interview. However, after a couple of drinks, we'd both mellowed out enough to start talking *mano à mano* about his troubles with the fans, his separation from his wife, his plans for a new entertainment company [Cobra Productions] and his genuine affection for Willie 'Pops' Stargell and the rest of the Pittsburgh 'Family.' By the time we wrapped up, I was convinced that the big guy's in a league by himself. You have just got to root for a guy who says he doesn't want a candy bar named after him—he wants an entire flavor."

OUI: All right, official figures aside, how much are you paid to play baseball?

PARKER: My salary hovers around two million dollars a year. That's something that hasn't been printed.

OUI: That's ten times what the President of the United States makes.

PARKER: Well, I'm doing *ten* times the job he's doing.

OUI: Then how come you're not the most popular guy in Pittsburgh?

PARKER: Pittsburgh is a blue-collar city, where guys go from nine to five, working at the steel mills, at the coal mines, getting black lung. These cats can't relate to the law of supply and demand and, in baseball, that's what the fuss is all about.

OUI: So what do you supply that's worth two million a year?

PARKER: What I'm doing is definitely an art. It's damn hard to hit a round object with a cylindrical object—especially when that round object is traveling at ninety miles an hour.

OUI: Still, doesn't it blow your mind to get paid millions to have fun?

PARKER: Baseball's not fun anymore. It's a business, a big industry and a lot of hard work, especially when you've been tagged as the number-one player. For what I get, I want to give people their money's worth.

OUI: A lot of fans complain that big-money players have really forgotten them.

PARKER: Sure, a lot of people regard the players as villains. But even a salary like mine is just a drop in the bucket. Remember, the majority of baseball salaries are a write-off for the owners. We're talking about millions. Millions from the major networks, millions from the local networks, millions from concessions. I mean, nobody's missing no meals. Yet the owners try to portray the players as villains.

OUI: So that's what made the threat of a strike necessary back in May?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB McNEELY

PARKER: Definitely. Owners are always in desperate need of a winner. Anyway, I think it's basically all ego games: We players make certain alterations in what we want and, in turn, the owners make very "minor" ones—but ones that affect players the most.

OUI: I heard a rumor that you and Stargell once stood at the door of the clubhouse during a spring-training debate and told the players that if they wanted to walk, they'd have to walk over you?

PARKER: That's b.s. We were just giving our views, preparing everybody for what they should expect.

OUI: Well, it made you two sound like management agents.

PARKER: No, no, no. Hell no! The Players' Association made baseball what it is today for players. Our salaries, our pensions, all of it. There's no way I'd go against the Players' Association, 'cause that's the only way we'll be strong.

OUI: So how has this new player strength improved Dave Parker's personal life?

PARKER: For one, I can afford to be extravagant now. Like, I own three Mercedes.

OUI: Big deal. Stargell has a Rolls.

PARKER: Willie may have a Rolls, but my thing is collectibles, babe. My '73 is a classic, a two-seater. And I got a 450 SLC, you know. I buy a car like it's more or less an investment that'll hold value. And I just got this Sparks Turbo that's designer-made; it's modeled after the old Stutz BearCat. For endorsing it, they gave me one: a two-seater worth $67,500. Plus, I even have the rights to sell them on the East Coast. So, to answer you, a lot of things are happening for me because of my baseball achievements.

OUI: Don't you have any less calculated extravagances? I mean, even your car thing's an investment. Don't you ever throw any money away?

PARKER: Well, sometimes I make spurs and go to Vegas and blow two or three grand. Actually, the financial freedom is ungodly.

OUI: Do you give yourself an allowance?

PARKER: I live on four grand a month.

OUI: If you run out, do you have to ask your agent for more?

PARKER: No, not really. I have access to large sums of money which are available at any time. My thing revolves around an A,B,C and D account. A and B are always at my availability, and C and D you can't mess with. That's a pretty good system to be on. I still have access to maybe $400,000 in my A and B accounts. The rest is in long term.

OUI: OK. You're young, rich and have two Mercedes. You may even be the best in baseball today; yet you're not a household name. Is it because you're not a tremendous home-run hitter?

PARKER: Listen, if I was a manager and I had to choose between a great home-run hitter and a guy that hits with consistency for extra bases, it'd be no choice. As long as I've got guys in front of me, I'm going to drive in just as many runs as the guy that hits 50 or 55 home runs. Still, the home run is the glory ball. It's a real climax to hit a home run in a crucial situation. The show is yours. That's why guys have developed these fantastic home-run trots. Manny Sanguillen has the best one ever. He runs to second base and, when he hits the bag, he pulls his pants up there. That's the greatest one I've ever seen. Anyway, I've been providing power. And the year I won my second batting title [1978], I said I was gonna hit more home runs, and I went from 25 to 30. I'm giving everything. The only thing I don't have is positive traction, and I got that on my automobile.

"In the clubhouse, I'm a different animal. I eat bats, I tear stools, I turn over lockers."

Top: The Cobra poses for some big-league beefcake. Above: in the "Ghetto" with pal Willie Stargell.

OUI: You also once compared throwing a man out on the bases to climaxing sexually. What do you like better—hitting a home run or getting a blow job?

PARKER: Blow job, without a doubt.

OUI: Is being recognized a problem now?

PARKER: I got to watch the things that I do when I'm in public. I can't have too many cocktail glasses or beer bottles in front of me, because people blow that out of proportion. Maybe say I'm a lush.

OUI: Aren't on-the-road baseball teams usually told where to go and when to be in, anyway?

PARKER: That's one thing unique about the Pirates. We don't have curfews or rules like that. Chuck Tanner [Pirates manager] lets us go on our own recognizance, so to speak.

OUI: I've heard the sports-groupie pecking order is: baseball players, football players and, down at the bottom, basketball and hockey players. Why is that?

PARKER: Well, I think that's because we're in cities for three days, while basketball and hockey players are usually on one-night campaigns. Football players will leave their wives on a Saturday morning and then hole up in a hotel somewhere—it's lights out at eleven o'clock. Personally, I think that the groupies are convenient for single individuals. They're always right around the hotel, so it keeps a guy off the streets.

OUI: But what about the old maxim about sex before a game hurting your performance?

PARKER: Can't hurt. It loosens an individual up, everything flows a lot better—especially with the big guy. It's the makings for a good day.

OUI: Do you see much action with the ladies when you're on the road?

PARKER: Yeah, but in my situation, I've got to be discreet and cautious—I have to figure out what her intentions are toward me. I mean, does she like me for me or for my title, or for my financial freedom? I got to deal with intentions. I got to deal with women on a very fine scale, and it's a very uncomfortable situation when you got to hold your guard.

OUI: Has that changed your ideas about love and marriage?

PARKER: I've seen too many good-hearted

individuals destroyed because of women that hung around on the sports campaign. Women who made it their business to marry a professional athlete. I've seen too many men destroyed—come out of ten- to fifteen-year careers and end up with nothing. Their wives strip them of everything. I think a prenuptial agreement would be in store. It'd have to be that way for me.

OUI: What would you put in this prenuptial agreement?

PARKER: Basically, it would be a regular contract dealing with the time we spent together, any children from the marriage and the assets that I had before the marriage. Along those lines. I know a lot of people might say that's a hard thing to ask, but there are no guarantees. Tomorrow is not guaranteed. I think marriage, in a lot of cases, could be the end of a great romance.

OUI: Weren't you married once?

PARKER: I'm separated now. My lifestyle is entering a new frontier. I've become a real businessman, and I've been getting a good response and a turnover from that.

OUI: How did the breakup affect your play?

PARKER: That's when I put the surge on and came back to win my second batting title. It didn't bother me that way. Then again, it wasn't a situation in which the separation itself was motivating me. It left me in kind of a depressed state. I was generally concerned about what would happen to her.

OUI: Do you think you'll ever find the right woman?

PARKER: It takes a very special woman to be a professional athlete's wife. I mean, I'm a public servant, no different than a social worker.

OUI: Do you really feel that way?

PARKER: I know it's that way.

OUI: Well, the reason I ask is because a lot of people complain that you're pretty antisocial. For example, you didn't even show up for the Pirate's victory parade after the series last year.

PARKER: Why should I? Where were they when I needed them? Why, just last season, these same people were throwing bats and shit at me.

OUI: At home?

PARKER: Yeah. I also got hit in the back of the head with steel pellets. Plus, my house was broken into and vandalized. I'm kind of under the impression that maybe the housebreaker was someone I knew—some female—but those things happen.

OUI: But why would the Pirates' fans attack you?

PARKER: Well, simply because of my new contract. Once I was driving my two-seat Mercedes into the park, and someone stuck a pencil through the plastic window and cut the roof. Another time, someone threw a bat at me from the stands. It came pretty close, too.

OUI: How does that make you feel?

PARKER: It kind of hurts. Still, you can't blame all the fans for the actions of just one fan. When something like that happens, it's usually that one guy had a little too much to drink. But they caught the guy who threw the bat—he was about 40 years old, and that burns me—if it was a kid or a teenager, maybe you could understand. But here's a grown individual who knows what a bat could do, especially thrown from that distance. He threw it on the field anyway, and he was probably with his kid—he probably took the goddamn bat from his kid to throw it!

OUI: Next to the Steelers, baseball seems like a second-class sport in Pittsburgh.

PARKER: It is. Football's more in tune with Pittsburgh as a city. It's one of those places that can relate to guys going out and crushing each other.

OUI: Knowing that, how come you didn't go for the adulation and attention and money you could get playing in someplace like New York?

PARKER: At the time of my free-agent deal, I felt I didn't need that glory. Of course, if I'd come to New York, I wouldn't need to deal with a P.R. firm to promote Dave Parker. I'd get more endorsements than I could handle. I mean, look at my statistics—I won three slugging percentages, two batting titles, the MVP, the assist title . . .

OUI: That sounds good enough for a candy bar to me.

PARKER: Flavor, man. I'm talking about a whole flavor. Candy bar ain't enough. If I was in a place like New York or L.A., I think I would be getting what's due me.

OUI: How do you relate to Reggie Jackson?

PARKER: Reggie's a great salesman and a good ballplayer. The man has set the standards. He put himself in a situation where he had to produce in the big games.

OUI: If you compare his stats to yours . . .?

(Continued on page 86)

Next to baseball, Parker's greatest passion is his stable of rare autos, which includes these two Mercedes plus a designer-built Sparks Turbo. In the background is the palatial Parker manse in suburban Pittsburgh.

A consistent power hitter, Parker also wears an extra-protection hard helmet to guard against beanballs.

Careers with a Future

Nine Hot Prospects for the Eighties

Article by Chris Barnett

You're on your way to college, preparing yourself for that big career ahead? Big deal. So are several million other folks—and you can bet that more than a few have their eyes on the same job you do. Have you given the future some thought, or are you just cruising through, confident that the career of your dreams will be ready and waiting.

Take, for example, the once glamorous career of journalism. Ever since Woodward and Bernstein, everybody thinks journalism is the way to save the world. But the truth is that during the Eighties, most journalism majors will end up pounding the pavement looking for jobs far afield from reporting. Would you like to teach college English? Good luck. According to the Department of Labor, there will be one job opening for every 500 applicants in the next ten years.

During the Seventies, one-fourth of all college graduates had to take jobs that in the Sixties could have been landed *without* a college education. And here's the killer: According to the Department of Labor, during the Eighties, 25 percent of college graduates will be vying with high school grads for the same jobs.

So what *are* the hot jobs, the careers that will be in demand—and will make you in demand—for the Eighties and beyond? Will five or 500 people be fighting for your job? And if you finally get it, what are the chances of being replaced by a machine in ten years?

To save you the grief of finding out the hard way, OUI searched out the careers that are the most promising and that should continue to grow for quite some time. Some need a degree; others just need someone who's bright and has the desire to succeed.

Computers: This is it—the growth industry. The place to go if you've got brains and vision and you want to cash in on a concept that's going to revolutionize everyone's life: the in-home personal computer. A computer that could very well let you work out of your home and live anywhere in the world that you want to live.

"In the next five years, you won't be able to get out of college without being computer literate," insists Chuck Peddle, director of systems technology at Commodore Business Machines, Inc., Santa Clara, California, and the driving force behind the development of the personal computer. The person who knows how to operate a computer is going to stand out from the computer illiterate—in any job. "He's going to eat your lunch," warns Peddle.

"There's an insatiable demand for good computer programs that solve problems," says Peddle. But not necessarily for programmers. "By the end of the decade, the word *programmer* will be as obsolete as the word *scribe*. The scribe was a writer who did not create; he only transcribed. In this case, the programmer-scribe will be replaced by the programmer-author."

Peddle says a programmer-author can make $20,000–$30,000 for starters and, depending on his ability to write problem-solving programs, he can shoot up to $50,000–$70,000 in no time. The programmer who, like the author, sells his program either to or through a software company can realize royalties much like a songwriter. Peter Jennings, an employee of Personal Software, Inc., has made a million dollars on a program called Microchess, which allows you to play chess with a computer. A new program, sold to smaller companies, lets its owner do cost analysis and budgeting, just like the larger companies, even if the operator is barely computer literate. Known as Visi-Calc, it gives a mom-and-pop store an "electronic comptroller." The program's author stands to reap millions, says Peddle.

The explosion in computer technology—bringing it to the masses—will create many new jobs for computer salespeople. There are already computer stores similar to stereo stores. There will also be a need for repair people and for computer consultants to small businesses that can't afford their own data-processing managers. It will also unleash a tidal wave of entrepreneurs who will create products or offer services that can be tied into the personal or small-business computer. Says one data-processing wag: "About the only thing that won't be computerized is sex."

The age of computerization is giving rise to a new breed of manager—the technician who can solve problems *and* convince management he can save them a bundle. He'll be the gold-medal winner in the ongoing corporate Olympics, says Jim Dupre, EDP Placement Manager for the executive-search firm of Robert Half Northern California, Inc., in Palo Alto, California, a high-powered headhunting firm.

"Straight programmers are phasing out to a degree, but the employer still needs the problem solver," says Dupre. That person is the systems analyst—a data-processing specialist with a business background who can communicate with the marketing people.

Dupre says this person will have a bachelor's or a master's degree in computer sciences and at least nine units in marketing, accounting and finance. "He's the hot guy. He'll make $17,000–$24,000 to start and, from there, his salary should match his age or top it."

This is one person who won't be shortchanged when it comes to a paycheck. "Many corporations have been forced to develop a separate salary scale for the data-processing person," maintains Dupre. "The director of accounting may be at a high pay scale, but the director of data processing will be making more."

Sums up Dupre: "The demand has never

been greater for data-processing people, and we see it continuing for a long time."

Music: "The idea of becoming a record producer or an engineer may sound as far-fetched as setting out to be Mick Jagger, but there is a method to such madness," insists Con Merten, studio manager of Cherokee Recording Studios in Hollywood.

Merten, whose studio is favored by the likes of Rod Stewart, David Bowie, the Cars and Tom Petty, says you can slip in as a cleanup boy or work as a night gofer at minimum wage, and you can hang out a lot during the sessions. "You try to find out fast whether you've got good ears or not."

Next, make friends with the second engineer. Read books on engineering and sound principles. Be diligent, and you'll get promoted to second engineer, which may piss off your mentor if you get *his* job. Now you're making $150–$350 a week.

At this point, says Merten, you apprentice yourself to a first engineer. You operate the tape machines. You "patch in" between the mixing console, the tape machines and the outboard auxiliary equipment. During a session, you're like a nurse assisting the surgeon in the operating room.

The next notch up is a big one—the main or guest engineer. Usually, they're hired by the artist or the record company at anywhere from $35–$100 an hour—but you'd better have a wall full of platinum before you start asking for the C-note. The average rate is $50–$75 an hour.

"But for that kind of money, the artist wants more than a knob turner," says Merten. "He wants production input." But a smart artist is willing to share royalties, and a guest engineer can even get a percentage of record sales.

The final rung on the ladder is that of producer. And according to Merton, it's worth all that sweat and groveling. If you're a first-timer, you'll get at least $10,000, or maybe $50,000 if you're hot, says Merten. Plus, anywhere from two to four points of the suggested retail selling price. Those four points could be worth $500,000 if your $10 album goes platinum.

And talk about opportunity. "You'll see a lot of new faces in the Eighties, thanks to New Wave," figures Merten. "And with the turnover in artists, they're always looking for a hot new engineer. It's just a matter of getting your first break. That's the bitch."

Banking: The days of the crusty, pompous old banker are long gone. And we're not advising you to be a teller, either. There's going to be a 41 percent growth in the banking- and financial-management fields, predicts the Labor Department. And according to R.E. Taylor, vice-president of personnel for Bank of America's Southern California headquarters, the way a banker operates is rapidly changing.

The banker must have his financial skills down. But he must also know marketing and how to supervise people, says Taylor. "Marketing is a very important function in banking today. The banker has to be out selling all of those new services demanded by the public."

He also has to know electronics, because the age of electronic banking is dawning. Automated tellers—sticking in a card and getting cash, paying bills by telephone—are the first steps toward the day when you'll bank from your own home via your personal computer. No more standing in those damn lines. The banker who is a "creative thinker, an innovator who causes things to happen, will be tracked by his superiors and will be rewarded," says Taylor.

And you don't have to break into banking as a teller. Most banks will start management trainees at $10,000–$15,000 if they have Bachelor of Science degrees, and at $18,000–$25,000 if they have M.B.A.s. A systems analyst—a person who knows how to solve problems using a computer—can get $18,000–$25,000 without a master's, although this requires a few years experience. Bank managers can earn around $20,000 in a small bank in the sticks and close to $50,000 for running a big bank in a metro area. And, of course, if you like to sport an impressive title, banks hand out more vice-presidencies than loan applications.

Best of all, today you might even get one before you get liver spots. One bank executive in New York says that half the vice-presidents are under 40.

Engineering: Check the classified ads of any major newspaper—virtually every technical manufacturer is screaming for engineers. The titles are exotic enough: component engineers or digital-logic design engineers. And the demand is there: mining engineers (44 percent projected growth), petroleum engineers (37 percent growth). But over the long haul, the bucks aren't. Engineering is not what it was in the Fifties-and-Sixties infancy of high technology.

There are a million engineers working in 38 disciplines, according to Steve Badolato, assistant executive director of the American Association of Engineering Societies, the umbrella organization for professional engineering societies. Those engineers who are working have logged plenty of time in school—many hold advanced degrees, including master's and doctorates.

But their paychecks, astonishingly enough, are almost skimpy. According to Badolato, who's working with early 1979 figures, an engineer with a B.S. who's been on the job for 14 years makes a median salary of $28,000. None make much more. Boeing, flush today with airplane orders for the 747, as well as the new 757 and 767, pays a beginning engineer $16,000 and tops him out at $35,000–$40,000. Hardly a king-sized salary in today's economy.

However, Boeing recognizes that some engineers are to them what Carson is to NBC. So the big plane maker has a separate job classification called specialist senior engineer. Says a Boeing spokesman:

Computers

are going to be the boom industry of the next decade with the introduction of the home computer.

Music

may sound like an impossible field to break into, but somebody has to produce the hit records of the Eighties.

Fast food

may be a greasy way to start. But if you work hard and stick with it, there are millions to be made.

"The sky's the limit for them." However, few reach that rarefied level.

Few companies are that progressive. Why? One headhunter who asks to remain anonymous says that the big technology companies who hire most of the engineers "don't want to throw their salary scales out of whack." Hence, they inch up their pay grades, keeping the engineer's salary just a little ahead of the nonengineering employee's.

But that doesn't mean the engineer is shackled to his drafting table. The brightest and hungriest often team up with a sharp manager and launch their own company, producing and peddling some patented product/process. The area around San Jose, California, known as "Silicone Valley," is literally crawling with companies started by engineers who split and took their best ideas with them. Some say there are more millionaires working in that 20-square-mile area than in any other part of the U.S. It's not a bad place to end up.

Architecture: The creativity and the demand is high—unfortunately, the salaries aren't. Right now, architectural schools are churning out 3000 architects a year, but that is still about 500 short of current demand. The reason might be the salaries. Surprisingly, architects are not that well paid—unless they're a principal in an international firm that designs and builds hotels and skyscrapers. According to Charles Schwing, president of the American Institute of Architects, an architect can earn $9600–$13,500 a year during his three-year internship before he is licensed. After that, he moves up to $10,000–$20,000, then to $23,000–$28,000 when he becomes a project architect in charge of a structure's total design. The average income for a principal of an architectural firm is $35,000–$40,000.

"Architects, for some reason, don't command the high salaries that the other professions do," Schwing concedes. Rarely do they get a bonus or other incentives. Sometimes a large firm might divvy up a bonus among staffers who brought in a design under budget. But this is rare.

Yet the demand *is* there. Architects today are redesigning older homes and buildings, adding rooms and practicing what Schwing calls "passive architecture"; that is, creating designs that reflect the region where the building or house is located. (Example: the New England saltbox is making a comeback.) Today's architect is also tackling the energy problem by figuring out ways to heat or cool a home through design. The architect that develops and possibly patents some major technological breakthrough could make an incredible fortune.

Marketing: It may *sound* dull, but big business doesn't have many jobs that are potentially this creative or as (financially) rewarding. There is a shortage of marketing-research people at a time when launching a new product or introducing a new

MONEY

If you think department stores are burial grounds for burned-out salesmen, think again.

service to fickle consumers has become horrendously expensive. "The problem is that people don't have the correct training to be a market researcher," says Richard Bryant, president of Bryant Associates, a Chicago recruiting firm that stalks middle-management people for corporations like Swift & Co., Scott Paper and Brown & Williamson.

Bryant says a market researcher should have an M.B.A. and a solid background in math and statistics. Knowing computers is a big plus. "The competition [for jobs] isn't that tough. Plus, companies today are going to be more cautious in spending a lot of dollars [on a new product] and will be relying a lot more on market research," Bryant says.

Nowadays, a market researcher fresh out of school can nail down a job at $16,000–$18,000 a year for his ability to conduct consumer surveys, evaluate markets, design questionnaires and forecast sales. Top salaries reach $60,000, says Bryant. What traits should a market researcher possess? Discipline, tenacity, perseverance and the ability to see projects through. He should be detail-minded rather than creative.

The creative marketeer who's after what Bryant claims is one of the best jobs in private industry should shoot for a brand-management post with a big consumer-products outfit like Procter & Gamble Co., Philip Morris, Inc., or Warner-Lambert Co. Today, banks and financial institutions are creating brand-management positions to market their services.

"It's the closest thing in industry to being an entrepreneur," says Bryant. The brand man has ultimate responsibility for the success of the product he manages. And these days, he's getting that responsibility—and often a $55,000-a-year salary, plus bonus, perks and other goodies—at a young age, either late 20s or early 30s. Brand managers move up to marketing directors and command an easy $100,000–$150,000 a year. "A good brand man," says Bryant, "starts with an M.B.A. and is bright and a risk taker, but he can also burn out in a hurry." Especially if his product bombs in the marketplace. A superstar, though, can write his own ticket because he is constantly being courted by other companies. Adds Bryant: "He's always in demand. You need the decision maker, and that's what he is."

Retailing: If you think department stores are burial grounds for burned-out salesmen and blue-haired ladies, or someplace to get an after-school job schlepping boxes or selling shoes, think again. Department stores, specialty stores, big chain outfits and even discount stores are a mecca for the ambitious hard-charger who wants to make big cash while he is still young enough to enjoy it.

Listen to Herbert Mines, board chairman of Business Careers, a New York City executive-search firm specializing in the retail and fashion fields: "Opportunities for the college-educated person in retailing are superior, and they'll continue to grow with the population." And you don't need an M.B.A. to get into an executive-training program, although it would probably help. Says Mines: "Retail industry is much more sophisticated today. You've got high visibility, and you can travel and meet a broad range of people." You either go up the ladder or out. "Other industries look to retailing as a place to find their top people."

Starting salaries range from $12,000–$14,000 for a grad with a bachelor's degree and up to $25,000–$28,000 for an M.B.A. And you can move up fast. "Retail industry is good at recognizing good performers because the jobs are clearly defined and measurable," says Mines. A buyer in a department store, for instance, could earn $20,000–$40,000 annually, depending on the store and where it's located. A divisional merchandising manager could gross $40,000–$70,000, and a general manager will bring in between $70,000 and $125,000. What's more, a quick learner can be a buyer after about two years on the job and then be boosted to a divisional merchandising-manager position within five years.

What does it take to make it big in the retail field? Mines thinks the successful retailer should be "marketing-oriented, articulate and reasonably intelligent. He should also have some entrepreneurial spirit, be fashion sensitive and be aware of his surroundings. A good retailer tends to get along with people, supervises and trains them well and has a flexible personality and high energy."

The big money in retailing isn't just reserved for the buyers and mechandisers. Mines says that at some stores, display managers who are part artist, part psychologist and part marketeer, make as much as divisional merchandising managers. There are also opportunities off the selling floor and behind the scenes for personnel and industrial-relations specialists, financial specialists, credit administrators, warehouse-distribution managers and real-estate experts who know how to buy land, lease buildings and manage cash flow. As Mines puts it: "Retail people today are more professional, and they're well paid."

Health care: People are always going to get sick, so physicians and dentists will be in demand—and there is no glut of doctors, regardless of what you might hear. But a revolution in health care in the past few years—the ill and injured being treated

(Continued on page 128)

BUDDIES

The death-defying saga of Stan and Dar, the stunt world's oddest duo

Article by
Mark Christensen and Sal Manna

Stan "Crash" Kruml built hell and then tried to walk through it. His body caught fire and, even now, months later, no one is

ILLUSTRATION BY IGNACIO GOMEZ

sure what went wrong. In the scrub and silt of Soledad Canyon, under the flat, sunny skies of Southern California, he'd built himself a great snake of a furnace, five feet wide and 150 feet from end to end, fueled by diesel oil, gasoline and benzine. When ignited, the whole thing heated up to over 1700° Farenheit. That's hot enough to melt metal; so hot that the ABC camera crews filming Kruml's stroll had to turn their heads away when they set up within 200 yards of the furious construction.

Kruml looked like a man from another planet in his bulky silver fire suit. He was there, he explained, to break two world records: the longest walk through a fire tunnel and the longest survival time in a conflagration. As he moved toward the flaming pipe, his figure began to distort in the overheated air. Then he began his dash. According to plan, Stan was to stay in the tunnel only 15 seconds. But within four seconds, five of the six layers of his fire suit had literally evaporated. The soles on his boots melted in stride. He fell once, got up, fell, got up and fell again. He was still 40 feet from the end of the furnace, and the flesh and muscle on both hands had been cooked to the bone.

This was Stan Kruml's grand finale. For years, he'd been calculating wild new ways of beating violent death in the most spectacular style possible. He'd pulled stunts you wouldn't wish on Jesus or Superman, and now he was near the top of his profession. But lately, the competition had been getting tougher. Television was turning stuntmen into instant celebrities and, each week, it seemed someone was breaking the sound barrier in a rocket car, jumping from a high suspension bridge while tethered by immense elastic bands or leaping over speeding cars in vans, motorcycles, whatever. Everything and anything was being tried in a suicidal display of one-upmanship.

In fact, at the time of Kruml's Tunnel of Fire fiasco, he was locked in a fierce, personal competition with his former partner, Dar Robinson, who is perhaps the most powerful and respected stuntman in the business today. During their association, Dar and Stan put on some of the greatest stunt shows the world had ever seen. Then they split up, perhaps proving an old stuntster's axiom: There's only enough room in a trick for one star. Go build yourself a personal barbecue pit and walk through it if you want the glory, friend.

But let's take it from the top. The whole thing started in Texas a couple of winters ago.

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Dar Robinson stood waiting on the infield of the Houston Astrodome. He could see what was coming: Stan Kruml's car high, high, *high* in the air, pitched at some lunatic angle, hanging like a rock in the sky, ready to smack back to earth in a storm of dirt and dust.

Dar Robinson attempts to leap 30 parked vans on a specially rigged, exploding motorcycle. However, a premature blowup knocks him off course. The result: one totally lunched cycle.

Robinson strode across the grass. Not exactly nervous, but very interested. Five feet eleven, 175 pounds, short, curly blond hair, piercing blue eyes, designer jeans, loose shirt, unblemished skin, no limps, gimps, scars or abrasions, he cut a figure that was—how to say it?—Spidermanesque.

Perhaps the most technically skilled stuntman in history, Robinson had never even broken a bone. For him, neck risking was all business. He held enough world stunt records to fill a book, but you probably couldn't get him to *jaywalk* for under ten grand. His calling was strictly cash up front.

What's more, for sheer balls, nobody had ever outdone him. On television's first *Super Stunt* special, he jumped out of a Cessna at 12,000 feet. He fell for over one mile, grabbed on to another diving plane and landed safely. He never touched his parachute. On *Super Stunt 2*, he drove an MG sports car out the butt end of a C-119 cargo plane flying at 13,500 feet. As he hurtled toward the floor of the Mojave Desert, parachutes finally deployed and the car hit the ground upright. Robinson cut loose the chutes and drove into the sunset.

Last year, he performed an ultimate feat of nerve and skill: After repeating the stuntman's chant, "O wa ta jur khayyam," three times, Robinson leaped off the edge of Toronto's CN Tower, the tallest building in the world. He fell 900 feet, rushing toward the cement at 125 mph. With a little over one second left and only 300 feet off the ground, he ripped open his parachute. The impact knocked him unconscious, but he was alive and, as usual, unhurt.

The highest paid, most respected and most powerful man in the stunt trade, Dar Robinson is not easily impressed. But what he was now about to witness was different, a real knockout.

Behind Dar, the fans were going berserk. Tens of thousands of them had gathered to see the stupendous Stan "Crash" Kruml attempt to kill himself again, right there in front of God and everybody.

Robinson had watched Stan's crew strap him in. The car, a '34 Ford, was open, bottom and top—no roof, no floorboards, no nothing. However, the frame had been boxed and plated and radically rebuilt, and the custom-made superstructure was spider-webbed with reinforced struts.

Stan himself was cocooned in a seat-cage arrangement constructed of quarter-inch steel. The thing had special one-ton truck wheels mounted on the front, a collapsible steering column and was powered by a 289-cubic-inch Ford V-8 with a floor-mounted three-speed.

The redesign necessitated that Stan sit square over the transmission, but Robinson knew the shift lever had been cut short, so that when the whole fucking mess slammed back to earth, it wouldn't skewer Stan "Crash" Kruml right through the gnarlies.

Countdown finished, Stan slid his spe-

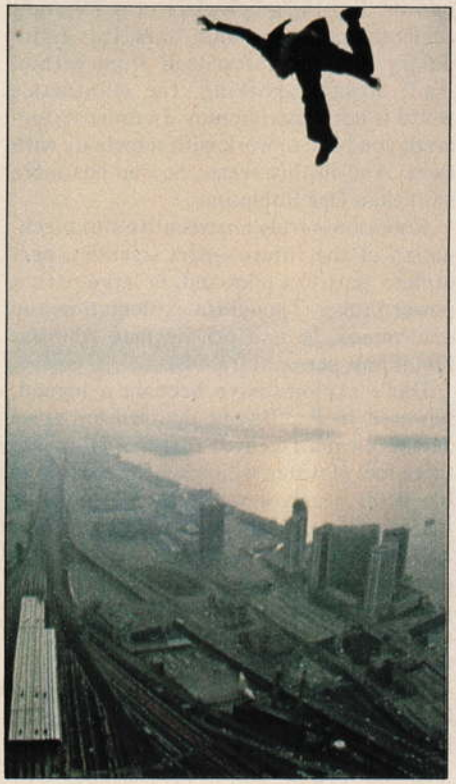
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ADLER & ASSOCIATES

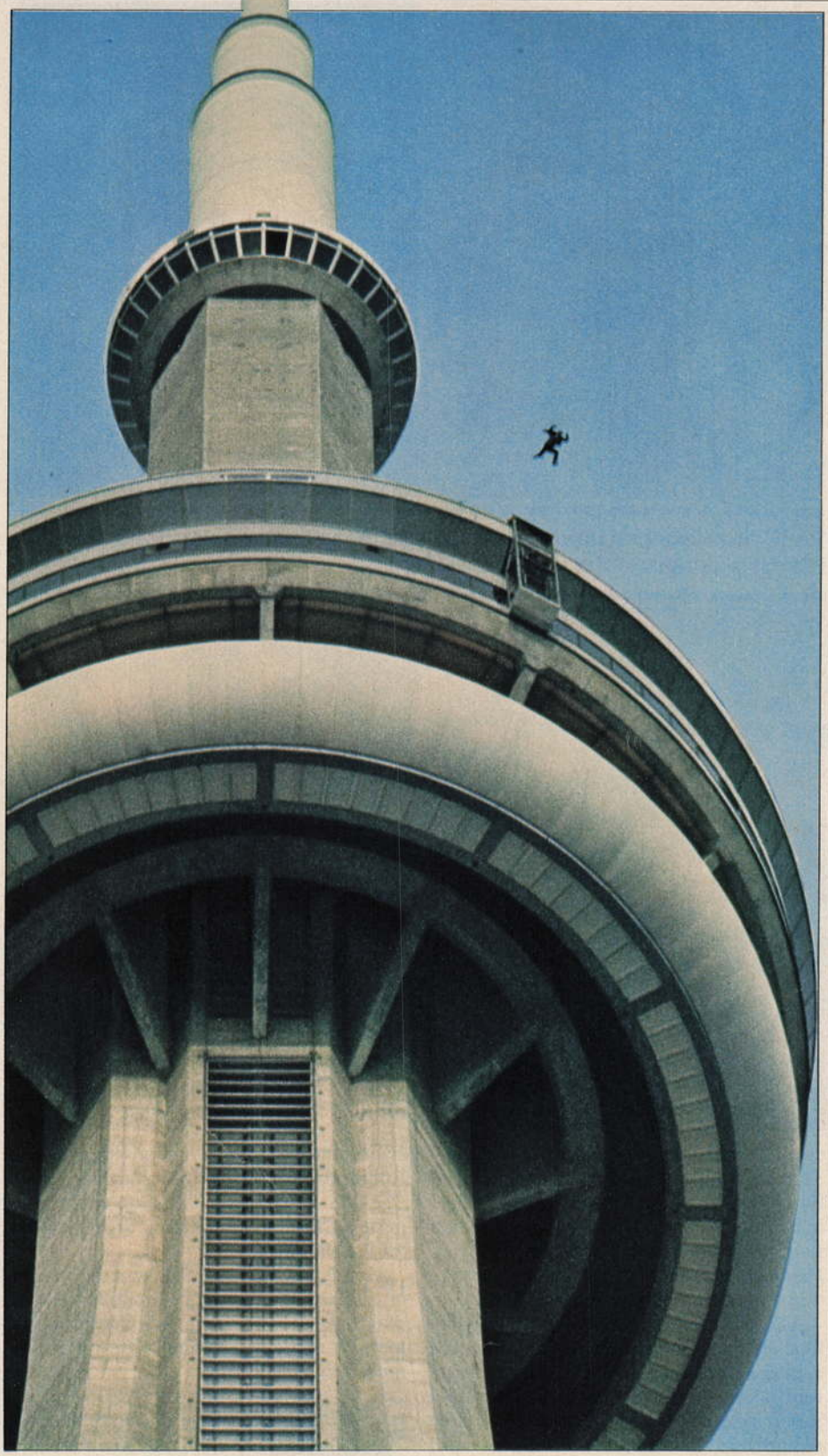
cially made Shoei racing helmet over his head, barked, "Hell, let's wreck it," slammed the accelerator to the floor, dumped the clutch, and his '34 Ford hauled ass off a ramp and flew through the air, five and a half stories up in the sky. This is what had brought Dar Robinson to the Astrodome. Stan "Crash" Kruml's style.

See him as he is—or was—until recently: six feet, one inch tall in black cowboy boots polished to such a high shine, he can see his face in them. He wears his Stetson pulled low over his aviator glasses, and his biceps are as big as your head. He's got a high, yet gravelly, voice, a full beard, about 2000 straight white teeth and the heft of a Paul Bunyan outfitted for life on the range.

Even though he wears a beeper on his belt, Stan Kruml is a figure from another time—say, Dodge City, 1875. Back then, he would have been busy shooting or getting shot at at the O.K. Corral or someplace, but

These photos taken by remote-control camera show Robinson beginning his record-breaking free fall from the 1200-foot CN Tower in Toronto. He fell 900 feet before releasing a parachute concealed under his clothing. There was no backup chute, since there wasn't time to pull one.





in 1980, he had to go truly crazy for a living, risking his neck every other day, just to pay the rent. He'd drive around in his Murder Mobile, that '34 Ford. He'd do stuff that would make Evel Knievel look like a whimpering fruitcake. Sometimes, just for drill, he'd drive the Ford into a coliseum full of 50,000 people, accelerate like a madman down a monstrous ramp, fly over a row of old beat-up Chevys, and then, in midair, throw a toggle switch and blow himself to smithereens.

But Stan "Crash" Kruml is an ambitious man with a vision and, not so long ago, he'd begun to fear he was being stereotyped as your garden-variety, nine-to-five death defier. So he decided it was time to stage the greatest car crash in history, a car crash to make all other crashes seem puny by comparison. "I sat there revving up the Murder Mobile, and I thought, 'Nobody really knows who the hell I am. Either I'm going to kill myself or make myself famous.'"

So there he was: The Ford was flying nearly 60 feet straight up through the Houston air; below him were 28 jalopies parked side by side; and when the 3000-pound heap came screaming back to earth, 174 feet later, Kruml missed the last jalopy by a hair. "When I saw red dirt coming

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALAN MARKFIELD AND JOHN GIANNINI

Stunt highs and lows: Dar in a rare out-of-action pose, and Stan suited up for his Tunnel of Fire stunt. Below: a bruised and shaken Dar; a horribly burned Stan.

down," he recalled, "I knew I had it made." The Ford hit with such force that Stan broke the heavy-duty truck steering wheel in half in his hands. He felt, in an instant, a slam a hundred times the force of gravity. He emerged from the smoldering wreckage dazed and triumphant. What a crash!

The Murder Mobile had been thoroughly lunched, its tubular frame now nothing but a twisted metal pretzel, its body a metal wad. However, Stan "Crash" Kruml had just arrived. His penny-ante days were over, though he didn't exactly know it yet.

Bleary-eyed, wiping dust from his face, Stan could see Dar Robinson striding toward him in the distance. Here was the one man that Kruml looked up to without qualification. Stan got a handshake and a proposition from Robinson. Right then and there, Dar invited Stan to form a partnership, an association through which they would perform together the most dangerous and spectacular feats of daring and skill ever attempted by man. And in the process, Robinson would help establish Stan "Crash" Kruml definitively as one of the most bizarre and gutsy stunt people on the face of the earth.

How could Stan resist? It was the chance of a lifetime—like being touched with a magic wand—for there was considerably more to this arrangement than might immediately meet the eye.

•

Most stuntmen don't like me. They think I'm an asshole before they ever meet me. But I'm proud of what I do," said Dar Robinson defiantly, "and if somebody thinks they can do it better, let 'em try."

It was high noon in New York City, a month before Stan Kruml's dash into the Tunnel of Fire. Dar Robinson sat on the bed in his hotel room. He'd been up all night filming *Hawk*, a movie starring Sly Stallone, Lindsay Wagner and Billy Dee Williams. "Let's see. What've I gotta do on this one? Roll a car, blow up a building, run a bus into the East River . . . "

The usual.

But unlike Stan, who has performed similar stunts a hundred times himself, Robinson has responsibilities that go far beyond the linear risking of his own handsome neck. Robinson is an executive—a kingmaker, of sorts. You see, the professional stunt business is not only a tough one, but it is somewhat secretive and clannish as well. The movies are where the money is, and the full-time action centers in Dar's hometown, Los Angeles. There, stunt people are grouped into two very exclusive clubs: the Stuntmen's Association of Motion Pictures, Inc., and Hal Needham's group, Stunts Unlimited. Every year, over 5000 young people arrive in L.A. intent on membership in either one. Each year, only a handful are selected.

Stuntmen live in a largely anonymous world. A few, like car driver Carey Loftin, stunt coordinator–turned–director Hal Needham, flier Frank Tallman (the guy who flew the plane through the billboard in *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*) and the legendary Yakima Canutt, have reached the point where they are recognized in crowds. But the quick glory of a TV stunt aside, there are few stunt stars. It is an industry that regulates itself from within. And, strictly speaking, the stuntman's world is not a meritocracy. In order to succeed, you have to work with somebody with swat. And in this arena, no one has more swat than Dar Robinson.

Robinson is truly an executive stunt technician of the future—part scientist, part athlete, part test pilot and, in large part, a power broker. Thoughtful, calculating and determined, he is a private man who has few, if any, personal friends.

Dar's exploits have become a legend, however. In *Papillon* he doubled for Steve McQueen and executed a 40-foot jump into three feet of water, which left him coughing blood for nearly a week. He has done as many as three TV shows in a day. In *Rollerball* he died at least eight times. He has doubled for David Soul (in *Magnum Force*), Tony Curtis, Christopher Plummer and so many others that he can't remember them all.

But Dar Robinson's long suit is taking high falls without a parachute. Before he began falling for records in 1973, the world mark for a high fall was 78 feet, set by Terry Leonard. Last year, Dar stepped out of a helicopter circling at 311 feet, shot to the ground at 82 mph and came to a breezy landing on an air bag of his own design.

After he was helped off the air bag by his crew, he began to weep uncontrollably. "We had dropped two dummies as tests, and both of them missed the bag," Robinson explained. "The wind was terrible. When I left the helicopter, I wasn't really over the

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN GIANNINI/REPORTAGE INTERNATIONAL & ALLAN S. ADLER

bag. I just felt right and told myself that I had to go *now*. Once you go, you can't turn back. Your spotters can wave you off, but it'd be too late. You'd have four seconds knowing you were going to die. For one second there, I didn't know if I was going to make it. It was tremendously scary."

Robinson jumps from such great heights these days that there is virtually no margin for error. If he misses his target from 30 stories up, he will make a six-inch impression in the ground and die instantly—if he's lucky.

Still, Dar's is a somewhat narrow specialty. It's not hard to see how he might have been attracted to a partnership with someone like Mr. Kruml, whose spectacular "gags," as they are called in stuntese, both rivaled and complemented his own.

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Stan Kruml's story is the story of epic stuntmen everywhere, more or less.

In college, he was known as the Gorilla. By the time he was old enough to serve Uncle Sam, he discovered he had certain special . . . energies. While serving with the army in West Germany, Stan once destroyed part of a town after receiving only D+ service in a local beer hall.

He returned to America and hit the rodeo circuit. He nearly starved. "I'd ride anything that'd buck," he recalled. "The bulls would scare me silly, but I just couldn't stay off them. There was danger there, and I wanted to experience it." This experience

"I could see flames six inches high coming off my hands. I can still feel the pain."

earned Kruml a busted skull, broken ribs, arms, knees, feet and, finally, a broken back. At the age of 29, sporting X-rays that looked like a freeway map of L.A., he was forced to give up the rodeo.

Soon after his retirement from rodeo, Stan's life entered a blue period. To wit: He became a Texas cop, an undercover cop, and ended up putting a lot of genuine dirt bag–style crooks in jail. A few vowed revenge. And Stan began worrying that he was gonna be walking home some night and some armed scum was going to step up behind him and blow his fucking brains out.

He then discovered a previously unexamined talent for wrecking cars. He began jumping them on weekends at racetracks. He powered them over all kinds of crap. And once, he drove a four-wheel-drive Blazer off a ramp and sailed 100 feet through the air.

Still, he wasn't making any more than the guy that delivered his mail. So Stan began staging wilder and wilder crashes: No catastrophe was too scary or spectacular for him to attempt. He became obsessed with thrilling crowds by cheating death in any way possible. "When I was in the center of fifty thousand people cheering me on," he recalled, "I felt like a gladiator out in the arena fighting the lions. I wanted to become closer to death in front of larger crowds."

In his mind, Stan Kruml began to concoct stunts so outrageous that they no

(Continued on page 117)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALLAN S. ADLER

BEDS, BEDS, BEDS

There is only one piece of furniture that's essential in this world, and that's a bed. A third of your lifetime is spent sleeping on it. It's integral to your sex life. A bed is a reflection of your personality, a place for intimate one-on-one encounters. And it's more than just a mattress and a box spring to go prone on for eight hours; a bed is your home within your home—the first place you exit every morning and the last place you return to every night. You can scarf burgers on a bed, read on a bed, play chess on a bed, lie on a bed and stare at the ceiling or watch TV, or even write the Great American Novel on a bed. A man's bed is his kingdom.

As we zoom into the Eighties, a new array of beds are on the horizon. Modern technology has married with interior design; Eastern influences have cross-fertilized with Western notions; old concepts about bedding have met with modern-day implementations. *Diversity* is the operative word. Baffled waterbeds, self-contained sleep environments, gel beds, air mattresses, loft beds, hammocks, bureau beds, convertibles, European platform beds, modular units, electric beds, *giant shoes*. . .you name it and chances are somebody's curled up in it, en route to Snoozeville.

New technology has been applied to beds. The to-and-fro undulations of the old-fashioned waterbed have given way to a rethought baffled design, consisting of a multiple series of interior compartments. Consequently, your weight won't cause the water to slosh around from one corner of the mattress to the other. The advantages of a waterbed are still there, but that shiplike

BEST BEDS

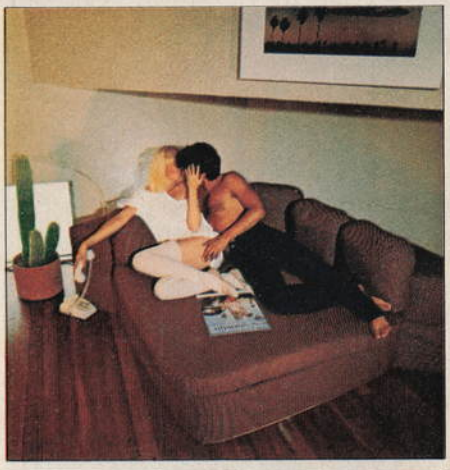
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RAUL VEGA

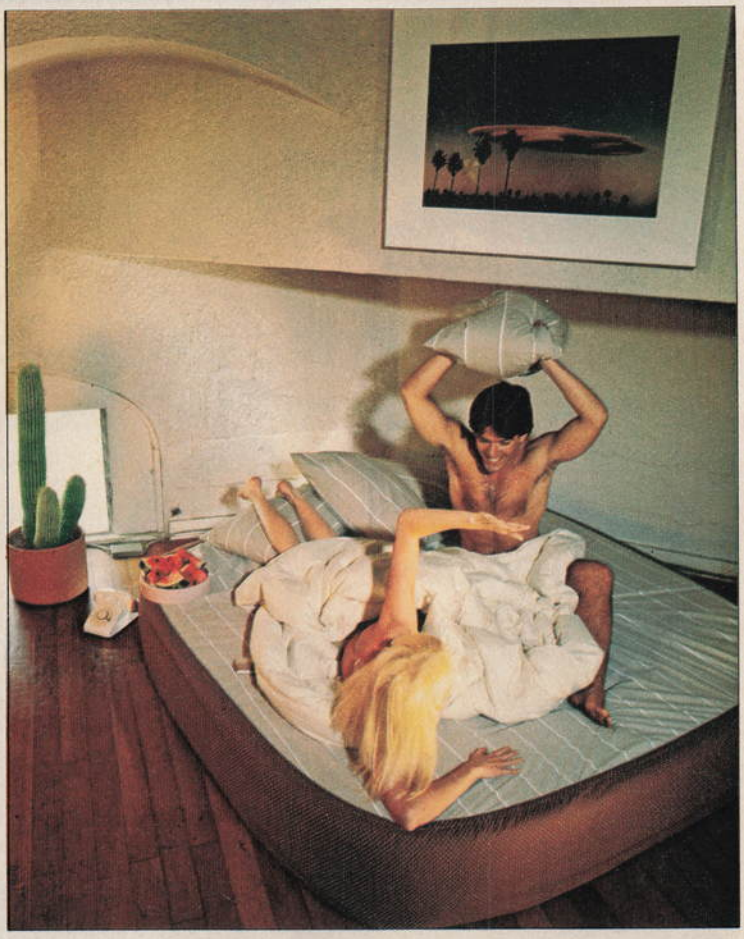
swaying motion has vanished. Platform-bed frames are ideally suited for waterbed mattresses. Also tailor-made for the platform setup are foam mattresses. Foam is making a big dent in the bed market for two reasons: It's cheap, and it's firm.

From the Orient, a venerable line of Japanese matlike fold-aways and roll-outs are proliferating themselves among unsuspecting Westerners. Futons (a Japanese-style quilted comforter), tatami mats and shikibutons (cotton mats) are economical, low-to-the-ground ways of adding an Eastern ambience to your nocturnal quarters. In addition, Nipponese versions of the love seat and couch convertibles are making their way to these shores.

Speaking of convertibles, ultra-modern design has infiltrated the realm of the ol' Castro. A radical departure from the clunky metal-and-wood component systems, a new sleep sofa devised by the Spherical Furniture Company allows for one section to flip up

The Cubo (left): $100 from Pasha Pillow Company, San Francisco. Solid-oak platform bed (upper right): includes pull-out drawer, headboard, two end tables and solid-foam mattress; $1100 from Bedfellows, Studio City, California. Japanese sleep system (bottom right): tatami mats, folding foam mat, 100 percent cotton shikibuton and futon—all double-size; $500 from Bedfellows.





and down, forming both a couch and a bed.

Another sort of convertible hails from Denmark. Called the Cubo, this flexible, foam-packed plaything isn't exactly a bed per se, though it can be used as one. A five-sectioned, quilted-duck structure, the Cubo can be sat on like a chair, folded up like a tube, stood on its side, transformed to a back-to-back seater or shaped to accommodate some otherwise precarious lovemaking positions. It can even be slept on. The Cubo is featured in the Design Collection of the Museum of Modern Art in New York. At around $100, it's a pretty good price for a work of art *and* a piece of furniture.

Also on the cheaper side of midnight, the air mattress offers an affordable alternative to slumbering in style. The mattress firmly supports you and your loved one with a coiled construction of air chambers that provide even, independent support.

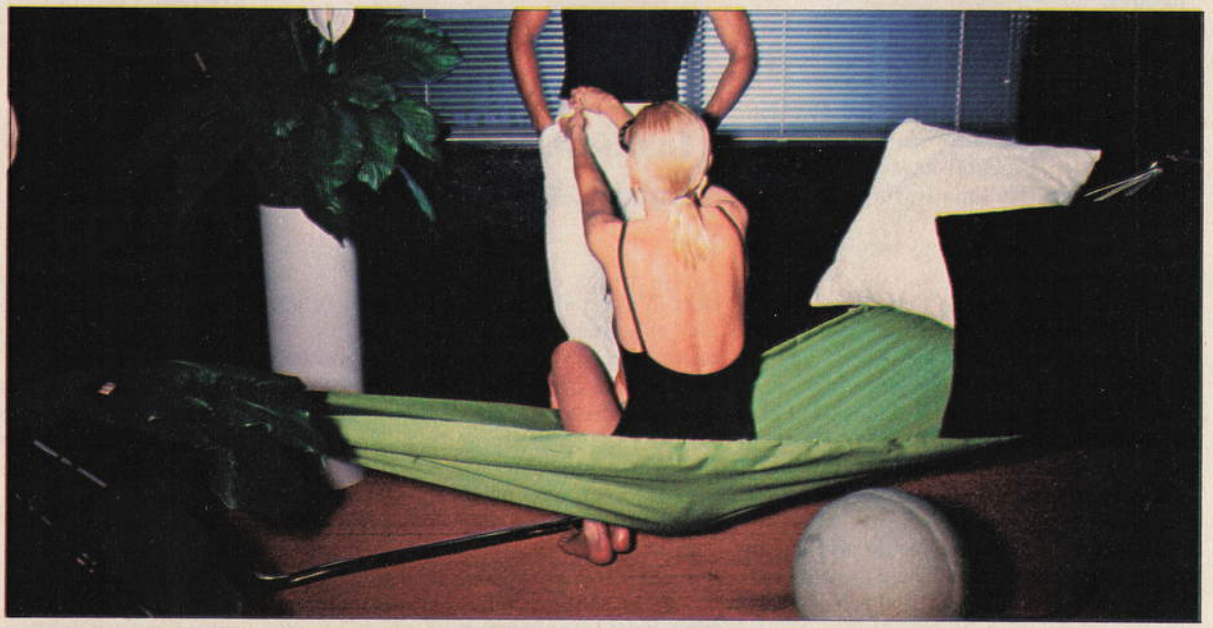
Another low-cost sleep selection can be obtained at any outdoor-furniture outlet: the hammock. There are several kinds—the one that comes equipped with its own support frame and the kinds you hook or tie to beams or supports in your own home. A sturdy, well-made ham-

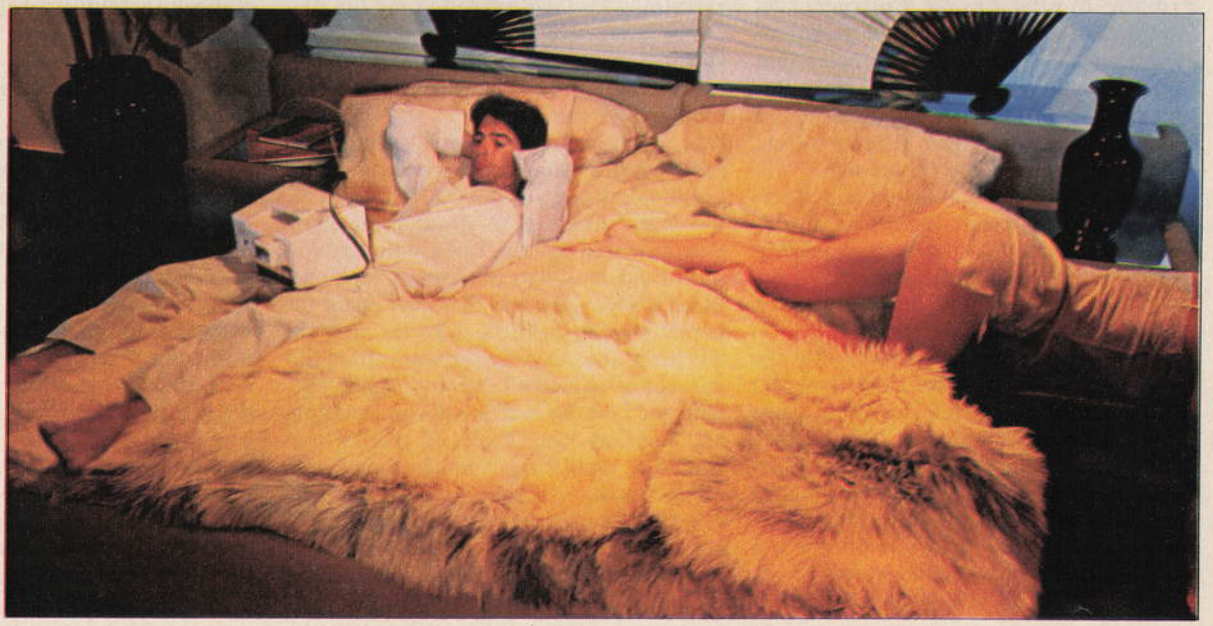
"Intimate" convertible sofa (upper left): $685 from Spherical Furniture Company, Boone, North Carolina. The Air Bed (bottom left): from Contemporary Marketing, Bensenville, Illinois; $49.95 to $99.95, depending on size.

mock (price range: $50–$250) can proffer a lot of comfortable shut-eye, but it can also be tricky when you're negotiating some serious night moves with your partner.

Since many apartments—especially in crowded urban areas—are one-room affairs, space is a factor: What's slept on at night has to be sat on during the day. Platform beds are well suited here; so are such platform variations as the couch bed and the flip-top bed. They make an island couch for the daylight hours and a perfect slab of slumber surface in the evening.

Not everyone is cramped for space, however. If you've got the square footage to go all-out *bedroom*, then you shouldn't skimp on size. But whatever you decide on, there is a lot out there—big and small, square and round, high altitude and low. The basic point is that modern design research and contemporary styles have made the furniture you lie on an adventure. There's no reason why your bed should be boring you—even if it does put you to sleep.





Garden hammock with frame (upper right): $45 from Algoma Net Company, Algoma, Wisconsin. Contoured Japanese love seat (middle right): $225 from Bedfellows. "Lake Como" baffled waterbed (bottom right): includes end tables and headboard; $1888 from Liquid Sleep Interiors, Los Angeles.

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PARKER: No contest.

OUI: But when you go outside the baseball world, whom do people talk about? Reggie Jackson.

PARKER: He's controversial, and I'm not. If I chose to be controversial, I would be getting it, too. Probably have a lot of bricks thrown at me, too. I'm carrying a lot lower profile.

OUI: How do you react to lady writers in the locker room?

PARKER: I don't mind if they don't mind. I just go through my regular routine. I've had them down between my legs when I had no clothes on; it didn't bother me. Like, hey, she's doing her job and, if this is what she wants to do, fine with me. After all, there's a lot in our locker room to see. A whole lot.

OUI: Are there any women's locker rooms you'd like to get into?

PARKER: I couldn't imagine the smell of all that sweaty pussy, man. There are only two things that smell like fish, and fish is one of them.

OUI: Let's talk about the Pirates "family" thing. A lot of people are saying that it's just a lot of media hype.

PARKER: It's not a hoax. I mean, it is a family. These guys are generally concerned with the other guys' welfare. We live together about eight months out of the year, and sometimes I think we get along better than a lot of husbands and wives. Throughout the league, guys say, "Hey, my option is up next year. Is there any way I can get over there?" I've heard thousands of players say that.

OUI: I've heard that your corner of the Buc clubhouse is called the Ghetto?

PARKER: Yep, the Ghetto. Madlock, Milner, Stargell and myself, that's the Ghetto. We got our own tires, fenders and cars there. A whole junk heap.

OUI: Are you a locker room spark plug? You know, always pressing the other players to win?

PARKER: Most of the time, I'm a very low-key guy. But when I do get on players, I hit close to home. I hit so close to home that they're afraid for me to go any farther. But it's constructive. For example, I really feel I was responsible for Frank Taveras hitting .278 in 1978. Every day I'd tell him, "You can't hit, you turkey. You should be down in the Dominican Republic cutting sugarcane." And he said, "I'll show you, you big motherfucker." And he came in at .278.

OUI: Do the other guys look to you for motivation?

PARKER: Yeah, somedays I come into the clubhouse real quiet. I don't feel like being mean, but seventeen of the twenty-five players come over and say, "Hey, Dave. What's the problem, man? Get us going. C'mon, get us going." They look to me for that. Maybe I should be paid extra salary for babysitting. But I love them, man. I wouldn't trade them for the world. That's why I'm still here.

DAVE PARKER

I won't tolerate being coldcocked by a fastball. If it happens again, I'll rattle some teeth.

OUI: Tell me about Willie Stargell. What kind of influence has he had on you?

PARKER: He's an asshole and a jackoff. No, he's a great guy. I'm just joking. Twenty-four-karat gold. Willie helped me survive the pressure that I was under last year. He would come in every day and say, "Man, forget those people . . . when you're out there, you're in your own world. Nobody can fuck with you out there." Coming into my first year in baseball, he filled me in on all the politics. Told me what to do and what not to do. People I should hang out with. That kind of thing. I think you can read between the lines. He also taught me a little bit about outfield play.

OUI: I notice you wear an awful lot of jewelry. Chains, rings . . . Does each thing have significance to you?

PARKER: Yeah. This little chain was devised as a choker, you know. Italian gold. This one is an ounce of gold. This one is in honor of my late sister, Dorothy. She was a Catholic, and St. Joseph was one of her favorite saints. I wear this one in honor of her, and it always stays on.

OUI: How did you get the nickname "the Cobra"?

PARKER: Ezzard Charles, the great boxer out of Cincinnati, gave it to me because of the way I hold my bat and wiggle it until the ball is thrown. It reminds people of the cobra coiling to strike.

OUI: And the diamond stud in your ear?

PARKER: The diamond stud represents everything that's happened in my life that has been negative. It's just a reminder that I should never let my guard down. It symbolizes strength. You know, life goes on even though there are crises.

OUI: What about your scar? A Pittsburgh sportswriter I know says his colleagues are afraid to ask you about it.

PARKER: Sure, they're afraid of me, man. See, in the clubhouse, I'm a different animal. I eat bats. I tear stools. I turn over lockers. This is the way that I get up for the game. I crush helmets. I go through the whole routine. Anyway, the scar is from this game of scrap football. We was playing football, and I hit this individual. Our heads hit, and I cut my face. That's all there's to it.

OUI: You could have it removed now with all that money you have.

PARKER: No, I think it says something. I'm a good-looking guy with a scar. I ain't had no complaints. I've turned down more pussy than a lot of people have.

OUI: Did you have any idols?

PARKER: I loved Muhammad Ali, because he did it, and he did it his way. And it relates a lot to my career. No compromises. I'm not as outlandish as he is, but I don't compromise.

OUI: Who else did you idolize?

PARKER: Frank Robinson. Willie Mays.

OUI: What do you think of Commissioner Bowie Kuhn forcing Mays out of baseball because he was repping for a casino?

PARKER: Willie Mays never made the big buck, man. He was trying to score his family for life, and Kuhn stripped that away from him. I think it's a big injustice to Willie. Look at all the owners that have horses, the betting and all that shit.

OUI: The Pirates' owner owns horses.

PARKER: Dig it . . . he offered me about twelve of them.

OUI: He offered Pete Rose a lot of them, too.

PARKER: That's when we broke negotiations, when he started talking to Pete. I wanted to see what Pete would do. So I just sat back until Pete signed, then I made sure I did a little bit better. Pete really played a part in making me the first million-dollar-a-year ballplayer. I appreciate that totally.

OUI: Are you into music?

PARKER: Real heavy. I've got a collection of about five thousand albums. Lots of progressive jazz. My old stuff revolves around Ray Charles, Otis Redding, Sam Cooke.

OUI: Do you carry around a stereo?

PARKER: Yeah, a stereo about the size of your tape recorder.

OUI: Does your number mean anything—number thirty-nine?

PARKER: Yes, it represents a player that got turned away from the Pirates with eleven strikeouts to go to become the all-time strikeout king.

OUI: That's why you picked it?

PARKER: No, it was given to me, but I accepted it. I wanted number one. Or double zero. I've been thinking about changing my number to double zero, 'cause I couldn't have number one. There's no such thing as co-starring you know.

OUI: Doesn't your cockiness draw a lot of shit?

PARKER: I feel that in the game of baseball you got to be a little cocky. You got the kids in the minor leagues; they're knocking on the door all the time. You got second-unit players on your own ballclub knocking on your door. I got to believe in me to stay consistent every year.

OUI: Is it for yourself as much as it is to intimidate others?

PARKER: I'm a team player when I'm doing my own job. You got nine individuals doing their own job, and you've got a team.

OUI: But your kind of aggressive verbalization, your cockiness, your boasting can have two functions . . .

PARKER: That's not cocky, that's positive thinking. I believe in me, first. Maybe this

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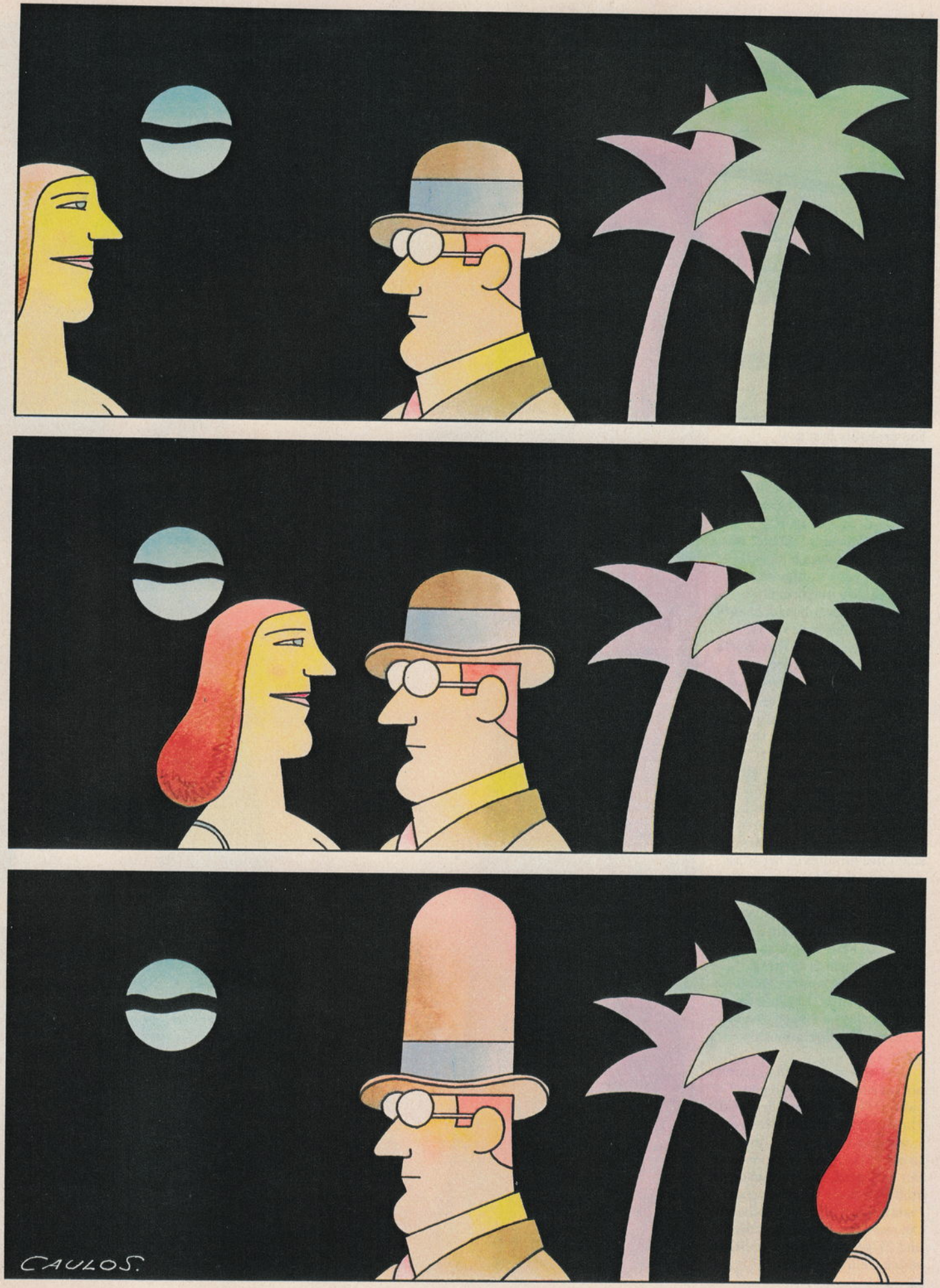

CAULOS.

Small Talk: Colleen Camp

A Cheeky Chat with the Girl Who Survived *Apocalypse Now*

You probably first saw 26-year-old Colleen Camp as a bleached-blonde teenager in Michael Ritchie's brilliant satire on beauty contests, *Smile*. As Miss Imperial County, Colleen's "talent" was to show the judges how well she could pack a suitcase.

In real life, the brunette actress has never been a beauty contestant, but here she is again, playing Miss Fort Worth Jay Cee in the newly released movie *Cloud Dancer*.

Besides not being a beauty contestant, Colleen is also not a *Playboy* Playmate. But that didn't stop her from portraying a very convincing center girl in Francis Coppola's epic *Apocalypse Now*. Although she was under contract to Coppola for over a year, a scant five minutes of her work remain in the final version of the movie.

Undoubtedly, she'll have better luck in *They All Laughed*, Peter Bogdanovich's latest film, which co-stars Ben Gazzara, Audrey Hepburn and John Ritter. In this one, Colleen plays a singer who has a rather weird relationship with a dog.

Just how weird? Well, that's not an easy question to answer. Indeed, as freelance writer Harvey Brenner will attest, it was not even an easy question to *ask*. He did ask, fortunately, but only after feeding Colleen stuffed trout at a Hollywood restaurant, where they debated the merits of French bread and 21-year-old lovers, both of which Colleen enjoys.

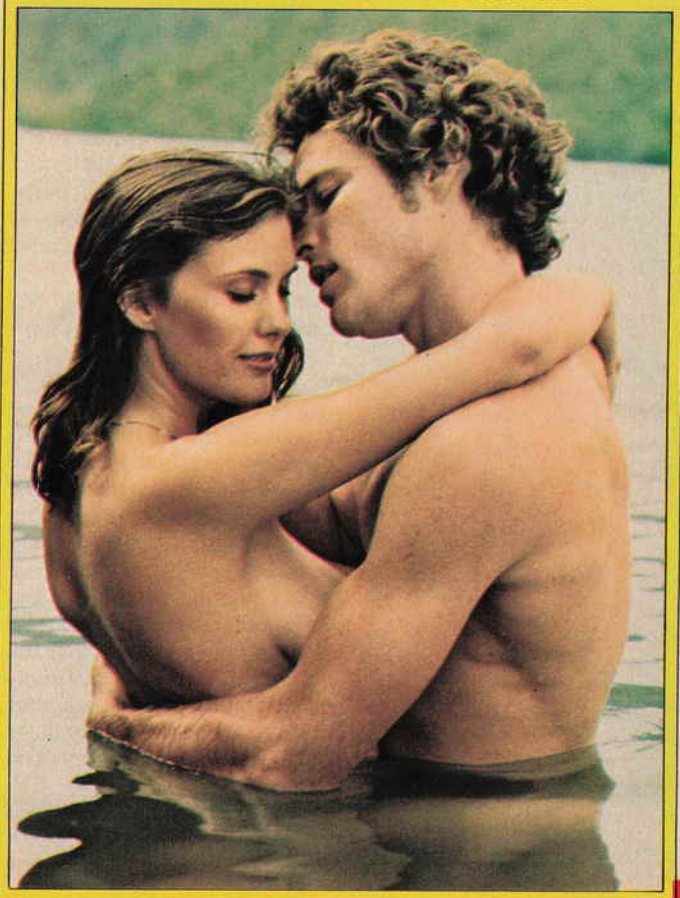
PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON

OUI: Why did you have the bread taken away?
CAMP: Because I love it. I used to eat ten meals a day and lots of French bread with every one of them. My doctor took a test and found that I needed thyroid. Thank God, that's not a drug. I don't take drugs. Never did, even in high school. Everyone else did, but I didn't.
OUI: Where was high school?
CAMP: Sun Valley, California. The extent of my drug history is that I've smoked pot a couple of times, and I almost started to take cocaine once. Then I thought better of it.
OUI: I'm sorry, but you don't quite qualify as a junkie.
CAMP: Except for French bread.
OUI: How long have you been into violence?
CAMP: What?
OUI: That bruise on your cheek. Who hit you?
CAMP: My dentist.
OUI: Go on.
CAMP: I had a tooth filled.
OUI: And . . .
CAMP: That's all. I just bruise easily.
OUI: I'll try to remember that. I suppose the same dentist also gave you those scratch marks on your left arm.
CAMP: My boyfriend got a little carried away last night.
OUI: Oh. Do you prefer S/M or just your basic bondage?
CAMP: You're really very funny. No, I actually prefer very romantic lovemaking.
OUI: Do you live with your boyfriend?
CAMP: No. But I do live with another man who is just my roommate. I don't have a sexual relationship with him. Meanwhile, I've been dating this other guy for five months. He's twenty-one years old, five years younger than I am. You know how twenty-one-year-old guys are—I don't get much sleep with him.
OUI: I see. You are helping him work through his post-teens.
CAMP: That sounds like a breakfast cereal. He's more like Wheaties. He's in his sexual prime. I hope—I'm going to have to get some sleep soon.
OUI: Do you feel that every younger guy should have an older woman?
CAMP: Definitely. And it's good for me, too. Before this guy, I had never dated anybody younger than me. I'm really very monogamous. I went with one guy for six years, my high school sweetheart. Then I went with someone for two years. Then I had a relationship with someone for a year and a half, then one for nine months.
OUI: At the rate you are going, you will soon be ready for one-nighters.
CAMP: But this is the first relationship I've had, not only with a guy who's younger, but where the relationship is not limited to just one person.
OUI: Why have you decided to do that?
CAMP: Because I find that when I get totally involved with one person, I get lethargic about my career. I just sit back and say, "Well, I'm in love," and I spend all my time just thinking about the guy. I've actually turned down a lot of film offers because I was so focused on a single man.
OUI: Is your relationship with the twenty-one-year-old based exclusively on sex?
CAMP: He's very bright, and he comes from a strong background. His father is in politics.
OUI: You must really be interested in the father.
CAMP: No, no.
OUI: Then answer the question.
CAMP: Well, you see, I still have a very strong relationship with my ex-boyfriend, and the twenty-one-year-old is unable to handle that. He wants to know why I am still seeing this other man.
OUI: Why are you?
CAMP: Because I love him. I love him very much. I'm not in love with the past. I love him now, and I find that by not being exclusive with either one, my life is terrific. Say, we're not talking much about my career, are we?

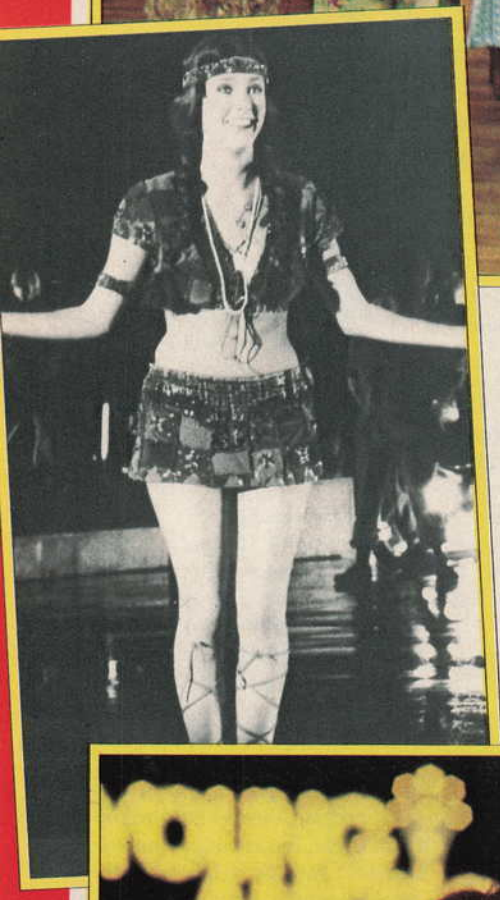
***Smile*: She bleached her hair to play a beauty queen.**

OUI: You have a career? What do you do?
CAMP: Cut that out!
OUI: OK. Tell me about the Peter Bogdanovich film you are currently making.
CAMP: It's called *They All Laughed*, and it stars Ben Gazzara, Audrey Hepburn, John Ritter and Colleen Camp.
OUI: That's pretty heavy company. How'd you get the part?
CAMP: Well, it started six years ago. I was a bird trainer at Busch Gardens in the San Fernando Valley.

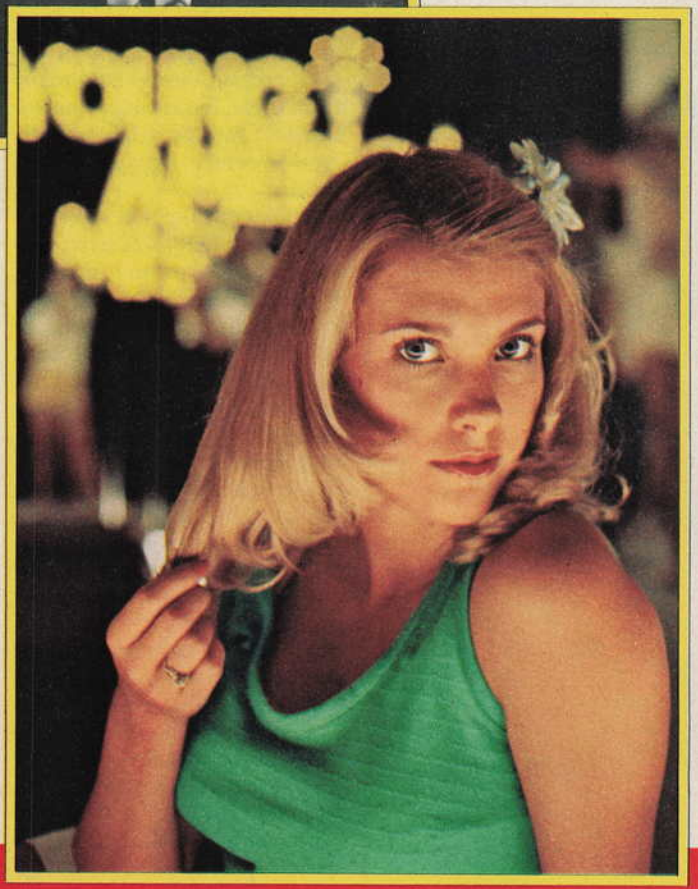
"Joe Bottoms played my boyfriend in the film *Cloud Dancer*—and in real life."



OUI: You were *what?*
CAMP: Really. I was a bird trainer. I trained cockatoos and macaw parrots to do really crazy things like stand on their heads, fly upside down and count. I used to put on these big shows in front of two or three thousand people who would come to the amphitheater. You know, Francis Ford Coppola was so impressed that I could really train birds, he developed an entire role for me in *Apocalypse Now* in which I played a bird trainer.
OUI: I understand that was cut.
CAMP: Yes, but it was hysterical filming the scene. Frederic Forrest and me in the middle of a Philippine jungle in a helicopter with birds flying all over. It's a shame it wasn't used. I put in a year of work for five minutes on film.
OUI: How did you get into acting in the first place? Did Coppola see your bird show?
CAMP: No, I was an actress before I met him. I've been singing and acting since I was three.
OUI: Professionally?
CAMP: No. It was mostly school stuff until I turned twenty. You see, besides being a bird trainer, I was part of a little singing group in the San Fernando Valley. An agent saw me perform one night. After the show, she asked me if I had anything on



Colleen playing Miss Imperial County in *Smile* (above); preparing for the same contest (below); entertaining the troops in *Apocalypse Now* (left).



film to show her. All I had was *Colleen and the Birds*. My first résumé was hilarious: "Colleen Camp, bird trainer. Has driven forklift trucks in San Francisco. Has demonstrated gasoline pumps in Anaheim." Both of those jobs were at conventions. Unbelievable credits, huh?

OUI: You never know when those talents will come in handy.

CAMP: Yes, like those birds. I sent my singing tape to *The Tonight Show*, but nobody listened to it. They replied to my agent: "Dear Miss Brady: Although we are not interested in Miss Camp as a singer at this time, we would love to see her bird act."

OUI: Did you go on the show?

CAMP: No, because right away I began getting acting parts: *Love, American Style*, *Marcus Welby, M.D.* Then came *Funny Lady*.

OUI: The Streisand film?

CAMP: Yeah. I had a Southern-belle accent. It's a scene in which Streisand as Fanny Brice comes into this bedroom, and I'm sitting there with the sheets up to my neck and I don't even care that she's caught me and her boyfriend in bed. I say, "Oh, Fanny Brice! I see you every chance I get. Every time I see you, I just die laughing!" And Streisand answers, "Yeah, I'll bet you laugh so hard, you fall out of bed." Off camera, Jimmy Caan would pull his underwear down to make sure I'd laugh.

OUI: Hey, you do a pretty good Southern accent.

CAMP: Unfortunately, I was born too late for the role I really want, that of Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With the Wind*.

OUI: I hear you've got a Southern accent in this new film, *Cloud Dancer*.

CAMP: Yes, I play a real conniver. I'm Miss Fort Worth Jay Cee, a spoiled brat from a very wealthy family. I have this big grin on my face all the time. I meet Joe Bottoms, who later becomes my boyfriend in the film—and in real life—and who's a pilot. There's a moment in the film when I'm to go up in a plane with Joe and wave these two flags at the crowd. It's an open-cockpit kind of thing and, when we get in, he says, "Now, what did you say your name is?" I say, "Miss Fort Worth Jay Cee," because I'm a real brat. I won't tell him my real name. Then, when he tries to fasten my seat belt, I slap his hands with the flag and say, "Stop that," because I don't want him to touch me. So we take off, and he turns the plane over.

OUI: You really flew in this plane upside down?

CAMP: Yeah, at one hundred and eighty miles an hour. About thirty feet off the ground. It was definitely a thrill. But the most extraordinary ride I had was when Joe and I went up separately one weekend. We flew next to each other in these two little open-cockpit planes, waving to each other and doing turnovers. It appears that you'd fall out, but gravity holds you up. It was very romantic.

OUI: Was that when you got involved with Joe?

CAMP: I'd worked with his

brother Sam in *Apocalypse Now*, and I knew his family. It just happened. He was fun, but we were never madly in love. We split up about six months later.

OUI: It just occurred to me that we never got around to how you met Peter Bogdanovich and came to be in *They All Laughed*.

CAMP: Well, I'm coming to that. My role in *Smile* got rave reviews—I played Miss Imperial County. My talent was packing a suitcase. [in monotone voice] "Pack your naughtiest nighty right on top, girls. In case you need it in a hurry." Pretty funny stuff. Anyway, Peter called me in to audition. I thought it was because of *Smile*, but it turns out he'd seen me in a Benson and Hedges ad. He said he'd been trying to track me down; he wanted to discover me for films. Peter's got a lot of Svengali in him.

"I was born too late for the role I really want: Scarlett in *Gone With the Wind*."

OUI: So that's how you went to work for him?

CAMP: No, not at that time. But Peter was very interested in me.

OUI: We can't imagine why.

CAMP: Come on. He was very charming, and he offered me his friendship. We've never been lovers. When I got the role in *Apocalypse Now*, I called him, and he personally coached me for the part.

OUI: Ah, and that's how you came to . . .

CAMP: Be patient. Next there was *Game of Death*.

OUI: That sounds like a karate movie.

CAMP: It was. I played opposite Bruce Lee.

OUI: I thought that he died some time ago.

CAMP: That's what I said when my agent told me about the part: "You want me to play opposite a dead man?" And you know what she said? "At least he won't upstage you."

OUI: Agents are so clever.

CAMP: What happened was that Bruce Lee had made part of a film before he died, and they had all this wonderful footage. So they built this film around the existing footage to please all the avid Bruce Lee fans. I played my scenes opposite his double, who is a dentist in real life. I got to sing the title song, though. It became a number-one hit in Japan. The whole experience was pretty funny.

OUI: It's interesting how your entire film career is funny—*Funny Lady*, *Smile*, *They All Laughed* . . .

CAMP: Yes, and I'm sure that *They All Laughed* is going to turn everything around for me. I just know this movie's going to be a hit. I play a country-and-western singer and . . .

OUI: Aha. Another Southern accent.

CAMP: No. I'm a New York country-and-western singer. I wear blazers and tweeds, very collegiate. Imagine a young Katharine Hepburn singing country-and-western in New York City.

OUI: Is she your acting idol?

CAMP: She and Carole Lombard. I love those wacky Thirties comedies.

OUI: So, what do you do in this movie?

CAMP: I sing six songs, and I totally manipulate lots of men.

OUI: Anyone we know?

CAMP: I start out with Ben Gazzara. Then I have a romance with John Ritter and, finally, I end up with Sean Ferrer. He's nineteen and adorable.

OUI: Sean Ferrer? Who's he?

CAMP: He's Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer's son. Audrey's in the film, too.

OUI: So, there you are with all these boyfriends . . .

CAMP: There's another one. I have a male companion with me at all times—even in a bedroom scene with John Ritter.

OUI: What's his name?

CAMP: Harold. He's a dog.

OUI: Is that an opinion or a species?

(Continued on page 115)

Birth-Control Etiquette

It's easy to be just a little bit careless; harder to be a just a little bit pregnant.

Article by Burr Snider

He: "Hi. What's your name?"
She: "Peggy."
He: "Whatcha drinking, Peggy?"
She: "Amaretto and cream."
He: [to bartender] "Amaretto and cream and another Oly. Listen, Peggy, got your diaphragm with you?"

No, no, no. Right question—wrong time and place. Nevertheless, the guy does get a few points for even thinking about birth control. At least, that's what Dr. Bernie Goldstein, who teaches a celebrated sex course at San Francisco State University, says. "It all comes down to this: If either of you is concerned about pregnancy—and both of you should be—then talk it out in advance, or you probably won't get it on too well, anyway."

That's easy for *you* to say, Doc, but it's not exactly convenient to bring up such a mood-breaking question when you're going hot and heavy in the back of the van. Before the appearance of the pill, things were a lot more simple. I didn't say easy, mind you—I said simple. If you were an unmarried, sexually active person, you really had but three choices: rubbers, *coitus interruptus* or abstention. And this last modus, I'm here to tell you, was the one young ladies relied upon the most.

In the old days, when the consequences of an unwanted pregnancy were infinitely harsher, girls knew how to say no and make it stand. And there was none of this being persuaded that you were only going to stick it in a little way, either. "Stick it back in yer pants, Charlie." Nobody even talked much about sex in those days, except to lie, joke or brag. And if there were any etiquette going on in those backseat grapplings, it mostly involved the girl making a considerate effort not to de-ball her boyfriend while applying a firm, friendly knee to his groin—a signal that he had ineluctably reached the stopping point.

The pill changed all that. It generally freed women from centuries of worry about—in the patois of the prostitute—"getting caught." The practical result was a rather clear demonstration that chastity was never really intrinsic to the feminine nature. But at the same time, the pill completely upset the applecart of accepted sexual etiquette. It used to be pretty much the man's responsibility to see to the safes; there were, after all, no condom dispensers in ladies' rooms. And it was pretty much the woman's responsibility to see that he saw to them, or else find some acceptable way to rechannel his lust. From all reports of that long-ago era, this was mostly accomplished on a subverbal basis. The conversation probably went something like this:

She: "Listen, do you have anything, you know, in your wallet? It's pretty dangerous right now."

He: "I got about four bucks and change. And what do you mean dangerous? I thought you said your folks were gone."

Nobody could be that dumb, you say? No? Then what kept all those defrocked doctors and shady midwives scraping away for exorbitant profits? The arrival of the pill, of course, eliminated the need for even the most basic chitchat. The focus of birth-control responsibility was shifted entirely to the woman. All she had to do was take the little bugger daily and never, ever forget. The exchange went something like this:

He: "Hey, you on the pill?"
She: "Shit, I forgot it. I got to get home."

Then things got even more complicated:

ILLUSTRATION BY REBECCA WILSON/INKDRAGON

I FEEL KINDA AWKWARD ABOUT THIS BUT, IF YOU'RE NOT ON THE PILL, I'D LIKE YOU TO KNOW I DO HAVE SOME PROTECTION...
HE REALLY CARES ABOUT ME! SIGH I THINK I'M FALLING IN LOVE...

Studies began to show that the pill wasn't doing very nice things to the inner workings of a lot of women, and those women had to discontinue using it. For those for whom it worked, the pill was a godsend but, for an increasing number of others, it was a total bummer. So . . . back to square one.

In the meantime, our sexual mores have entered into a state of heavy turbulence. Women have become more aggressive, and men, reluctantly, are giving up some of their obtuseness concerning the burning question of baby prevention. But the matter of etiquette, the social ground rules of contraception, has kind of gotten overlooked in the fast shuffle. If etiquette is simply the formal expression of social common sense, then let us address ourselves here to the formulation of sexual common sense.

Obviously, this is a chancy area. If it weren't, there'd be no problem; and if it weren't worth it, we wouldn't have to worry about it. Let's face it, no hot young man in pursuit of an elusive young woman really wants to bring up a matter that will probably delay, and even possibly deter, the denouement. There is no easy way to bring up the cold, clinical matter of contraception without at least partially destroying the mood. Still, it must be done. As ye sow, so shall ye—preferably—not reap.

As Dr. Goldstein pointed out, timing and tact are the whole ball game. As a broad guideline, it seems safe to say that a healthy dose of mutual intent should be established before the matter is broached. A good indication of intent on her part might be when she expresses a desire to change the venue from the cramped living-room couch to the more spacious confines of, say, her bedroom. Another would be if she suddenly jumped up and stripped herself naked before your very eyes.

I know, I know. This is decidedly not the time that you want to be dealing with such chilling distractions as possible pregnancies but, at this point, you really haven't a moment to lose. This is no time to strive for coolness, either. Be yourself. And if yourself is dead nervous, be dead nervous. Helps to get your point across. "Hey, look, I don't want to blow this, 'cause I'm really hot for you," you could say, "but I don't want to get you pregnant, either. So I was just wondering what exactly we're doing about contraception here."

Nobody ever said it was gonna be a snap, and it ain't. But there is almost a guarantee of certain rewards if you bite the bullet. For one thing, even though she may not show it, the lady will probably flip over your demonstration of maturity and concern for her. Beyond that is the righteous glow you'll feel from accomplishing something that's a hard thing to do.

The first thing you must remember is this: Never make the assumption that the woman has automatically taken care of things. Dr. Goldstein advises that "a lot of guys assume that if a woman enters into an act of intercourse, she's prepared for contraception. But the fact is that most women don't want to seem as if they're anticipating something, so they're not using anything. And this is a tragedy in light of the awfully high rate of pregnancy among first lovers."

A lot of guys assume that if a woman enters into an act of intercourse, she's prepared for contraception.

Yeah, it ain't no fun being the baker when no one wants the cake in the oven. I have a friend who emerged from a long, monogamous marriage last year, and who immediately and enthusiastically jumped into what might be called the "stream of bodies." Which is to say, he went fuck crazy. He told me that he found he had a lot to learn, that things had not remained the same since he'd last been in the flesh market.

"I got married in the early Seventies," my pal said, "so that was the period when I experienced my last prolonged bit of fucking around. Shit, you never even thought about pregnancy and baby prevention. Everybody was still fucking around so casually, you could easily assume a woman would have the whole area covered. That was a time when it was almost obligatory to jump into bed with someone at first notice, so people tended to be prepared. Now I find that people, myself included, are a lot more selective; there's not that frenzy to get at each other's bodies right away. It's more leisurely now and, for my taste, it's nicer.

"But one of the problems is that since nobody assumes instant sex anymore, you can't presume that a lady is prepared when the opportunity does come. At first, I was lazy and not at all careful, and I went through some real scares. I was kind of surprised to find that women just weren't automatically taking the precautions they used to. So, after a few times of waiting for late periods, I decided that the only way to deal with it was to be perfectly explicit about it. I mean, as soon as I receive that little telltale signal that we're going to ball, I put it right out there. Usually what I say is, 'What are we doing here so as not to have any babies?' God, you'd be amazed at how often they look at you and say, 'Uh, I don't know—I was hoping you had something.' It just makes me realize how lucky I was all those times I didn't bother to ask."

Then there's Wally, another friend who learned the contraception ropes the hard way—through failure. Wally, if I may so put it, is a bit of a cocksman; he really gets around. No Don Juan complex, either; Wally just digs the hell out of women. He's gorgeous to begin with, has money and moves, and he gets over like a bandit. But it ain't all cakes and ale, and Wally is the first to admit it. He's had to learn from his mistakes.

"Look," he told me recently, "I don't care how liberated women get, there's still an element of seduction necessary to get them into bed. And that's really the trouble, 'cause here you are working to build up a little sexual momentum, and the last thing in the world you want to deal with is the little matter of birth control. It's guaranteed to break the spell. You know, love ain't roses and moonbeams. Love is really Lysol and the douche bag hanging behind the bathroom door. But who wants to hear about that when the candle is burning? What I finally learned, though, is that women appreciate it when you bring the matter up. It's sort of an indication of your sensitivity, and it lets her know that she's not just Thursday's piece of ass. Also, it tells her that you have your shit at least minimally together."

"But when do you *do* it?" I asked. "Is there some perfectly timed moment at which to say, 'Look, I'm mad to jump your bones, but I don't want to inadvertently impregnate you; so is there something we can do to prevent that?' "

"Nah," said Wally. "It's different each time. The only thing I know is to find a comfortable moment, well along in the course of things, and then just ask her if all is cool fertilitywise. And I let her know that if it's not, I'm prepared. I hate rubbers, but I always carry them now. I've been through three abortions in the last two and a half years, and I just don't want to go through that again. Women get beat to shit emotionally and physically behind an abortion, and I hate being the cause of that. It's pretty depressing for a guy, too . . . brings up a lot of unsettling questions. It fucks with your head a lot more than you think it's going to. No, I've learned. If somebody has to see to the prevention thing, and if there's any question at all, I'm just gonna see to it."

If there is another side to this situation, it is the woman who is not content to leave her fate to chance or in the hands of a horny man. My friend Lydia is a good example. Lydia is a fashion buyer in San Francisco—very flashy, very funny. Lydia carries her own rubbers.

"First of all," she told me, "there are just too damn many guys out there who are not at all thoughtful or mature when it comes to contraception. Since they don't bear the brunt or the babies, they go around blithely shooting that sperm up any hole that opens

up to them, without a thought to the consequences. I don't think it's meant maliciously—I *hope* not—but the result can damn sure be malicious. So now I always have rubbers in my bag.

"I don't consider myself particularly promiscuous. I have pretty high standards if I do say so but, every once in a while, that sudden thing comes up—pardon the pun. I used to be much too shy to carry rubbers, so I was always faced with the question of whether or not to put my diaphragm in before a date. If you do put it in, you're making some kind of an assumption. I hated that, so when a girlfriend told me about carrying rubbers, I went out and got some. At first, it was hard to bring it up, but then I found I could tell a lot about a guy from the way he reacted to it. Good lovers are never offended by being asked."

Lydia has found a certain security (and self-assertion) in condoms. But what about those of us for whom rubbers are just not the thing? *Consumer Reports* recently ran a study of condoms and found that a lot of folks are less than enchanted by this form of birth control. Sixteen percent of the men and 6 percent of the women surveyed complained that rubbers were too hard to put on, while 13 percent of the men complained that they didn't *stay* on. (What *CR* didn't point out was that neophytes will invariably attempt to unroll a rubber the wrong way the first time. It is known as the Immutable Law of the Condom.)

If rubbers aren't for you, then it behooves you to seek out an alternative. But you must remember that each discreet form of birth control has an etiquette all its own. In the case of the diaphragm, for example, the traditional form of etiquette for the man to employ has been passivity. It involves the attempt to maintain not only your good humor but your tumescence, while the lady of the moment is off in the john messing around with the jelly and stuff. But I have a secret to impart to you that may just possibly change your life. If you are in bed with a lady who uses a diaphragm, it is really possible to get into the act! I mean that literally.

She: "Wait! Wait! C'mon, hold it. I got to go put my goddamned diaphragm in."

He: "It's really a hassle, isn't it?"

She: "Damn right, it is. You men sure got it easy."

He: "Well, hell, bring it here. I'll help you with it."

If she doesn't fall into a dead faint, you're in. I don't mean in—I mean *in*. You will astound her in a wonderful way. I can't take the credit for this marvelous discovery; it was a woman (natch) who laid this choice bit of wisdom on me.

"I know it's hard to believe, but it was a cop who first did it for me," she told me. "I've made sure to teach it to every man I've been with since. I know all about the stereotype of cops, but this man was more tuned in to women than anybody I'd ever known. Just had a terrific touch. One night, when we were first together, we were rolling around on the bed, just about to get down to it, and I had to pull away and tell him I had to deal with the diaphragm. Jesus, it's always such a deflating moment. He told me to get the stuff and bring it back to bed. And he knew just how to do it, too. Sometimes it takes me forever to get it in, poking around blind and pushing it up against the sides. It can really piss me off and spoil the moment. But he just greased it up and slipped it right on in there. I couldn't believe how easy he made it. He said it was simple when you're down there where you can see what you're doing. I still love the guy for that."

If you are in bed with a lady who uses a diaphragm, it really is possible to get into the act . . . literally.

The etiquette of the diaphragm extends also to consideration on the part of the woman. Spermicidal jellies, as you may know, tend to taste like petrochemical effluents, and they can turn your stomach quicker than a bad clam. Implore the lady, dear God, to wait at least until you have disengaged your tongue from her clitoris before she starts spreading the jelly on.

He: "Jesus Christ! This stuff tastes like battery acid!"

She: [misapprehending the "stuff" to which he refers] "I think you just better get dressed and get out of here—and don't ever the fuck come back!"

Many women have turned to the I.U.D. over the past few years and have found it to be terrific in that it is not only effective, but it obviates most of the social questions we have dealt with. I mean the damn thing is *in* there, and all the lady has to do—at whatever moment she finds appropriate—is to whisper arousingly in your ear that she has the coil and nothing will stand in the way of your tearing at each other. It is also her responsibility to instruct her gynecologist to cut short the sharp little monofilament by which the coil is withdrawn, so that it doesn't prong painfully against the head of your member during the abandon of the act. For your part, etiquette calls for you to do all you can to restrain from smacking the shit out of her if this occurs, since it certainly isn't her fault.

One of the major drawbacks of the coil is that it tends to produce rather horrible menstrual cramps in some of its wearers. If this happens to your lady, the rule of form is to put her to bed, make her some hot herb tea laced strongly with sweetmash bourbon and rub her feet and temples lovingly by the hour. This will pay unimaginable dividends, which is what etiquette is really all about.

Then there's vasectomy. We all know that a vasectomy is generally forever. As Dr. Goldstein cautions, "You should never enter into a vasectomy if you are contemplating a reversal sometime in the future. They *can* be reversed, but it's extremely difficult, and it doesn't always work. You're dealing with some very minute little ducts and passageways in there." For this reason, one supposes, men with vasectomies tend toward a rather irritating smugness. Maybe they're entitled as a reward for taking such a bold, existential step and for demonstrating their consideration for women. But this does little to mitigate the fact that such men are sometimes a little hard to take. Etiquette here is to refrain from passing around snapshots of your scar. Also, you shouldn't walk into bars holding up your fingers in the "V" sign and smiling smugly. And I won't even mention those little insignia that some assholes wear in their lapels to let the world know that they fire blanks exclusively. I mean, enough is enough.

I hesitate to bring up the question of *coitus interruptus* and the etiquette involved, mainly because it's so obvious that no one ever really wants to pull out of a good thing. Plus, as Dr. Goldstein points out, a couple of drops of leaking seminal fluid contains millions of ovum-seeking sperm, which means that she can get pregnant even if you don't ejaculate inside her. Rule of thumb here is never to get to a point where you don't know if you're coming or going.

As for that old standby the rhythm method I, personally, have never known a percussionist you could trust. Levity aside, there have been some advances since the Vatican Council laid this down as the one and only way to prevent babies. But—wouldn't you know it?—there's also etiquette involved here, mostly in the form of male/female cooperation. There are kits now available for at-home testing of cervical temperature and mucous viscosity, both of which are great little indicators of fertility. They're accurate, and they work but, as Dr. Goldstein warns, only if you put a little work into them. "This really does require some cooperation and consideration," he says. "A couple has to be very motivated to make these kits work, since you have to keep charts over several months to get a good fix on cycles. But the nice thing about it is that if you get into it and deal with it together, it can create a nice feeling of oneness."

Well, if that's not the essence of etiquette, I don't know what is. It's easy to be just a little bit careless, and hard to be just a little bit pregnant. ■

PICKUP TRICKS

A LARGER-THAN-LIFE LOOK AT THE SMALLEST PART OF YOUR HI-FI SYSTEM. LISTEN CAREFULLY.

ARTICLE BY NEAL WEINSTOCK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAY AHREND

Your phono cartridge and your speakers are the first and last links in the electronic chain that translates record grooves into sound. Speakers, being big, get most of the publicity. Other components, being flashy, get most of the attention. Cartridges, being so small as to be almost invisible, get the least. Yet the cartridge can be the most important component of any system. It performs that crucial transition from potential to kinetic energy.

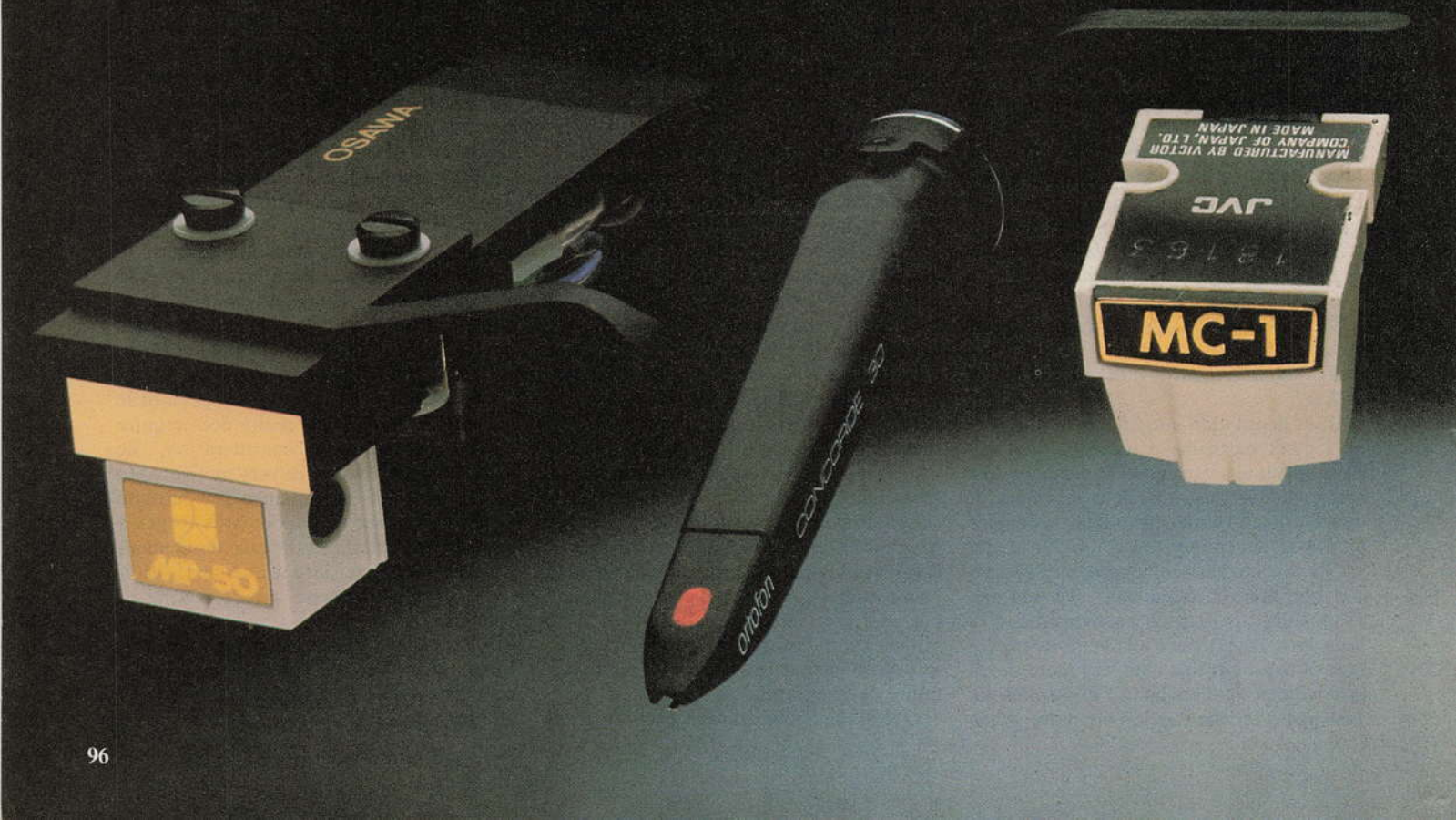
In its most elemental form, a cartridge is a miniature power plant in two parts—a diamond stylus and an electromagnet. The stylus vibrates along with the microscopic undulations in a plastic groove for thousands of hours, and that excitement is magnetically converted into electricity. This critical job requires some equally critical design work. Obviously, durability is important, as is tracking ability, given today's warped-at-the-factory records. And since high mass generally weighs the stylus down in the groove, engineers struggle to produce designs as light as possible. But a light stylus is likely to bounce straight up if the record is warped or if the turntable is not perfectly isolated; so the suspension of the stylus becomes crucial.

The shape of the stylus affects your music, too. But as the advanced designs on these pages show, the difference doesn't necessarily

Osawa's MP-50, a moving-coil design with a securely mounted stylus. $230.

Ortofon's exotic-looking Concorde 30. The low mass means super sonics. $180.

JVC's MC-1, a moving coil with exceptionally high output. $300.



have to do with price. Each shape represents a subjective trade-off between response and record wear. Most of the units shown here have elliptically shaped styli. Hyperelliptical, Shibata or stereohedron shapes (such as the Stanton 881S) are slightly less common. Originally designed for quad records, their maximum groove content seems to produce a fuller sound and may wear down grooves a little less. On a lower-priced cartridge, a triangular stylus is often employed. But the triangle has been adapted successfully by Ortofon, among others, into a fine-line protuberance that glides along with aplomb.

Just like the alternator in a car, a phono cartridge must generate power using an electromagnet. The magnet can be moved within a fixed coil; or a coil can be moved around the magnet; or a piece of iron can be moved past both coil and magnet. These three cartridge types are called, appropriately, moving coil, moving magnet and induced magnet.

Moving-magnet designs are the most common; it's easier and usually cheaper to make a good one. Moving-coil types are the most exotic; they're more difficult to design well, and they usually require a separate pre-preamplifier because their output is so low. Induced-magnet designs are also exotic, but they need no extra amplification.

Unless you have an extremely well trained ear, you probably won't be able to hear any difference between a well-designed moving-magnet cartridge and an exotic moving-coil pickup. We know some confirmed audiophiles, though, who swear by the "warm, silky sound" of moving coils.

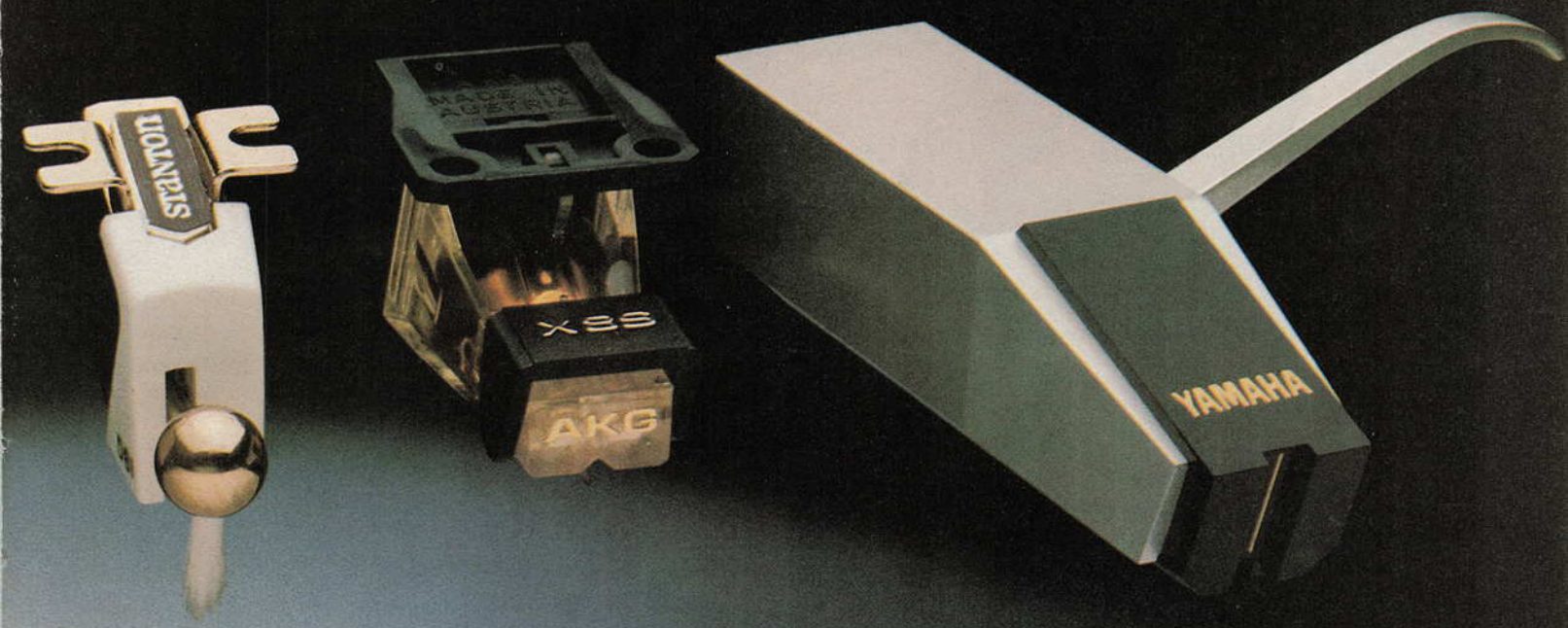
Aside from their sonic differences, the cartridges shown here offer a variety of unique design twists. The Osawa, Yamaha and Ortofon models, for example, come premounted in universal headshells that twist right onto most high-quality turntables. AKG's cartridge has a unique suspension system that effectively isolates many vibrations. The Stanton 881S comes equipped with a groove brush—a very useful feature that should be more widely used. And JVC's moving-coil pickup has a high output that needs no extra amp.

All the cartridges we looked at sound very good indeed. And, frankly, we were able to hear some subtle, indescribable differences in the quality of sound reproduced. So, put the same amount of care into picking the smallest part of your system as you would put into picking the largest part. Your ears will thank you. ■

Stanton's moving-magnet 881S has a dust-grabbing brush built in. $170.

AKG's X8S moving-magnet cartridge; long a European favorite. $90.

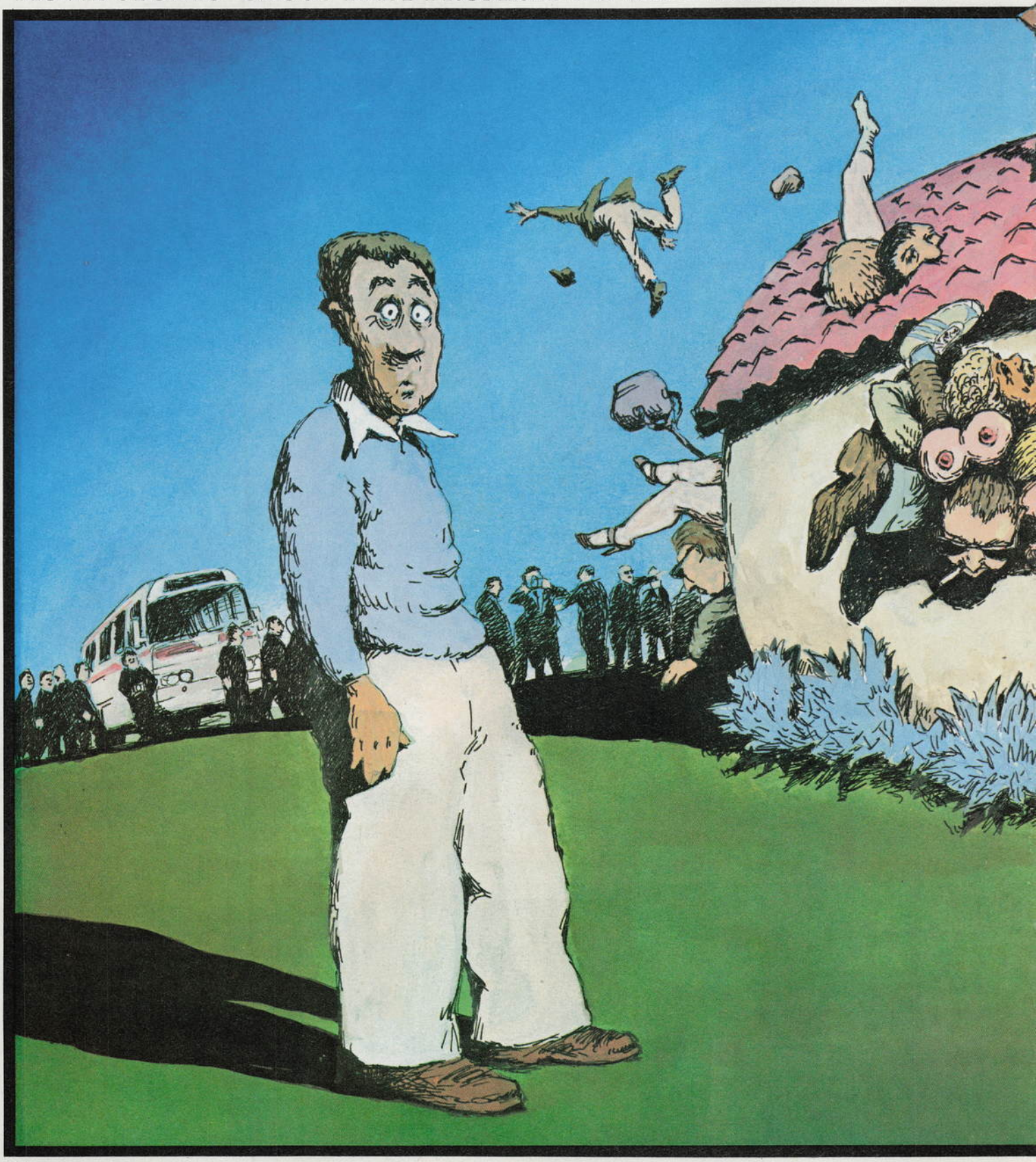
Yamaha's MC-1X, premounted in a solid, die-cast headshell. $270.



Home Movies

Article by Bill Lawren

HOW I MADE BIG BUCKS RENTING OUT MY APARTMENT TO A MOVIE STUDIO 'CAUSE THEY PROMISED I'D MEET MARGOT KIDDER



Who has not dreamed it? The movies. Glamour, action, romance. Cigar-chomping producers. Busty blondes and casting couches. Lives in celluloid, footprints in cement. Oscars. Limos. And money . . . isn't it incredible how the movies throw it around? A million dollars for the rights to *Roget's Thesaurus*. A hundred thou to rent a team of fruit flies for the

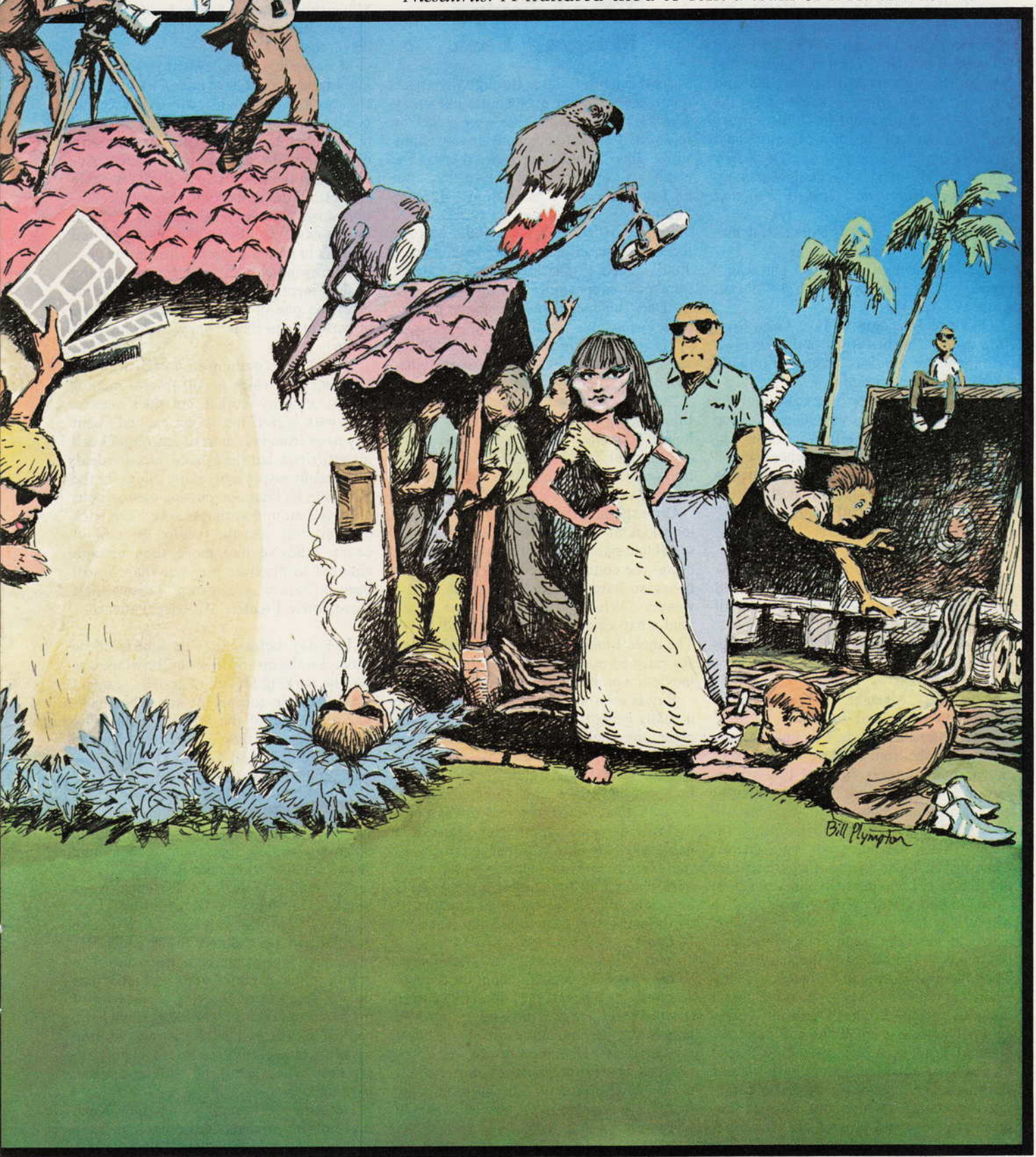


ILLUSTRATION BY BILL PLYMPTON

attack scene in *Day of the Avocado*. Well, eat your hearts out, friends, because this is the story of how a little of that movie money—not to mention glamour, action and all that—came to be thrown right at me.

•

A knock on the door at noon. I usually don't answer: In my neighborhood—run-down Venice, California, beachfront—it's got to be either a Krishna or a cop. But it's afternoon, I'm on my second Thai stick, and what the hell? So I open it. Luckily, the guy at the door is both badgeless and tambourine-free. More luck: He's from the movies—a location scout for 20th-Century Fox. He's out looking for a place to shoot interiors for *Willie & Phil*, the latest in a line of "And" movies by Paul Mazursky. Remember *Harry and Tonto*? *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice*?

"Wait a minute," I say before letting him in. "Who's in this movie?"

He ticks them off: "Michael Ontkean." (Who?) "Ray Sharkey." (Who?) "Margot Kidder." (Aah.)

That one I recognize. Lois Lane from *Superman*. The beautiful, delicate fawn with the tits of a walrus. To get her into my apartment, I'll pay *them*.

So I gladly let the location scout tour the place, going in front of him so as to swoop up stray roaches. He carefully picks his way through the remnants of a Parcheesi game, taking notes and making little drawings as he goes. All in all, he's fairly noncommittal. "I'll have to bring Mazursky to look at it," he says. "We'll call you."

Mm-hmm.

But sure enough, I get the call a few weeks later: Mazursky's in town and would like to see my apartment. Would it be all right if they came over?

My pulse rate jumps to 105. "You bringing Margot?" I ask.

"Not this time."

Back to 72. "All right," I say in an inconvenienced tone. "Come anyway."

Once a time is agreed upon, I plaster myself against the front window, where I await the arrival of their fleet of limousines. I await awhile. Then awhile longer. Finally, a '72 Oldsmobile pulls up with what looks to be a trunkload of illegal aliens inside. Instead, it's the location scout with not just Mazursky, but also a gang of suntans wearing similar but not identical alligator shirts.

So, in short order, I get introduced to Mazursky and his Hollywood alligators. The bald one is the producer, of course, and the one with the accent is the art director. Then there's the assistant director, a Teddy Roosevelt type who likes to show a common touch by turning English words into Spanish ("El house-o is not el home-o") and the cinematographer, a distant-looking Swede named Sven who used to work with Ingmar Bergman. Sven spends the whole time staring in a bored fashion out the window, prompting an awed whisper of "He's a genius" from the location man.

HOME MOVIES

Paul Mazursky's in town and would like to see my apartment. "You bringing Margot?" I ask.

As this gang traipses through my apartment, everyone but Sven smiles like crazy. The smiles all look like they were etched on in Ibiza. I expect somebody to say something like "Over here, we'll put the elephants" or "Sophia will love this," but all I hear are a few "mm-hmms" and one "uh-oh."

Finally, Mazursky wheels and favors the location scout with an intense look. "*Good*, Jim," he says emphatically. This is a signal for even broader smiles all around.

"Does this mean you're going to use the place?" I ask.

"If it's all right with *you*," Mazursky says, making the *you* sound like a combination of "sir," "don" and "your lordship."

"Oh, it's all right with me," I say. Anything that'll bring Margot Kidder to my house is definitely all right with me.

"All right," says the freshly praised location scout. "I'll get in touch with you in a week or two, and we'll make a deal."

Once the suntans are gone, I take a good long look at my apartment. I look at the scrofulous paint job, the turn-of-the-decade decor, the collapsing redwood thing that's trying so hard to become a couch, and I wonder: "What's so good about this place? And what kind of movie is it good for?" The more I look, the more I figure Mazursky must be making either his first disaster movie or a promotional for UNICEF.

But as soon as I remember that they're actually going to pay me for the use of the place, my doubts fade and the apartment begins to look a bit more like, say, your Palace of Versailles. It now behooves me to find out exactly how much this location deal is worth. I have a friend who works as a grip in the movies to support his real-estate habit, so I go to him. When he tells me what the current rate for location rentals is, I have to ask him four times to repeat it. If he's right, they'll pay me what amounts to two months' rent just to use the place for 24 hours.

"Sure, they pay good," my friend says. "That's because you can count on them to demolish the place. If they don't like a wall, they move it." He goes on to tell me a whole bunch of gruesome stories involving burning cigarettes, Chapman booms and spontaneous rearrangements of entire floor plans. "Negotiate for all the repairs up front," he says. "Otherwise, they'll screw you."

With this in mind, I take what I think is a very hard head into my negotiations with the location man. I don't want to drive him off—Venice is full of funky apartments, after all—but I would like my rental figure to at least bring tears to his eyes.

"Seven hundred fifty dollars a day," I say.

"Right," he says cheerfully. He writes it on a contract without so much as a blink. "Plus three seventy-five a day for setting up and tearing down." He writes that down, too.

Meanwhile, it's *my* eyes that start tearing. Either I could have gone a lot higher or the guy's a Percodan freak. Anyway, his nonchalance in the face of robbery astounds me so much that I don't get very far with negotiating the damage in advance. According to the contract, the studio is liable to "restore the property to the same condition in which it was received by us," which, in my case, could mean bringing in can openers to match the scratches on the floor and throwing paint around to remottle the walls. I mention this, but the location scout gives me one of those "goodwill is more important to us than money" speeches, and I sign.

Now I have nothing to do but wait for shooting day, which is still several months away. I call my mother, but she's made a deal with herself not to get excited about any news from me, short of marriage. I call my girlfriend, but she's made the same deal. So I occupy my time breaking things for the movies to fix later and putting photographs of myself around so that maybe I can back door my way into the picture. By now, of course, they've had more than enough chances to discover me, but there's still been no talk of a contract. These things move slowly, I realize. Patience. Patience.

•

The day before they're scheduled to shoot, I wake up and look out the window to see the parking lot full of trailers, camera trucks, movie equipment and what looks like a division of the 8th Army on roller skates. Panic strikes. Have they changed the schedule? And worse: Is this horde going to be driven through my apartment? There must be 200 of them out there, which means 800 skate wheels rolling over my hardwood floors. Then I hear words floating up to my window, indistinct, but sounding something like "take no prisoners."

A youngish fellow in starched jeans breaks away from the pack and walks toward my front stairway. Looks like they're going to give me a chance to surrender. But my panic turns out to be unnecessary. The young fellow explains very cordially that they're going to be shooting an exterior of my place and that if I want to go anywhere, could I please go now. Resisting the urge to renegotiate my contract, I pull on my unstarched jeans and walk out to the parking lot.

Here they're busy shooting some scene that calls for Michael Ontkean (oh, he's the

(Continued on page 120)

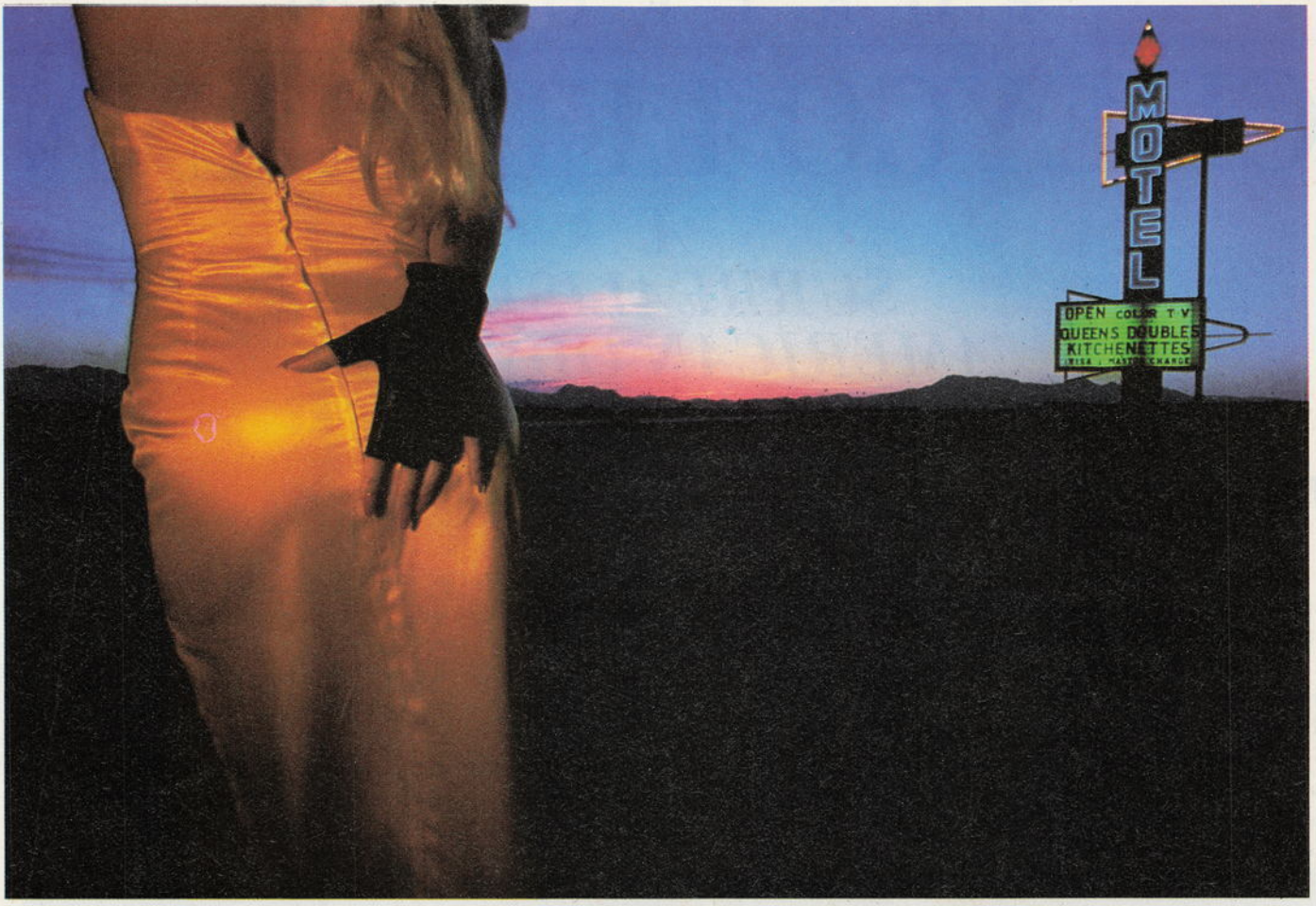
CHEYCO LEIDMANN

A SURREALIST'S AMERICAN ODYSSEY

The colors leap off the page into the brain: hallucinatory, dreamlike, vivid beyond everyday reality. Familiar vistas like deserts and beaches become Daliesque nightmares of sensuality and sexual symbolism. The female form is seen as essential curves and rounded contours. Skies blaze like supercharged neon. This is the world of Cheyco Leidmann.

Munich-born Leidmann began his photographic career a scant five years ago, but his artistic roots reach back to Picasso's three-eyed women, Dali's melting watches and Dr. Caligari's cabinet. "My passion is surrealism," says Leidmann. "In photography, this means showing normal things in abnormal situations."

His work has the detached coolness that is distinctly European. His models become abstract images blending into the iridescent background. "I am not a romantic. I like my models to be sophisticated enough to express their emotions through body language that depicts their personalities. Erotic flavor is not conveyed only through nudes or fashions. Eroticism is *imagination*. That is why I often exclude the face from the composition."



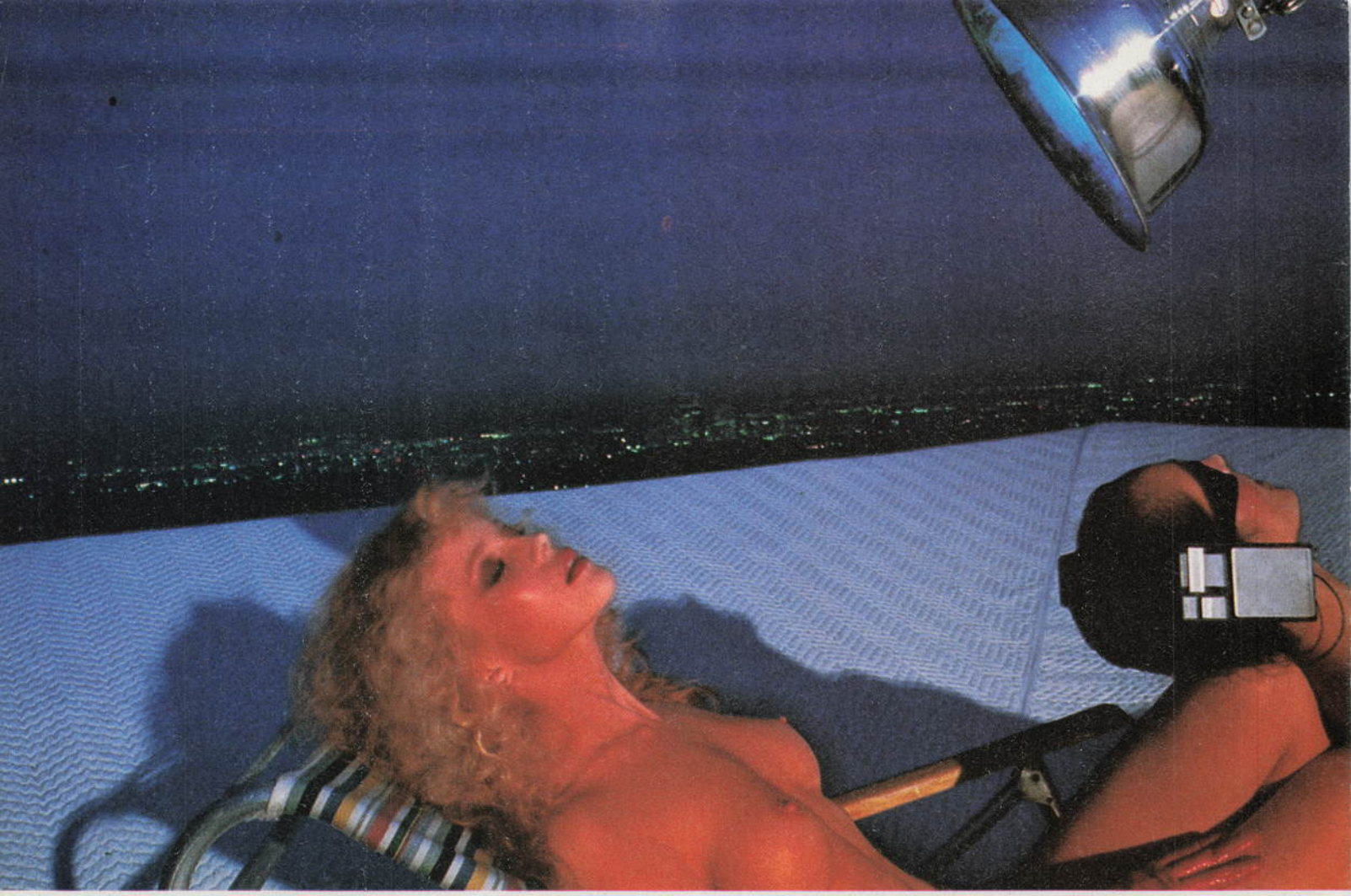
Most magazines do the same girls for the thousandth time, jumping, walking or laughing. But I stay up late nights in my Paris studio thinking up something new, something that has not been done already."

Thirty-year-old Leidmann, who looks like a sullen Bill Murray, won two international awards for his European calendar work, but the limitations anger him. "Yes, I do catalogues and illustrations . . . so I can eat. I am not ashamed of it. But these are the photos I like to do." These examples of Cheyco's more outlandish tableaux come from a recently published collection, *Foxy Lady*, by the oddly named Love Me Tender publishing company. The locations in *Foxy Lady* are uniquely American, but through his manipulation of hue and shape, Cheyco creates a hall-of-mirrors view of the West no native has ever seen. Aiding and abetting Cheyco's visuals are the bizarre fashions designed by his colleagues.

"California is a paradise!" exclaims Leidmann. "It has everything: beautiful weather, ready money, music, movement, palm trees, the desert, the Pacific. It is a virtual dream!" Indeed, *dreamlike* is the word to describe the disorienting juxtaposition of image and color. Tall palm trees bend elastically in chrome reflections. Bare-breasted girls in dark sunglasses embrace before a make-believe parking lot.

Pietro's

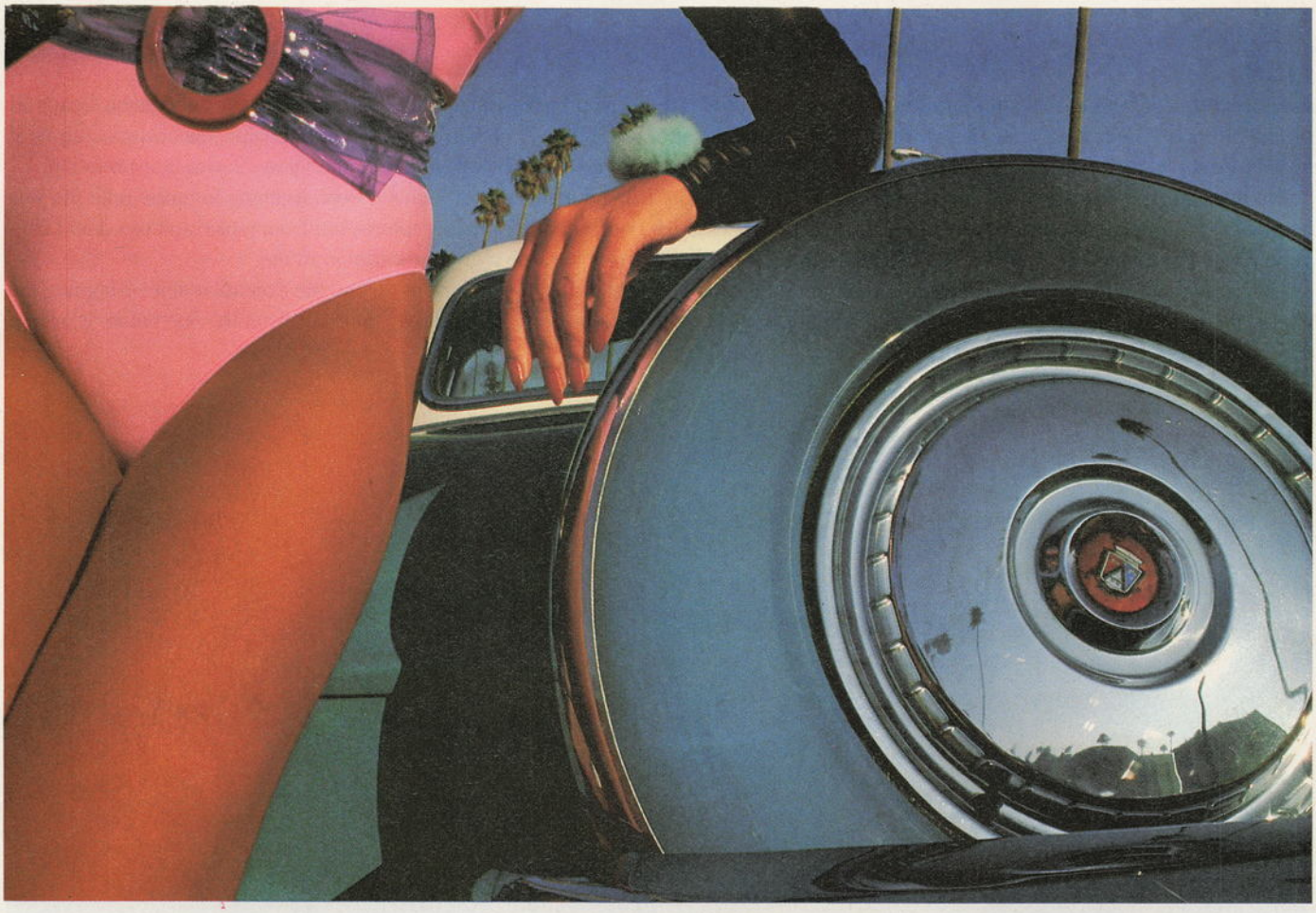
Pacific



An aloof blonde soaks up an ultraviolet tan while the city below prepares for night. The familiar waves of Malibu Beach at twilight become a menacing white mass threatening to engulf a pair of high heels. A woman's ebony boot interrupts the crimson curves of a sports car, evoking images both seductive and sinister. "I like to invent a story that will stimulate the viewer's own interpretation."

His strange and sensual results don't come easily. "In my studio, I spend three or four nights a week listening to music until the wee hours of the morning, noting down my thoughts. My influences come not from other photographers, but from music and mood and film. When I studied cinema at a university in Munich, the films of Ken Russell became a great inspiration to me.

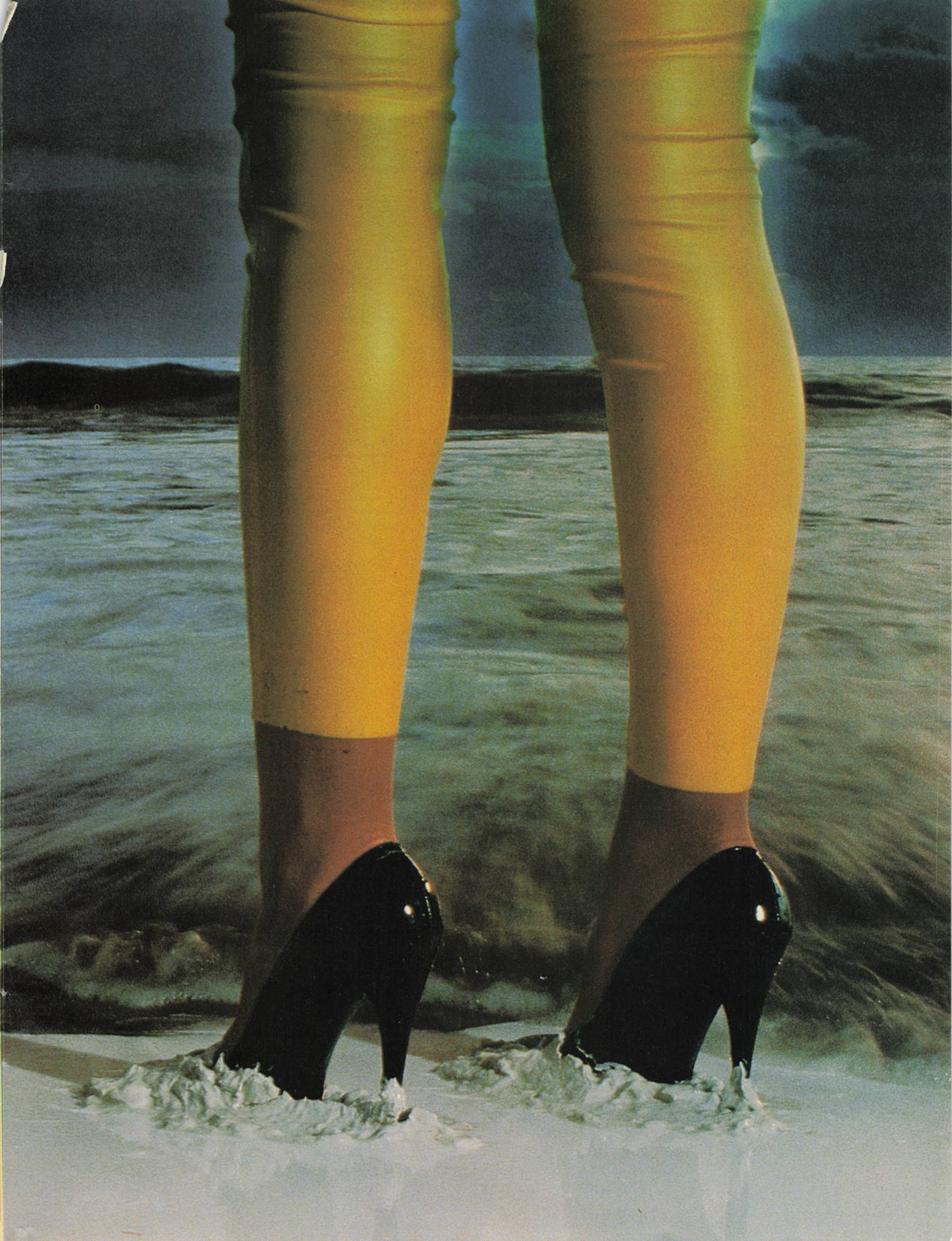
"I like my photos to appear as simple as a beginner's Instamatic snapshots. And I prefer the *idea* to the execution of it—shooting the photo can become absolute hell very quickly! I want each of my photos to be perfect, absolutely different from the one before it, with a thousand details that capture the attention."



Cheyco Leidmann is a perfectionist, but (like his work) complex and contradictory. "I like to shoot the background as the foreground, and make the subject the background," he says straight-faced. When asked what the latest book he read was, he replies clearly, "I don't know, exactly. It was a Russian book." He reads Russian? "No. The book was translated into German." What was the title? "I don't know the title. It was in Russian, and I don't speak Russian." Oh. We tried an easy question: Do you have a favorite color? "It is pink today. Before that, red was my favorite. And before that, black. Deep, dark black. It changes with my moods."

The phantasmagoric images of Leidmann's lenswork might suggest a dabbler in chemical mind-benders, but Cheyco shrugs the idea away. "No, no. No drugs at all. I relax with beer. Remember, I am from Munich! What else would you expect me to drink?"

Leidmann's graphics continue to grace European calendars and advertising layouts, but only to subsidize the artist's more outré, stylized visions. "I continue to work commercially so I can remain free to enjoy creating my own photos. Photography to me is more than just dexterity; it is the result of élan, of energy, of dash and imagination. The entire world can understand the language of photography. And capturing my own personal images on film, creating my own world, gives me the greatest joy imaginable: the joy of achievement!" ■



McAfee 80

COME & GO

It's amazing the things some people say after sex.

Fiction by Jim Esposito

They'd just finished making love, and he was still lying on top of her. That was one thing she always really dug about him. He didn't just roll over after he'd gotten off. He would lay there, gently, on top of her, holding her close, cuddling her and nuzzling her neck. Savoring the moment. The cooling afterglow. It was romantic—so tender, sweet and sensuous.

Actually, for his part, it was simply because he couldn't move. He was so exhausted. His knees never did seem to function too well after balling. Especially with her—since it always seemed to turn into some enduro fuck-a-thon. He could've gotten off a lot sooner if he hadn't been so distracted just watching her. Which is what he really liked about making it with her: just watching. She reminded him of that scene in the two-part *Star Trek* episode, "The Menagerie," when Jeffrey Hunter has the Keeper by the throat, and the Keeper keeps changing into all kinds of scary creatures beneath him. That's the only way he could think of describing what it was like in the sack with her. She was an adventure. Like: "I wonder what'll happen if I do a little of this." The expressions on her face!

He never got over marveling at it. He didn't know whether to keep pumping or call the paramedics. There were times he'd thought, "Wow! I'm just getting laid. Lady, what's happening to *you*?" For, under him, she'd be undergoing these mystical transformations. He didn't know if she was acting or what. He couldn't even decide if it were physically possible for anything to feel that good to anybody.

Somehow, he always felt cheated. It didn't feel that good for him. He only got to come once. And his orgasms didn't seem to be nearly as much fun as hers. As far as he was concerned, as long as women were actually capable of coming four or five times while they were getting laid, they had no business bitching at men about sex.

Of course, he knew better than to explain any of this to her. If she wanted to believe he was being sensual and/or romantic, far be it from him to shatter her delusions. He lay there, afterward, winding down, coming back to earth. He buried his nose in the nape of her neck, so he wouldn't have to breathe through her hair. He hated that. It tickled.

He whispered softly in her ear, "You're so wonderful."

"Nuh-uh," she replied, squirming delectably beneath him. "*You're* wonderful."

He smiled, pecking her lightly on the lips in reward. "Really," he told her, "you are."

"Nooo . . ." she countered, cooing, lowering her eyes. "*You* are."

"Well . . ." he declared, "just because I'm wonderful doesn't mean you can't be wonderful, too."

She squeezed him tight. He began nibbling her neck, working his way up toward her ear.

"I love you," he whispered tenderly.

"Nuh-uh," she replied. "I love *you*."

He stopped nibbling her neck, lifted himself off her body and slid over to one side, lying on his back.

She rolled over, curling up against him, nestling her cheek in the hollow of his chest. She started tracing little designs on the skin of his stomach with one fingernail.

He asked, "How come every time I say something to you, you say it right back?"

Her fingernail stopped tracing the little designs on the skin of his stomach. It poised there, waiting. She lifted her head and looked up into his eyes. His eyes were looking down into hers.

"What?" she inquired.

"I said," he said patiently, "how come, every time I say something to you, you say it right back to me?"

Her eyes glanced down. She swallowed and bit her lower lip.

"What?" she asked again, looking back at him earnestly, as if she didn't understand.

He exhaled and rolled his eyes. Her eyebrows raised, and her own gaze seemed to shrink away slightly.

He asked, "And how come every time you don't want to answer my question, you say, 'What?' "

Her eyes glanced away once more. She squirmed a bit. He waited.

Finally, she conceded, "I don't know . . ."

He exhaled again. "Whaddaya mean, 'I don't know'? "

"Well . . ." she stammered, getting flustered, "I don't."

He inhaled deeply and held his breath a moment, covering his eyes with one hand while he gathered his thoughts.

"Look," he tried again. "I just want to know. It's a simple question. How come, every time I ask you some simple question, you gotta pretend like you don't understand what I'm talking about?"

She wet her lips, squirmed a bit more and glanced away.

"I can't ever compliment you," he continued. "I say you look good. You say I look good, too. I tell you I love you. You tell me you love me, too. I say you're wonderful. You say I'm wonderful. I can't ever tell you anything without getting it right back."

"What's wrong with that?" she inquired defensively.

"It takes all the fun out of it," he told her. "It's like playing tennis. Like I'm fishing for compliments."

She pursed her lips. "I'm sorry," she apologized.

"Now, don't start apologizing, OK!" he exclaimed. "You don't have anything to feel sorry about. Just answer my question. I wanna know. You know? It's no big thing."

He waited until, finally, she realized he expected a reply.

"Well . . ." she demurred, shrugging slightly, "it's true."

"What's true?"

"I do love you," she explained. "And I do think you look good. And I do think you're

ILLUSTRATION BY MARA McAFEE

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She stiffened, suddenly hurt. His last insult had hit home. Slap shot from center ice.

wonderful. What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing," he replied. "Really. Nothing. I think it's great you feel that way. Because I love you. And I think you look good. And I think you're wonderful. I'd just like to be able to express my feelings without having the ball knocked right back into my court. Why can't you accept a compliment like a lady? Or at least, if you want to compliment me, come up with the idea yourself. You never have any ideas of your own."

"I do, too," she countered.

"No, you don't," he retorted. "Name one original idea you've ever come up with."

She nibbled at her lower lip. "Like what?" she asked.

"Like what? *Like what?* What am I supposed to do? Think up your original ideas?"

"Oh . . ." she pouted, conceding. "You're right."

"I'm right?" he repeated, aghast. "*I'm right?* Don't start with that inferiority stuff again. You're avoiding the subject."

"I am not," she argued.

"You are, too," he fired back. "You do this every time. You don't wanna answer my question, so you pretend like you don't understand what I'm talking about. If I call you on that, you play innocent. If I don't buy that, either, you apologize. You say you're sorry. You give in and say I'm right, and I still haven't gotten an answer to my original question."

He paused for a moment to let his statement sink in. And that's when his eyes happened to focus on the bird. It was her bird. In a bamboolike wooden cage, hanging in one corner. He didn't know what kind of bird it was. Wasn't a parrakeet. It was one of those exotic little finches or something. But the thing was—this bird never stopped moving for more than a second at a time. All it ever did was hop and flutter continually around the confines of its cage. Chirping constantly. It was in perpetual motion. This poor little bird couldn't travel farther than a foot and a half in any direction, but it must have logged at least several miles a day in distance.

Now, suddenly, he realized something, looking at the poor, hyper little bird, flittering incessantly about its cage. "That," he thought, "is what it must be like inside this girl's mind." Her thoughts, hopping and fluttering continually about the confines of her head.

He looked back at her, now seeing her in an entirely different light. She was watching him, waiting to see what he'd do next. Something in his eyes made her feel uncomfortable.

"Look," he told her, "I don't want this submissive bullshit. You're just afraid of talking about these things."

"I am not," she replied.

"Then why don't you ever talk about it?" he inquired. "You might be able to work some of this stuff out. All this submissive inferiority. Why don't you stand up to me sometime? I keep trying to tell you: You're a really nice chick. You shouldn't have to put up with any shit. Half the guys in your class would probably love to go out with you."

She stiffened. "Well . . ." she countered, "maybe I ought to go out with some of them."

"Yeah," he agreed, "maybe you ought to. Maybe you could find one who'll put up with your insipid bullshit."

"My insipid bullshit!" she exclaimed. "*My* insipid bullshit? *What* insipid bullshit?"

He buried his face in his hands.

"What insipid bullshit?" he muttered, more to himself. "She asks, '*What* insipid bullshit?' "

He looked at her. "*This* insipid bullshit!" he cried. "To what other insipid bullshit do you think I am referring?"

She opened her mouth.

He cut her off. "Don't answer!" he fired quickly. "That's a rhetorical question."

He went on: "You can't ever let me compliment you. You always disagree with me when I do. You always try to avoid the subject. You never come up with any original thoughts of your own. You never wanna talk about anything. You just give in and act submissive and listen to my lecture and tell me I'm right, of course. And when I'm done, we're supposed to forget that I ever asked the question that started the whole thing because I still haven't gotten an answer to it. It's brilliant. Really. What can I do? Go through all that again?"

"I don't understand," she declared. "What difference does it make?"

"It doesn't make any difference," he replied. "Can't you see? I just wanna know. So I can understand you. I'm hoping that, perhaps, I might be able to help you work some of these things out."

"Work some of these things out?" she asked. "Work some of *what* things out?"

"You know . . ." he demurred, trying to be diplomatic, "all your little . . . neuroses."

"Neuroses?" she replied, her eyes widening in surprise. "Is that what you think? I'm neurotic?"

It was his turn to be surprised. Still, he managed to stifle the instinctive laugh he felt welling up in his throat.

"You? Neurotic? Oh, no," he assured her, "I don't think you're neurotic. You passed neurotic years ago!"

The girl stiffened, suddenly hurt. That one hit home. Slap shot from center ice.

He didn't notice. He continued. "Do I think you're neurotic?" he repeated in disbelief. "Coming from Miss Quirk of the Week herself! How could I ever get that idea? It's perfectly normal to wake up alone in the middle of the night and find a note from the girl you went to sleep with that reads: 'I had a wonderful time. I never want to see you again.' Definitely the product of a well-adjusted mentality. You and your self-denial. 'I like it. So I can't do it.' You think it's willpower. Really makes you a lotta fun to deal with . . ."

He had a full head of steam. He kept right on going. "Another thing I really love is the way you just change all of a sudden. I take you out. We have crab legs for dinner. Snort a gram of coke. Go to the Comedy Store. You say to me: 'I'm depressed.' You're depressed? Why? 'I don't know,' you say. You don't know? Have you ever thought about maybe, sometime, trying to figure out why you get depressed when I'm nice to you? Oh, no . . . because there are these doors in your mind, and you're afraid to open them . . .

"So what am I supposed to do?" he asked. "You've got this whole self-destruct trip. I can't ever plan anything like a trip or buy you a gift because I know the week before that you're going to pull one of your numbers and turn it to shit right in my mouth. Identity crisis of the week. Doesn't matter how nice I am. You're gonna seize upon the first molecule of negativity, forget all the positive points and blow it paranoiacally all out of proportion."

He paused momentarily, but then thought of something else. "Oh. Then . . ." he said, "another thing that really turns me on, no end, about you, is the way you can't ever do anything that I ask you to do. You'll do anything I want—as long as I don't ask you to do it. Because if I ask you, I'm being domineering and infringing upon your individuality or something. That's a lotta fun. Especially when we're making love and I'd really like you to do something. I can't ask you to do it, because then you won't be able to. I've just gotta wait until you get around to it. And that's not bad enough. Because if you finally do get around to it and it feels really good, I sometimes lose my head—no pun intended—and try to let you know how much I'm digging on it. So I'll say something like: 'Mmmm . . . don't stop, please.' But then, of course, you have to stop, because I asked you not to stop."

"But," he concluded philosophically, "those are just some of your little quirks, right? Remember your motto? 'I just have this one little quirk.' Still, there's no reason for me to think you might be neurotic or anything."

He stopped, finally, running out of gas, waiting to see how the girl would react. She nibbled her lip in humiliation and hoped for a better opening.

He spoke again. "It blows me away," he said. "You don't help at all. You just don't wanna open those doors. And they're in

your head, but you don't wanna figure out why you are the way you are. You don't wanna work any of these things out—"

The girl opened fire, commenting with an air of callous dismissal: "You just want everything to work out the way you want. You never really care about how I feel or what I want."

"I don't even *know* how you feel!" he exclaimed. "Or what you want. And neither do you. That's the whole problem. You don't even want to find out for yourself. I ask you one simple question, and I have to fight my way through fourteen layers of defense mechanisms!"

"That's not it at all," volleyed the girl. "You just expect me to tell you everything so you can pick it apart and show how superior you are. You can never admit that I might have good reasons of my own for doing things."

"You're full of shit," he declared. "And make that fifteen layers of defense mechanisms."

She continued undaunted, ignoring his remarks. "You never try to understand anyone else's point of view. You never even try to understand me. You don't care how I feel or what I want. Everything's gotta work the way you work or it's wrong. Well, I'm a person, too. You're such a spoiled baby. You've gotta have everything your own way."

"I do not," he argued.

COME & GO

"What do you expect out of me, anyway?" asked the girl. "Why can't you just accept me the way I am?"

"You do, too," she fired right back. "If I don't give in, you pout like a spoiled brat."

"I do not," he insisted.

"You do, too!" she exclaimed. "You're doing it now!"

He laughed shortly, in derision. "Nice try," he told the girl, "but it won't work. Defense mechanism number sixteen. You're blocking. That's all. Throwing up all this shit. Like a smoke screen. And I'm supposed to take the time to argue these worthless points, so we never get down to the real core of the problem."

"That's not true at all," she answered.

"It *is* true," he insisted, really starting to heat up. "You expect me to take time out now, to get into some long discussion about whether it's true or not. But it's not gonna work. Understand? I've had enough. It's beginning to bore me. I'm not gonna put up with it anymore. I'm trying to help you, goddamn it! And you don't even wanna help yourself!"

He stopped talking, and a great silence descended upon the room. They glared at each other, sitting up in bed now, each waiting for the other to make the next move.

Tears began welling up in the girl's eyes. She spoke, choking back a sob: "Lay a guilt trip on me. Go ahead."

He rolled his eyes. "You're not gonna start crying now, are you?" he demanded.

The girl exclaimed vehemently: "It's up to me when I cry!"

He did a double take, wondering if he'd heard her right.

To prove her point, she did indeed begin to cry.

He buried his face, finally, in his hands, shaking his head. "Crying," he muttered out loud. "The ultimate defense mechanism."

"What do you expect out of me, anyway?" asked the girl, between heartrending sobs. "Why can't you just accept me the way I am?"

He waited patiently for her to finish, but she played it for all it was worth, working herself up into a fine frenzy, crying hysterically and sniveling at the same time.

"I'm only human," she sobbed. "Just like everyone else. What do you expect out of me, anyway?" she kept repeating. "Why can't you just accept me the way I am?"

The guy shook his head in disgust.

"Unreal," he said. "You're unreal. I can't believe you. I really can't. You're the most neurotic chick I've ever known. The all-time champ. Uncontested. And that's an accomplishment. I mean, you're just one great big bundle of hang-ups. That's all. Miss Neurosis of 1980. I've been meaning to tell you—there's a big difference between neurosis and personality. And you know what I find really hilarious? Here you are, taking these classes—you wanna be an abortion counselor. A counselor! Advising troubled girls. Talk about the blind leading the blind. I'm sure you'll be a source of great comfort and stability to all your fellow sisters."

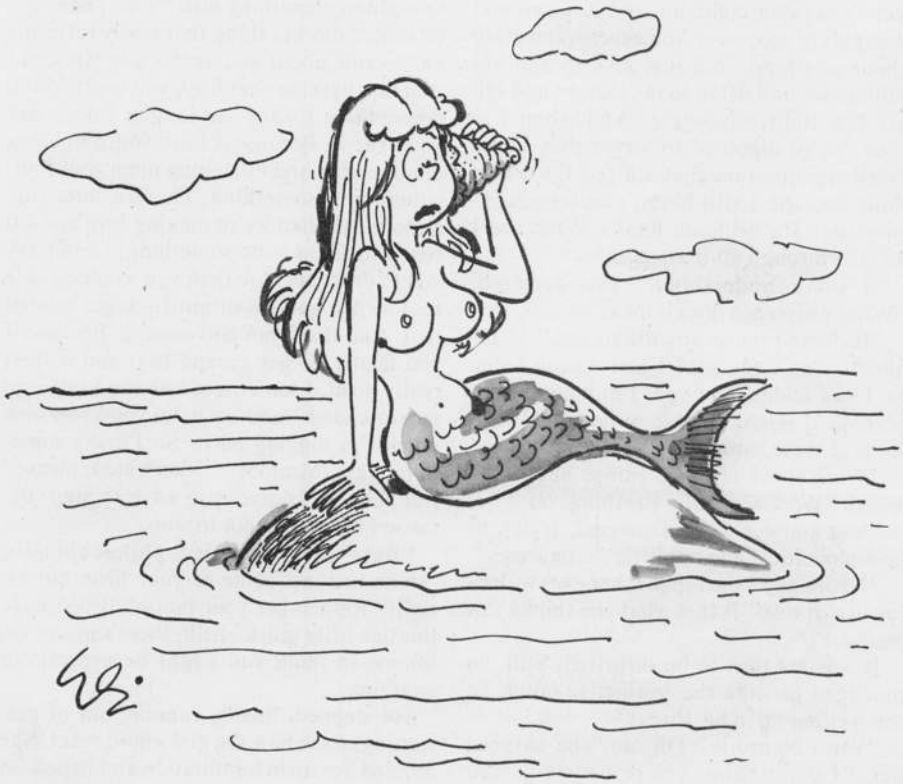
His voice trailed off as he turned to look at her. For, suddenly, he realized he'd gone too far. Crossed the line. Pushed her over the edge.

One glance and he could tell for certain. She sat there rigidly, raging in silent turmoil, inhaling and exhaling through clenched teeth like a caged animal.

Frustrated beyond words, she threw the sheets aside, jumped out of bed, got into her clothes and stormed out into the night, slamming the apartment door behind her.

He'd been sitting in bed all along, watching her dress and depart, without saying a word, wondering what was happening. Something simply did not compute.

He looked slowly around the apartment, lips drawn tight, his head bobbing unconsciously. He realized in a flash: It was *her* place. ■



". . . and once I have you, I'm going to grab hold of your tail and press my body against yours and then I'm going to touch and fondle your . . ."

COLLEEN CAMP

(Continued from page 91)

CAMP: My opinion is that he's a dog—a real, live, wonderful dog. Only he doesn't bark when he's supposed to.

OUI: Did they try cue cards?

CAMP: Hey, did anybody ever tell you that you could make a living as a comedy writer? Don't believe them. Anyway, I take Harold the dog with me wherever I go in the film. He's the reason I don't make it with John Ritter in the bed scene.

OUI: Tell me, tell me.

CAMP: I will if you'll stop panting. Listen, rub my back while I tell you about Harold and John Ritter and the baby food.

OUI: Sure. [starts rubbing] So, go on.

CAMP: OK. In this particular scene, John is in bed, and I am supposed to give him a touch assist.

OUI: A touch assist? Is that like a hand job?

CAMP: No, you terrible man. A touch assist is a form of relaxation by touching pressure points.

OUI: And where does Harold come in?

CAMP: The dog was supposed to jump onto the bed and start licking John's face. Only the dog didn't want to. So the trainer suggested baby food. Moments later, baby food was smeared all over John's face, and Harold jumped up and licked it.

OUI: You've had amazing luck as an actress, being able to work with so many terrific directors—Coppola, Bogdanovich, Michael Ritchie, Herb Ross . . .

CAMP: That's true, but it hasn't all been easy. You know, I never used to push for roles. When I got the part in *Apocalypse Now*, I just walked into the interview very casually, not tense or overly concerned. I read for the part and walked out past twenty other girls. The next day, I got the phone call that the role was mine. I was very calm and relaxed. After that, I got to feeling . . . well, kind of pressed. I read for the part of the girl in *"10,"* the one that Bo Derek got.

OUI: She's, uh, taller.

CAMP: And she was terrific. But I wanted that part; I really wanted it. Maybe too much. But Bo just walked in, calm and cool, so, of course, it was her turn. Then there was *North Dallas Forty*. Another great part, and I wanted it. They told me the part was mine, that there was nobody else. But in the end, I didn't get that, either. Amazing how my change in attitude has kept me from moving ahead.

OUI: So you don't need to be aggressive?

CAMP: Of course not. Just positive and up. I know that I must ask as though I've already received.

OUI: Do you approach sex the same way, open and ready to receive?

CAMP: Love, yes. Sex, not necessarily.

OUI: Are you aggressive in sex?

CAMP: I prefer to think of myself as imaginative, creative and romantic. ■

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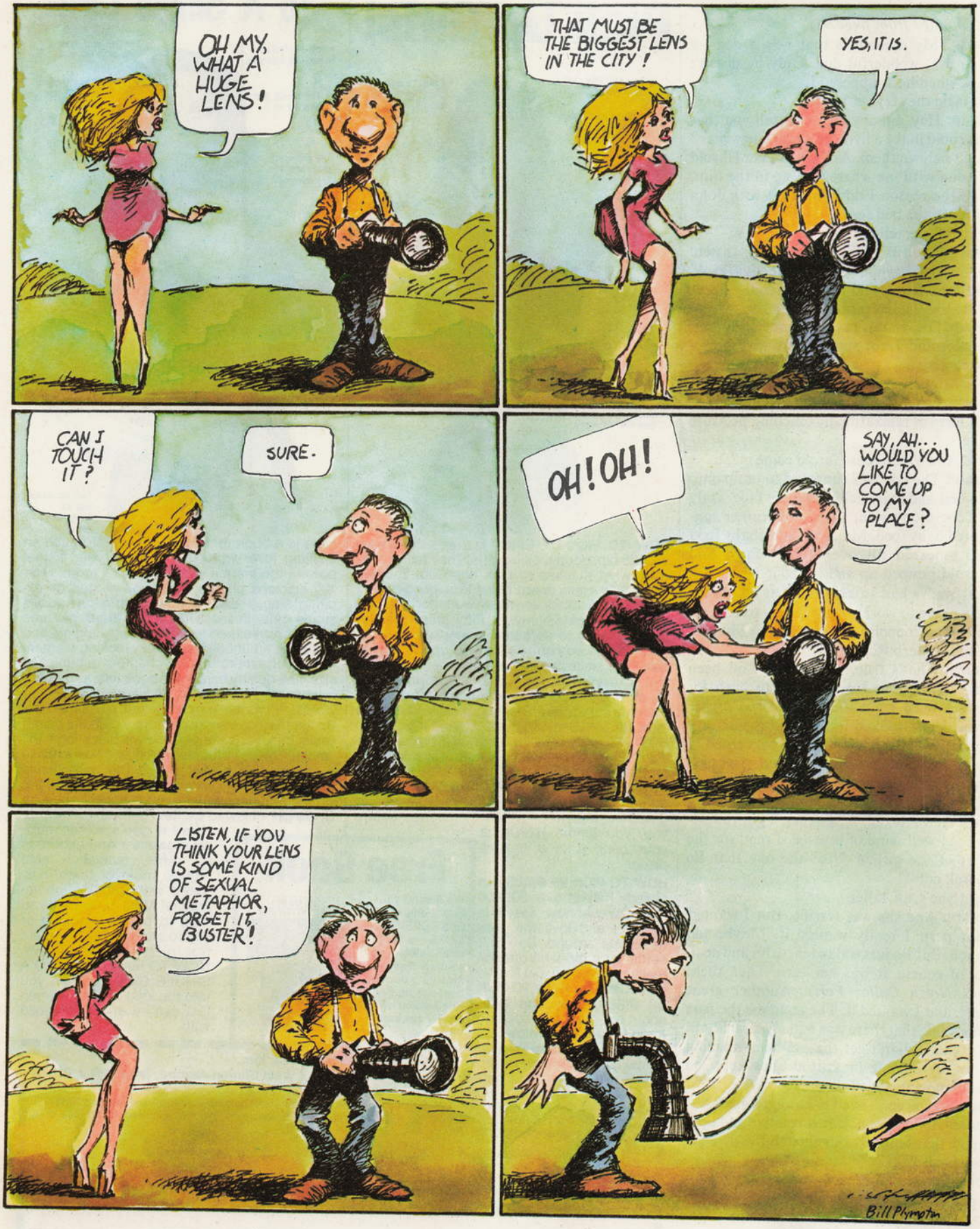
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LISTEN, IF YOU THINK YOUR LENS IS SOME KIND OF SEXUAL METAPHOR, FORGET IT, BUSTER!
Bill Plympton

(Continued from page 81)

longer defied death; they embraced it. He realized that if the gate was right—say 70,000 people or so—it might be worth his while to go whole hog and commit suicide as the finale to one of his acts. "I was just waiting to get a piece of steel through my head."

However, the crashes were beginning to take their toll. "I just hate getting hurt," he admitted. "And when you get hurt doing a stunt, you just don't want to admit it to anybody. One time after I'd jumped about thirty cars, I ended up spending an hour and a half signing autographs with a broken wrist. Right about then I decided it was time to make my move." Not long after that decision, Kruml shook hands with Robinson in Houston.

In March, 1979, the association was cemented in Mexico City at the Olympic Coliseum, in front of 75,000 screaming Mexicans. The opening acts were stupendous. Screwballs drove motorcycles through walls of flame and over spinning helicopter blades (a miss and you're Veg-o-maticked). There were parachutists, balloonists, girls being towed around by their teeth and hair—a bloody circus.

Then Dar did a jump into his air bag from 300 feet. The air bag was a 40′ x 20′ contrivance resembling a chocolate éclair made out of sailcloth. It was filled with air, which was blasted into it by three huge blowers, and it was secured by ropes. If you're holding on to one of these ropes when Robinson hits the bag from 300 feet up, it'll whip out of your hands with enough force to rip your fingerprints off. Needless to say, Señor Dar knocked 'em dead.

For Stan "Crash" Kruml, it was the pinnacle of his life. His car crashing drove the Mexicans nuts. His Murder Mobile flew through the air, slammed into the last automobile and stood vertical. After his crew pried him from the twisted metal, the ebullient Kruml waved to the crowd. They went completely crazy, tossing flowers at him and chanting his name. They even made up songs about him.

Robinson's P.R. contacts quickly established the two as the Mantle and Maris, Crosby and Hope, Leopold and Loeb of thrill-seeking. They became regulars at Knott's Berry Farm in Orange County, California. Robinson would grip a fire extinguisher as Kruml's car once again blew up in midair. Stan manned the air bag blowers as Robinson—standing high on a tower—set himself on fire and leaped into the midnight sky. Their partnership flourished through one wild coup, then another. Robinson leaped from a series of perches that grew higher and higher. Kruml got even more radical (read: more cars, more crashes, more risks). But at least Stan was now getting money and recognition.

Under Robinson's influence, controls were greater, more scientific and precise. There seemed no limit to the stunts they could perform and live to talk about. They planned tours to Japan, South America, Mexico and Israel. They also made plans for the greatest car crash in history: a ramp-to-earth jump so long (400 feet) that no outdoor stadium in the world could hold it . . . so long that the car would have to take off outside—in the parking lot—and fly *over* the stands. The fans would be underneath, freaking out.

The world was suddenly Stan "Crash" Kruml's oyster. He even got to hang Johnny Carson live on *The Tonight Show*; by then, Dar and Stan had become somewhat frequent guests. Robinson brought along a full-scale gallows and then—right there in front of 40 million people—he invited Johnny to a little necktie party. The studio audience went wild, and Johnny felt professionally obliged to go along with the dare.

Kruml, bare-chested, wearing black pants and a black executioner's hood over his head, stood by the noose. Carson was hesitant. Robinson slipped the noose over Johnny's neck, and Carson's eyes ticked over to Kruml's imposing figure. "You're not related to Fred Silverman, are you?" Carson asked.

Stan leaned over and whispered, "His brother." Robinson then pushed a wooden lever, the floor fell out and, sure as shit, Johnny was hung, to the gasps of the audience.

Carson's head fell to one side and was motionless. Just as the audience was beginning to wonder, *What the hell . . . ?* dead Johnny suddenly came back to life, mugging like a madman.

The Great Carsoni was well aware, of course, that Robinson and Kruml had taken steps to nix his throttling. Specifically, they'd fitted Johnny with a harness under his shirt, which Robinson then hooked to a safety cable hidden within the noose. The rope never more than brushed his throat and Johnny lived to guffaw another day.

Meanwhile, Dar and Stan continued to book Hall of Fame stunts that put them right up there with such all-time greats as Gene Perkins (a silent-film double who was killed at the age of 24 in a fall that drove the bones of his legs through the heels of his shoes), Fred "Speed" Osborne (crippled for life after he drove a motorcycle off the New York Palisades and his parachute failed to deploy) and the incomparable Dick Grace (who once slammed a specially prepared Spad fighter plane to earth at 90 mph without breaking so much as a fingernail).

But stunt work is a young man's game. Now that both were within laughing distance of 40, they wanted to secure their reps and financial rewards PDQ—cash in and get out. Alive.

Eventually, a weird sort of calculated

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hysteria began to dictate their decisions. And at least one member of Robinson's crew became convinced that one of them would buy the ranch during 1979. "It could be jumping more cars or making more free falls," he told OUI before Stan got fried. "They're both pushing it way too far." Maybe, but in one wild burst of stuntmanship, the two of them had taken the limits of death-defiance beyond any previously known bounds.

•

"I ain't no fuckin' Evel Knievel, I can tell ya that." Stan "Crash" Kruml was talking like he used to in the old days. Stan could still eat Hell's Angels for lunch, but now he'd say things like "Have a nice day" a lot. Still, the subject of Evel was a tetchy one. "You can't help but admire a guy that'll go out and spread himself all over the asphalt, weekend after weekend," Stan said. "But Evel sure as hell ain't no stuntman. He's a daredevil. Daredevils aren't stunt people. Stunt work is an *art*, where the object is to take the greatest possible risk without getting crunched. A daredevil doesn't care whether he gets hurt or not. Me, I've got no use for that kind of stuff anymore.

"Believe it or not, you can't go around setting yourself on fire, leaping off buildings and totaling automobiles every day without having a great deal of common sense." Stan was relaxing in his L.A. apartment, shortly before he faced the Tunnel of Fire. His place was nice, civilized. Paintings on the wall, rugs on the floor. Stan had been taking it easy of late, trying to set up his Stop Harassment Committee. That's a little thing he worked out so that if somebody were bugging you or pushing you around, you could hire Stan Kruml to go make whoever it is cut it the fuck out. Just another part of the American service industry.

BUDDIES

"We've put hundreds of thousands into research," Dar says. "But my work scares the hell out of me."

He'd likewise picked up a few dollars serving as John Travolta's bodyguard during the filming of *The Urban Cowboy*, and he recently set up a deal to provide literally hundreds of cars to movie studios for gag work—chases, crashes, you name it. Stan was also asking, and getting, over 25 grand a pop to stage big humps in the Murder Mobile. In short, Stan "Crash" Kruml was near the top of the stuntman's world.

Still, he was not an entirely happy man. He and Dar Robinson had had a falling out. Sometimes when you're just about the bravest man in the world, it tends to go to your head. Feuds among stunt people are common, and Kruml and Robinson proved to be no exception. There was a misunderstanding over which of the two was going to do a particularly hazardous—and lucrative—stunt, and Robinson cut Stan loose. "He just wouldn't listen to me," Robinson explained. "I spend a tremendous amount of effort preparing some of these stunts and Stan just wants to argue. I can't afford the time."

"You must be very proud."

"I don't know what it is," Stan shook his head. "Dar Robinson is my friend." Stan was no fussbudget, but this was serious. Like many American overachievers, he would rather risk his life than his career. "In this business, it's not what you know; it's who you know. If Dar gets mad enough at somebody, he can just put 'em out of work. He's the main man, that much of a power with the studios." In short, Robinson is a buyer, not a seller, and protégés—even relatively big-time ones—are a dime a dozen.

Kruml's entire stunt future had been jeopardized. For Robinson is not only stuntdom's main man, but his star continues to ascend. He and his associates intend to break three dozen world stunt records during the next couple of years—Robinson himself may attempt an air bag jump from one *mile* high.

Chances are excellent that by the time you read this, Robinson will have done yet another high fall from the top of the CN Tower—this time without a parachute and *without* an air bag. He is keeping top secret the mechanism that will so revolutionize the high fall.

"We've put hundreds of thousands of dollars into research and we're going to jack up the record so high that no one can touch me or begin to compete with me," Robinson offered. Then he added, "But my work scares the hell out of me. I don't want to be killed."

Stan would have dearly loved to be a part of that action. "This business is full of guys with nowhere to go and the rest of their lives to get there," he told us. "I don't want to end up like that. These days, you gotta be part of an organization to survive and prosper. The thing is, as much as I respect Dar, I know I can compete with him. I guess now I'll have to."

Kruml was sort of free-associating about his career. His pretty girlfriend got him another beer. He talked about his injuries, about his future. To be frank, Stan "Crash" Kruml said he wouldn't mind expiring in bed. "You know that big Astrodome jump? A lotta people saw it but, as for recognition, I didn't get zilch. If Dar hadn't got wind of it and made me a partner, it wouldn't have been worth it. That stuff takes it outta you, man. I don't wanna spend the rest of my life risking my neck for a thousand bucks." He looked up and smiled. "You know what? A lotta that shit is just plain *scary*. The amateurs don't make it; they're like toilet paper. They can do a good job—once. I know. During the last year, I put five guys in black plastic bags; four of 'em were friends."

Stan pulled on his beer, and the conversation switched to a lighter subject: about the time he set up a camera behind his head during one of the jump-and-crash stunts. The film was amazing; it showed his entire body lurching forward on impact, his arms and elbows exploding toward the dashboard. Then the recoil, almost as severe. His head slammed backward. Seeing the film, Stan was astounded. He never re-

alized that he was that much out of control, and he said that the chance that his body will eventually betray him is as certain as the fact that one day he will surely die.

•

Stan lives.

He spent 35 seconds—more than twice the time planned—in the tunnel furnace, but he finally made it out alive. "The second time I fell," he says, "I could see flames six inches high coming off my hands. I can still feel them burning." He speaks now from a room in the Burn Center of the Sherman Oaks Community Hospital. His hands—what are left of them, anyway—are wrapped in vast white mittens of gauze. "I exercise now all the time," he explains, bending his legs back and forth on the bed. "If I didn't, I'd go out of my mind from the pain. There's nothing they can do to knock it out. Tranks, downs, anesthetics—nothing seems to work."

He's been completely lucid for days. Ever since he careened down the last few feet of the tunnel, his hands and feet on fire. He could have bailed out by falling to the ground and rolling out an escape slit on the left side, but he kept going right to the end. His heat-suited crew grabbed him as he staggered out. Kruml's space helmet was seared to the rest of his suit and had to be ripped off. He screamed, "*My hands! My hands!*" They removed his charred heat suit from his body as quickly and deftly as they could and then stuck his arms in ice water to the elbows. His heat boots had burned all the way through, but his feet were saved by the Nike running shoes he was wearing. Paramedics pumped him full of morphine, but couldn't knock him out. He never went into shock and never lost consciousness.

After being helicoptered to Sherman Oaks, the bones of both hands were bathed in enzymes to remove the barbecued flesh and muscle. He remains in agony 24 hours a day and spends his time waving his arms slowly up and down like semaphores in order to *move* the pain. He faces three months of plastic surgery to make his hands look like anything more than meat hooks. The hospital monitor camera mounted above his bed keeps him under constant watch by at least one doctor or nurse. He must be fed and bathed and attended to constantly by nurses. Still, he remains determined, "Nothing will ever whip me. I took it and got up every goddamn time. I could have bailed out and I didn't." He rocks back and forth on his pillows, "I broke the records, and if my hands can be saved enough to grip a steering wheel, I'll break my own record jumping cars as soon as I can get another contract."

Hasn't he had enough of the stunt business?

"Are you kidding?" he says, closing his eyes. He's quiet for a moment, then holds his gauze-wrapped hands out over his stomach, "After this, what could happen that could possibly be any worse?" ■

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(Continued from page 100)

guy who did the hockey strip in *Slap Shot*) to ride a bicycle, carrying what looks like the laundry for an entire commune. Mazursky is there, looking harried, and so is el assistant director-o. There's also a child star, an adorable little four-year-old girl, who looks like she'll be big trouble down the road. And then there's Sven. Sven the Genius, who spends the entire time walking around with his hands in his front pockets, looking like he'd rather be alone. I wonder how much he makes, and where I can go to apply for his job.

I'd like to watch them shoot this scene, but I realize that the prop people may have already started dismantling my apartment. I head back to see if they've moved any walls or put cigarette burns on any of the towels. But when I walk into the front room, I find it sort of like you'd find your dead uncle just after embalming—different somehow, but still recognizable. The decor is very much like mine, somewhere between early head shop and late Watergate. In fact, it looks like the apartment of every girl I knew in 1969. There's India Madras all over the place, Tibetan prayer wheels, Nepalese temple bells . . .

One of the propmen comes to me with a deal: "I'll tell you everything you want to know about the movies," he says. "Just give me the keys for three hours on Saturday." I consider this, but he hedges when I ask if I'm invited, so no deal. I stick around and watch them for a while longer, but after I see the same set of pillows go up and down the stairs three times, I start to get bored. It's a little like watching a training film for Mayflower Van & Storage. So I go back to my hotel (yes, the studio has put me up in a hotel for the interim and given me a per diem that in my own real life would amount to a per monthum) to send out invitations for my Keith Moon Memorial Trash-the-Room Party.

Before I get very far with that, I fall into a daydream about Margot. The fantasy takes shape: I'm at the house on shooting day, watching coolly from a corner as everyone waits for the cast. Finally Margot is there—not arriving so much as *settling*. Our eyes meet. Right away it's obvious to her, to me and to everyone else that all she wants is to get this scene in the can so she can go on with the real business of her life, which is meeting and getting lust smitten by me. The look in her eyes tells me she's already forgotten that flying faggot from Krypton. This doesn't really surprise me; I mean, how could a girl like Margot be serious about someone who wears his underpants on the outside?

•

Monday. Shooting day. I arrive early to see if any of my chairs have survived to act as receptacles for Margot's beautiful buns. The art director and his crew are already there, doing some nervous, last-minute pillow fluffing in preparation for the arrival of

HOME MOVIES

"Margot's on the set!" I try to get a look at her, but she seems to be drowning in her own entourage.

Prince Mazursky. The assistant director comes in with his 13-year-old son, who gets introduced as "el chip off the old block-o." The sound man comes in singing *Slip Slidin' Away*. Everyone sits around waiting for Mazursky, relaxed, discussing their past marriages.

Suddenly, there's a flurry as Mazursky arrives with Sven the Genius and an African parrot named Scott. Apparently, Scott is part of the set decoration, and he really is decorative—gray all over, but with a bright-red tail that makes him look like he's just been butt-fucked by an eagle. Mazursky's hair has been curled for a scene in which he'll be acting, and the script girl compliments him on it, using the word *gorgeous* four times in one sentence. Mazursky checks it out in the mirror. "I like it," he says. "It covers the hole."

By now, the place is filling up with crewmen. We have Slouch, an enormous mastodonlike creature, who looks like he might know something about what happened to Jimmy Hoffa. Then there's a handsome guy wearing an Aspen T-shirt, a beak-nosed Italian who can't stop smiling and another smaller mastodon who must be Slouch's little brother. These guys barge about looking purposeful but actually accomplishing just about nothing. Still, they're human dynamos next to Sven, who, in honor of today's interior, has his hands in his *back* pockets.

I hear a commotion outside, and I start down the hall to see what's going on. Before I get very far, I'm overtaken by the sound cart and bowled into the bathroom. By the time I climb over the thing and out again, Child Star has arrived, bringing an entourage that makes Jesus Christ look like a loner. She marches up the stairs and into the living room. When she sees the basket of toys the prop people have prepared for her, she stops dead.

Child Star: "What are these?"

Chorus: [in *Sesame Street* tones] "They're your toys!"

Child Star: [unimpressed] "These are baby toys."

Mommy: "That's all right. You're supposed to pretend you're three."

Apparently satisfied, Child Star troops off into the living room. Mom looks like she's a little astounded that it worked.

Now I hear the sounds that I've been longing for and dreading at the same time: *Smash*, silence, *tinkle*. A glass lampshade (theirs) has fallen off a lamp (also theirs) and broken on the floor (mine).

One of the prop people asks me for some Super Glue. If there is any, it's in the bathroom, which is still fully occupied by the sound cart. I climb over it again, braving castration, to search for the Super Glue. All I find is some A-200 Pyrinate and the whistle my girlfriend once used to ward off a blind rapist. By the time I get back out of there, they've sent out for the glue, and I've lost my chance to get on the payroll.

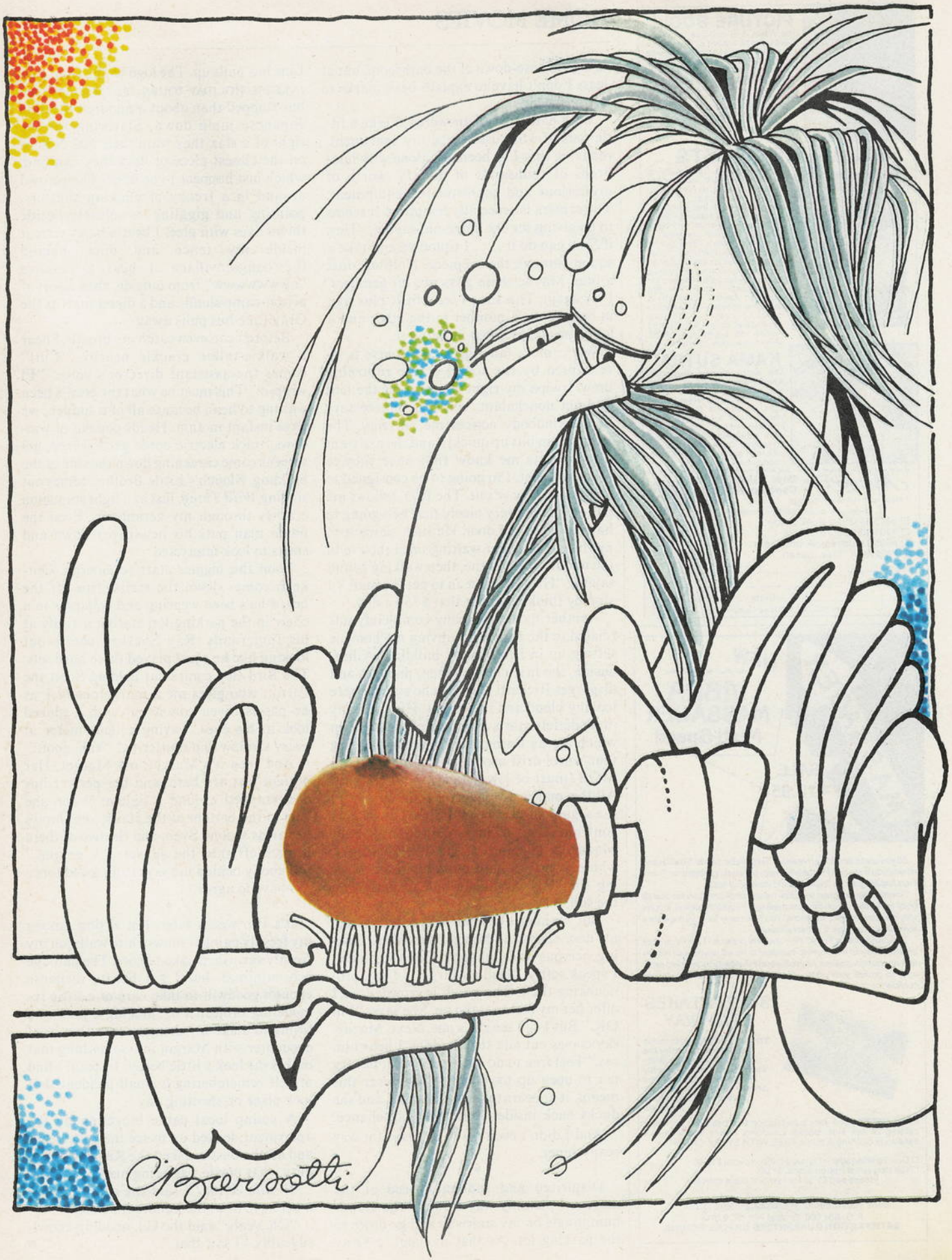
What's even more depressing is that I still haven't laid eyes on Margot.

Then, as if some kind god had heard my thought, I hear a shout: "Margot's on the set!" I try to get a look at her, but she seems to be drowning in her own entourage. As I shift to get a better glimpse, I get jabbed in the back with a light stanchion, which pushes me right through the living room and out onto the porch. In the meantime, Margot has gotten past me and is now in the living room. I can see her through the window—can I be arrested for being a Peeping Tom at my own home? She's wearing a white dress, cut magnificently low, and she's hugging someone whose identity I can't make out. All I know is that he's not me.

So here I am on the porch, trying to find someplace with a better view of my living room. Out here, the scene belongs to the crew. Slouch and Aspen are building what looks like a scale model of the Grand Coulee Dam on my stairway, while someone else calls for "four sixties and a lot of rope." Keep on Smiling is putting four huge gel filters over the windows, making the apartment look like it was in a car wreck while wearing sunglasses. In the middle of all this activity, a union rep sits reading the *Los Angeles Times*, running Sven neck and neck for the Inertia Award. To pass the time, the assistant director tries to convince the script girl that walkie-talkies make you sterile.

Inside, they've apparently finished rehearsal for whatever scene they're shooting. The door opens, and everyone spills out and down the stairs, driving me back against the porch railing and once again obscuring my view of Margot. It's lunchtime. They all head out to the parking lot and the catering trucks, while I finally regain entry to my own home. Just in time, too, because I have to take a flaming piss.

The toilet, however, is still being jealously guarded by the sound cart. I manage to get over that without serious injury, only to find myself straddling the cage of Scott the Parrot—and I've been told he's one vicious bird. I could try to piss *over* this mess, but there are always those last few seconds at the end when gravity starts to outdo bladder pressure and pee wants to run down your leg. To get close enough, I have to lift the vicious Scott's cage. He lets out a menacing "awwk." I whip it out, anyway. He divebombs the bars with a heartrending screech, and my *schvantz* literally leaps from my hands in self-defense. This results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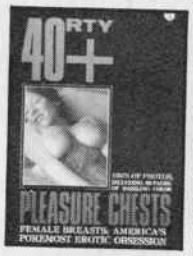

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HOME MOVIES

in a good hose-down of the bathroom, but at least I don't have to explain beak marks to my girlfriend.

With nature's call answered, I take a little tour of what used to be my apartment, realizing that I've been left alone with hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of mysterious and sophisticated equipment. The camera is especially tempting. It seems to be giving me the come-on, saying, "Hey, if *Sven* can do it . . ." I tiptoe up and take a squint through the eyepiece. Nothing. Just a blur. Maybe these guys are *all* geniuses. I try again. This time I see a little plus sign in one corner, a number in the other and a lot of pistachio green in between.

My camera familiarization course is interrupted by the sound of the returning crew. I wipe my right eyeprint off the lens and act nonchalant, which is unnecessary because nobody notices me, anyway. The living room fills up quickly, and the assistant director lets me know that once they're ready to shoot, I'm going to be consigned to el porch-o. I move out. The A.D. follows me out, telling me very nicely that he's going to have to close the door. He then slams it in my face. I consider waiting until they're in the middle of the scene, then walking in and saying, "Hi. Just came in to get the mail." I stop by thinking about that $750 a day.

Another movie company completely unrelated to the people occupying my home is setting up in front of the building. A limousine, the first one I've seen, pulls up and disgorges Richard Harris, who stands there looking blond and important. His company immediately starts filming a chase scene in which a gray Camaro does an ear-piercing four-wheel drift around my corner with an MGB (must be low budget) in hot pursuit. All this makes a wonderful counterpoint to the argument being shot inside. I envision a confrontation: Harris complains about Mazursky hogging all the available light, whereupon Paul pulls out a contract showing that Fox has taken out an option on the sun.

But nothing like that happens. Instead, my door opens and Margot bursts out, looking nervous and unhappy. Our eyes meet. I speak softly. "Hello, Margot," I say, pronouncing the *t*. The porch is crowded, so I offer her my feet to stand on. She says, "I'm OK." But I can see she's not. Next, Mazursky comes out and they huddle. I hear him say, "Feel free to do what you want, but try not to open up too much." Whatever this means, it appears to soothe Margot, and she ducks back inside. Gone. My big chance.

And I didn't even get to ask her if it was really super.

•

Dispirited and suddenly tired of the movies, I pick my way through the aluminum jungle on my stairway and go down to the parking lot. At that moment, a Gray Line bus pulls up. The logo on the front says INKETSU HOLIDAY TOURS. No sooner has the bus stopped than about a hundred tittering Japanese jump down. Slavering for the sight of a star, they train their 300 Nikons on the closest piece of flesh they can find, which just happens to be mine. They crowd around in a frenzy of clicking shutters, pointing and giggling, absolutely beside themselves with glee. I beat a hasty retreat inside my fence and duck behind the bougainvillaea. I hear a massive "awwwwwww" from outside, then a sort of prison-camp shuffle and a diesel snarl as the Gray Line bus pulls away.

Before I can even catch my breath, I hear a walkie-talkie crackle nearby. "Cut!" comes the assistant director's voice. "El wrap-o!" This must be what the crew's been waiting to hear, because all of a sudden, we have instant motion. Heads pop out of windows, thick electric cords get lowered, gel screens come careening down the side of the building. Slouch's Little Brother comes out singing *Wild Thing*, just as a light stanchion crashes through my geraniums. Even the union man puts his newspaper down and starts to look interested.

Soon the biggies start to emerge. Ontkean comes down the stairs, rips off the beard he's been wearing and collapses in a chair in the parking lot, staring artfully at his fingernails. Ray Sharkey comes out looking like he's just played three hard sets. The Bird Boy comes out holding Scott the Parrot, who gives me a murderous look as he passes. Sven comes out with a glazed look in his eyes, waving a light meter at every shadow and muttering, "Yah, goot."

And then it's Margot, my Margot. Her perfect feet are bare, and her perfect lips are wrapped around a Salem. When she gets to the bottom of the stairs, she throws her arms around Sven, and the two of them prance off into the sunset. "A genius," somebody behind me says in an awed tone.

I have to agree.

•

It's two weeks later. I'm sitting among my freshly painted snow-white walls, on my freshly varnished oaken floors. The damage was minimal, but I got Fox to dispense enough goodwill to take care of a little remodeling project. I'm smoking a joint and trying to make my memory turn that brief encounter with Margot into something that makes me look a little better. Instead, I find myself remembering a small incident that took place on shooting day.

A young local came bicycling by the apartment, looked up to see the gel screens and all the bustle, asked the Rent-a-Cop on duty what movie was being made.

"*Willie & Phil*," said the cop, for what must have been the hundredth time.

"Oh, yeah," said the kid, nodding knowledgeably. "I saw that." ■

POT OF GOLD

(Continued from page 59)

long, luxurious drag. That was the number four. And as Blanche keenly observed an hour or so later, "It keeps coming on."

The judging continued. Al, a veteran of dope competitions like this one, sucked on orange sections to refresh his taste buds between sample joints. Later, he'd pump himself up for further efforts with a few scoops of carob ice cream. Nick, the judge who in real life is a pilot for a nonsked airline, had just flown in from Mexico. He bent low beneath the lights, working over the four-point taste portion of the scorecard, evaluating the elements of flavor, curing and sweetness. Next, he had to confront the six-point effect portion, a rating symbolized by a tiny hammer on the scorecard and defined officially as "the degree to which your perception is positively influenced."

"This is not a game for children," Nick announced, drawing on number eight, his eyes crossing slightly.

•

Friday night at nine, the judges assembled for a preliminary assessment. Fat roaches hung between insensate fingers. Many of the judges seemed dazed. Nick had a joint of number 16 tucked behind his right ear.

The judges agreed that it had to be at least two A.M. So far, most had sampled only five or six of the 20 exhibits. They discussed the various space-time implications of cosmic-botanical relativity for a while (or so it claims in my notes). A couple of people sought crystalline refreshment; others simply sipped at their Heinekens.

Back at the sampling tables, Al pleaded for someone to roll him an eight. We smoked it together in the hot tub. I heard him mutter, "Good hammer."

By midmorning Saturday, the aroma of strong coffee mingled with a whiff of the day's first joint. There were fires crackling in the fireplaces, and a crew lugging crates of fruit into the kitchen. Guys on the deck filled an old-fashioned bathtub with beer and wine and ice.

We watched a short blond guy, who was wearing a blue shirt, black tie and white floor-length lab smock, set up advanced equipment on the microscope table. He had a plastic-covered name card that said Microscope Mike. Stonily, Jack and I watched his slender, scientific fingers focus a Nikon on a resin gland. "Fortunately," Jack said after a while, "most of the *indica* plants I've developed mature about a month earlier than the *sativas*. The growing season is also short in the Afghani mountains. Here, it means the cops and the ripoff punks have less time to catch us." Jack passed us a joint, a spliff-size sample of his personal stash. It was so packed with volatile oils that a solid toke curled immediately downward to the cough-reflex muscle and softly velvet-gloved it. "The secret," Jack said, "is to grow your weed in a lot of small, separate plots. Even if a few get busted, you're still in business."

•

The Federal government is funding some kind of high-tech dope-abatement shitstorm in Mendocino County. But these primo-weed fanciers weren't only getting high. They were snapping their Mork-from-Ork rainbow suspenders, scraping secret high-grow mulch off their Frye boots and trading cautionary tales of dope vigilantes and rustlers in four-wheel drives. This festival is a sort of new-age Grange, where growers can swap advice on the handling of deer, poachers, gophers and the DEA's infrared surveillance satellite.

I'd heard these tales before. During last fall's harvest season, Larry the carpenter dropped by, clenching a Ziploc of his stash in a heavily bandaged left hand. "Goddamn kids," he said. "Climbed our fence. But we were ready for 'em." He shook his head as I rolled a joint. His stuff was a little green then but, after curing, it packed a wallop that fetched $225 an ounce in New York City. "They had cans of spray paint to use like mace," Larry said. "And they had tire irons. But so did we. We put one of the little bastards in the hospital."

Today, there's occasional talk of older thugs wearing ski masks ripping off growers at shotgun point. But like the hospitality shown *Cannabis indica* by the weather and the topography in these parts, the local climate of opinion is frequently benign. Folks appreciate a crop that repays a little know-how with vast amounts of cash.

•

I looked around the room at the improbable but smiling collection of prosperous exurbanites and their old ladies, successful guerrilla capitalists, outlaw farmers gathering after a chilly growing season and a tension-filled harvest. On a sideboard in the tasting room lay an array of blue ribbons and the grand-prize trophy—a two-foot, stained-glass pyramid on an oaken base. A large, purple-gold marijuana bud had been worked into the front panel. Mot, a craftsman from Southern California and also one of the judges, made the trophy himself two years ago.

The festival cranked on. On the average, 20 joints were circulating at any given time. Microscope Mike pinned up small signs: PLEASE BE GENTLE. DON'T TOUCH LENS. PLEASE TAKE CARE NOT TO JIGGLE TABLE. Gasping smokers wandered out onto the deck for a beer and a breath of fresh air. In the kitchen, they abated the munchies with blenderized fruit drinks. In a back room, they could observe a harassed computer expert in an adjustable plastic cap tune his portable keyboard console, switch his data-storage deck to FAST FORWARD and check

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his print-out unit. Yes, folks, they actually had a computer humming to tabulate the complex scorecards.

Out back, a steaming hot tub attracted a flock of stoned ladies. They undressed in the room where the computer was purring. The guy in the plastic cap turned down a joint but gawked discreetly as the girls squealed and shook their software out into the tub. Once in, Denise conducted a very informal seminar on pot-growing techniques while everyone else tried to keep her joint dry.

Back in the tasting room, Marc Benno's *Lost in Austin* was playing just below the level of crowd noise. After 24 hours of nonstop puffing, you could just about roll the air and smoke that.

•

"I'm in a deep fade," Larry the carpenter was saying. It was sunset. Microscope Mike was asking people to please try to keep their eyelashes off the lenses. The line at the tasting tables was now only two deep. Many people moved glacially, managing to remain upright only by instinct. So the advent of Julie, a lady in black velvet with a big mirror full of fat lines of cocaine, was a welcome sight to many. Larry moved faster than I'd seen anybody go all day. At two dollars a hit, the coke moved fast, too. It launched another wave of energy, hilarity and dope tasting. Zack and Bud collected the score sheets and turned them over to the computer. Julie came back with her mirror refilled. Everyone had another line and another joint.

•

". . . all entries carefully considered from all aspects and from five different viewpoints . . . all of which, of course, are as valid and equal to do dah de do de dah . . ." Everybody was trying to concentrate on Tony's awards speech, including Tony. But we were all too wrecked, including Tony. "Anyhow," he said at last, "we took one final vote and decided that all you people are really dangerous."

Zack's number 16, the magnificent Fat Donna, won the popular vote. The dark, inviting curl of its jumbo buds and the power of its smoke won it the Special Stash award from the judges, as well as separate blue ribbons for fragrance, taste and effect. The judges' Grand Champion was number four, Purple Lady—the same delicious, numbing specimen that Larry had touted from the start. Purple Lady, whose tight redolent flowers showed more magenta hairs than pea-green husk, turned out to be the product of a grinning, shy upstate grower with a graying ponytail and a sure touch with *Cannabis indica*. For this entry, he'd crossed a pure Afghani strain with some potent Hawaiian seeds. "Dig those hairs," someone wrote on a ballot. "Kicked me upstairs. Where God was waiting!" Purple Lady also took first place for appearance. The Sticky Fingers award—a five-pound jug of honey—went to another domesticated Afghanistan plant called Solar Eclipse.

"Well, number eleven was the one that made my face turn red and my ears get hot," Larry said. Next year, he promised an Affy-Affy cross, by which he meant a union of seeds from Afghanistan and Africa. "It'll make you high," he said. I believe him. ■

(Continued from page 36)

half time, and my girl and I joined them. Suddenly, I heard her firing questions at one guy whom neither of us had met before. I remembered how we had met that night at the party. I realized that that was her technique to break the ice with a man she was interested in.

Now, wherever I go, I have no trouble meeting girls. I just go up and start asking questions. If I am not interested in the answers, I move on. If I *am* interested in the girl, I find out lots about her fast.

It's surprising how easy it is for all of us to talk about our favorite subject, ourselves. It's also amazing how quickly the questions become intimate if the girl is really responsive. She'll often end up telling me what kind of sex she likes, her favorite positions and the things that turn her on. More than once, the girl has said something to me like: "I can't believe I'm telling you all these things about me!"

By the time I ask her if she would like to come back to my apartment with me, it seems like just one more question in the string of questions. And, like most of the others, I get a positive answer.

TOM V.
South Bend, Indiana

Picking up girls at discos and parties has always been difficult for me. I guess I'm not very competitive with other guys. Whenever I walk into a crowded room or bar, I look around and just know that I'll leave the same way I came in—alone. I'm most successful in places where I can just be myself and where I don't feel like I'm in competition with every other male in the place. The girls I've dated, I've met at car washes, the supermarket or the laundromat.

At the car wash, I pick out a girl who, like myself, is waiting for her car to come through. I stand quietly next to her and wait until a really hot set of wheels comes out; then I ask her if it's her car. It doesn't matter what the answer is; the ice is broken. I ask her about her car, and tell her about mine. If she seems interested, I invite her to have a cup of coffee. If she accepts, I just let nature take its course.

I have more time at the supermarket. If I see a girl I like, I make sure I get behind her in line. Then I start talking about food, shopping, anything that comes to mind. Of course, if her basket is full of baby food and disposable diapers, I cool it fast. If I spot lots of frozen dinners for one, I feel like a miner who has just struck gold.

When I want to make a pickup at the laundromat, I sound like one of those guys on a television soap commercial. I ask the girl of my choice about her detergent, her bleach, anything. I act like I'm playing in her ball park and I don't know the game. Of course, if I see lots of men's undershorts in

her wash, I move on to a more likely prospect.

A few months ago, I approached a pretty lady at my laundromat. One soap and two bleach questions later, I learned that she was only passing through the city on her way out West. She showed me her VW van, and we spent the next hour exploring it from the inside while our clothes were drying.

A.C.
Lincoln, Nebraska

I am in the army, and I'm stationed in Germany. Although I have been here for nearly a year and speak a little Deutsch, when I go into a bar to pick up a *Fräulein*, I pretend that I cannot speak or understand one word of the language.

I sit at the bar, drink beer and smile at all the girls. Every one of them. Sooner or later, one girl will come over to me and start to speak. If she speaks in German, I'll show her that I do not understand, but I'll keep smiling all the while. If she speaks any English, I've got no problem—no matter what I say, it sounds great.

More than once, I've spent a happy night with a *Fräulein*, and we haven't had to speak a word to each other—the international language of love does it all.

B. McM.
Weinsberg, West Germany

I am a clinical psychologist. Many of my friends and clients are young people who express having difficulties in meeting others of the opposite sex. I would like to offer a suggestion that may help some of your readers.

Consider the expression "pickup." Notice that it has a meaning other than the one that probably first comes to mind. It also means to elevate one's spirits, to make a person feel good.

If you remember that your intention is to "pickup" the spirits of the person you are talking to, to make him or her feel better, your chances of rapidly developing that relationship are greatly enhanced.

ED V., PH.D.
Mount Vernon, New York

For me, the idea of a pickup technique implies something fabricated and false. When I am just being myself, I do not feel that I am using a technique. If the girl I've just met doesn't like me at the time, she sure as hell won't want to go to bed with me later. So I move along until I find a girl I like who likes me. Techniques are for actors.

P.G.C.
Eugene, Oregon

Thank you for your *Speak Easy* column on pickup techniques. I now know that I am not alone in my despair. I work as an auto mechanic at a large dealership here in Columbus. From the way the other mechanics talk about their pickup successes, I thought I was some kind of freak. I've gotten to the point where I do not go to discos at all because I can't seem to get started talking to a girl. I'll spend an hour walking around, nursing a drink and eyeing the girl I want to dance with before I can even get up the nerve to ask her. After we dance, I take her back to her table, and then I'm stuck—I can't think of anything to say to her. I usually end up going home early.

Your column made me realize that lots of guys (and girls, too) need advice on how to meet others. Last week, I went to a disco and, instead of looking for the prettiest, classiest lady in the place, I looked around for the girl who looked the shiest and the most uncomfortable. There were plenty of them! I had never bothered to look before. I went up to a nice-looking girl who had spent the previous few minutes staring into her drink, and I asked her to dance. Afterward, we sat together, and I told her how difficult it was for me to meet girls. She laughed and told me she was scared, too. We ended up spending the night together.

Thank you, OUI!

O.R.
Columbus, Ohio

I'm a 30-year-old schoolteacher. I must admit I'm not very good at picking up men, but my dog sure is. I have a small dog, a terrier, and every time we go for a walk, I'm amazed at how many other dogs we meet. Fortunately, many of them are attached to leashes that are also attached to good-looking men.

While my dog and the other dog circle and sniff each other, I have a chance to talk with the guy. It's as though we were circling and sniffing each other, too. If I like what I see and hear and smell, then I am more than willing to meet the man later for drinks or dinner.

Early one morning, I went out to walk my dog, and I was dressed only in my robe. We both saw a familiar puppy coming toward us, but the good-looking guy holding the leash was not the puppy's owner. He, too, wore only a robe and, as I approached, I realized that his robe was open just enough to show me that he had nothing on underneath.

I soon learned that Mr. Good Looking was apartment-sitting for his friend, the puppy's master. The more we talked and the more glimpses I caught of his chest and legs inside that robe, the more turned on I got. I invited him back to my apartment for coffee. It wasn't very long before our robes were on the floor, our dogs were playing in the living room and the man and I were enjoying some early-morning lovemaking.

L.W.
Tallahassee, Florida

Readers with similar experiences or who simply want to sound off on related subjects are encouraged to write OUI *Speak Easy 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.*

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OUI

*"For Chrissakes, son, how do you think your mother and I feel . . .
finding out that our boy likes to go to bed with inflatable rubber dolls?"*

CABLEVISION

(Continued from page 51)

more of the pay-cable networks like HBO), the subscriber is in the "upper-demographics." In other words, he/she earns more money, spends more money, watches more television and flosses more frequently. That's a nice thing for an advertiser to hear. You just might convince one to take a chance.

If you don't have the money or production value to go on a satellite, a second alternative is "bicycling" your show to select markets. Many of the great public-access sex shows that have been treated like "public-abscesses" by the stodgy satellite owners have taken to mailing out their tapes to individual areas, wherein several systems might share the tape. The American Cable Network in Traverse City, Michigan, sounds like a mighty presumptuous title for a small company that will bicycle your tape for $100, which buys six hours. All you have to do is supply one three-quarter-inch tape.

If you only want to increase the coverage in your immediate vicinity and don't want to shell out money for someone else to do it for you, then do it yourself.

Go to your local library and find out the names of the largest (in terms of subscribers) cable systems within a 500-mile radius. Choose three or four of the systems and call the local program managers. Push your product. Most of the program managers are at least willing to listen to someone who might have an interesting new piece of software.

Unless you have something really hot and in the can (i.e., tasteful sex that might go on the adult channel or a tape of Andy Kaufman wrestling Greta Garbo), the program manager probably won't buy your show. Budgets are small for that sort of thing.

However, he might agree to air it on a barter basis; he'll put it on for free if you let him sell one or two of the commercial spots. If you want to keep them all, he might even charge you the going rate for the leased channel. Don't haggle. Even if he doesn't pay you or if you have to put up a small down payment, the increased coverage will add to your selling package and prestige in the business. The key word is credibility. It takes more than luck to sell an S/M special that is well received in the big city.

If it's just stardom that you want, it might be worthwhile to air in just one city. A public-access show aired in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, during prime time probably won't get you too far, of course. But numerous public-access stars in New York City have already reported tremendous strides directly attributable to their television shows.

"I have appeared on countless public-access programs," says Jane Whiting, an otherwise out-of-work actress living in Manhattan. "And it never fails to astound me. Every time I appear on one at night, the next morning I'm fondled more in the subway. Just the other day, a man with a four-day growth of beard and Boone's Farm on his breath snuggled up behind me on the 'E' train, positioned himself very close and whispered in my ear, 'Loved you on Channel D. Wear tighter sweaters.' And they say cable subscribers aren't all that upper-crust."

Tex Fenster, star of *Tex Fenster, Superstar*, also reports career leaps and bounds. "I'm recognized everywhere I go," says Fenster. "People can't forget who I am." Which isn't easy. Fenster is a middle-aged postal worker who lives with his mother in Queens and does a weekly program that often finds him fondling magazine centerfolds on the air. "I'm a star," he says, "and I never even knew it."

In Los Angeles, they are a trifle more resolute about their career objectives. Currently, there is a waiting list of 70 people for Theta Cable's Channel 3, which reaches the homes of such exalted viewers as Johnny Carson. (Cost is $8 per month, plus an additional $10.95 for the "Z" movie channel.)

Theta's Channel 3 runs from 6 P.M.–11P.M. seven days a week, and features such public-access smashes as *The New Wave*, a microwave-cooking show (soon to be on satellite), *Science Safari* and *The Holistic Health and Spiritual Nutrition Show*. Granola is very big on L.A. public-access. So is an occasional and fleeting boob shot. So are scores and scores of unknown comics. "Sooner or later," says David Gaylor, the program-operations manager, "someone's going to be on *The Tonight Show* saying, 'I got my big break on the little dinky Channel 3.'" Robin Williams, he points out, appeared on public-access long before *Mork and Mindy*. "People hear that," says Gaylor, "and they're absolutely convinced that appearing on access is good for their careers."

Actually, no one expects public-access programming to be professional, especially the potential sponsors and cable operators; so if you can smile without drooling down your chin, you've probably scored a few points already.

"Cable-access people are way off the mainstream," says Jim Chladek, a former ABC exec who has run the public-access studio E.T.C. on Manhattan's Lower East Side for five years. "They spin on their own radials. Some do it to make money and are failing right now. Others do it to get laid and they're succeeding. All I know is that it's not the same yellow goo we see on commercial TV."

A.C. Nielsen would turn over in his plot. A series for test-tube adults? *Morris Fonte and his Telepsychics*? *Necrophilia Tonite*?

Who cares about the money, right? It's *Vanity Video Time*. ■

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE WOMAN
A picture book of sexual love. This oversized hardcover edition contains more than 160 luscious, erotic photos of a beautiful nude couple who demonstrate how a woman loves to be loved. In addition, you will learn hundreds of techniques and approaches — from meeting and picking up girls to specific sex techniques — to make you a truly expert lover. Just $12.95 under our money-back guarantee.

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR FULL REFUND

(Continued from page 76)

outside the hospital—has made this a wide-open field. The health industry is hurting most for dental assistants, health aides and therapists, but the challenge is in health administration and management.

"Most people ignore expanding opportunities outside the hospitals, but the positions are good and the advancement is there," says Dr. Stuart Wesbury, president of the American College of Hospital Administrators in Chicago. The jobs: managing so-called "long-term care" facilities like convalescent and nursing homes; ambulatory-care clinics, where people come and go for treatment; health-maintenance organizations, where patients come for tests, regular checkups and limited hospitalization; and home-health services, where personnel care for the elderly, the bedridden or the sick and injured who don't need to languish in an expensive hospital.

The plum job, of course, is running a major hospital.

Dr. Wesbury says you can break into the field with a bachelor's and make $14,000 a year. A master's in health administration will start at $17,000–$18,000. An administrator in charge of a medium-sized hospital (250 beds) probably earns $40,000–$50,000 to start, and up to $100,000 if he's the top man at a big-city hospital.

MONEY

"There are more McDonald's and Burger King operators on the golf course than doctors and lawyers."

And this isn't a stiff and stodgy field. Dr. Wesbury insists that there are opportunities galore because "the system is in a state of flux today." The person who is clever in cost control and who can manage a facility will be recognized as a leader and will develop a fast-track career.

Steer clear of the big hospitals at first. Build your reputation at one of the alternative health-care facilities. "There's more competition in the big hospitals," says Dr. Wesbury. "Progression [up the ladder] is more difficult."

Fast food: Pushing burgers and fries may sound like a greasy way to make a living, but Jack Penrod is living proof that fast food is one of the best ways to amass a fast fortune—if you're willing to bust your ass awhile. Penrod started out jerking sodas at McDonald's 14 years ago. At one time, he was the top McDonald's operator in the world. When he was through, his 16 Big Mac establishments were grossing him a million bucks a year. "By then, I had developed a crew who ran them for me, and I dropped in once or twice a week to see how things were going," he recalls. "Rest of the time, I was on my sailboat [a 53-footer; he owns four] or playing [on his island, in the Bahamas; he owns that, too]."

Penrod says he's no hotshot. Just a hard worker. "Anybody who's willing to pay the price—work hard—can do the same thing." Although he sold out and retired at 29, he got bored. Today, he is the founder-president of Wuv's, a cross between a hamburger store and a restaurant that serves chicken, steak sandwiches and homemade biscuits in a comfortable setting. He has 60 in 15 states and plans to open 60 more in the next 12 months.

"The trend in fast food in the Eighties is away from the plastic look and frozen food," he says. "Customers are tired of sitting in plastic seats, but they don't want to pay for white tablecloths, either."

Penrod suggests that the smartest route into this growth industry (Americans spend 50 percent of their food dollars eating out, and it's on the upswing) is to go to college "to get socially rounded and get some business training," and then get a part-time job at a fast-food restaurant. Not just for spending money, "but to see if you can stand the hard work. That's crucial. If you can stand it, believe me, there are more McDonald's and Burger King operators on the golf course than there are doctors and lawyers," says Penrod.

Get the experience and then get yourself a Small Business Administration loan. "McDonald's doesn't pay their staff people very well, but you make money as a franchisee." You don't have to be a Big Mac mogul. But whatever franchise you consider, make sure it literally drips with ambience. "The big growth in fast food will be in the markets that cater to people between 25 and 44, and they want some comfort. In the Sixties and Seventies, the main buyer was a teenager, and all he wanted was a hamburger."

Yet, the hamburger is still king, he adds. "Ethnic fast food is growing. Chicken is a good product." Still, as a budding entrepreneur, you don't have to be a food expert, claims Penrod. "At Wuv's, we assemble our food, and businessmen run our restaurants. You have to be a visible person—visible to customers, crew and community. You also have to be willing to work hard and promote, promote, promote." And how do you get started? "Get that experience. It's more important than money. The SBA will lend money to fast-food operators, but their number-one criteria is experience. Then you'll make the money." Maybe you'll even get rich like Penrod did, and do wild, impulsive things. "When you get rich," he says, "you go crazy." ■

"Shirley, there's an eighty-five percent probability that I love you."

DAVE PARKER

(Continued from page 86)
society isn't ready for a lot of positive thinkers. They're always down on us. Why is it cockiness when I say it and, when Pete Rose says it, it's positive thinking?

OUI: Whatever you call it, do you use this attitude as a psychological weapon?

PARKER: I think just the title I carry is a psychological factor. See, if a player goes overboard in being outspoken, especially toward other personnel in the league, it can lead to him getting coldcocked by a fastball at about ninety miles per hour.

OUI: They don't do that to you . . .

PARKER: In general, no, they don't. I won't tolerate it. I got hit six times last year—the most I ever got hit. Now I won't tolerate it, period.

OUI: What would you do?

PARKER: What would I do? Rattle some teeth. I do my job three out of ten times successfully. So I think that it's very selfish for a guy who's getting you seven out of ten times to hit you with a baseball—especially above the waist.

OUI: Do you try to psych out pitchers?

PARKER: I don't have to. Like I said, the title gives me the psychological advantage.

OUI: What happened before you had the title?

PARKER: I was an animal. You know what my first jacket read? I bought a Pirates jacket as a rookie when I first got here in '74. I had a jacket that said BEWARE OF DOG PARKER, because those were the dog days. The days when I had to produce and produce *now*, in order to stay there.

OUI: You know, it's almost as if you had all this planned out. Plotted your whole rise to the top every step of the way.

PARKER: Prearranged. Like, coming out of high school, I gave myself three years to make it to the major leagues. Took me three and a half. I gave myself three years to become a star in the major leagues. It took two. So my life has revolved around the way I planned it.

OUI: Where do you go now? What's the ultimate?

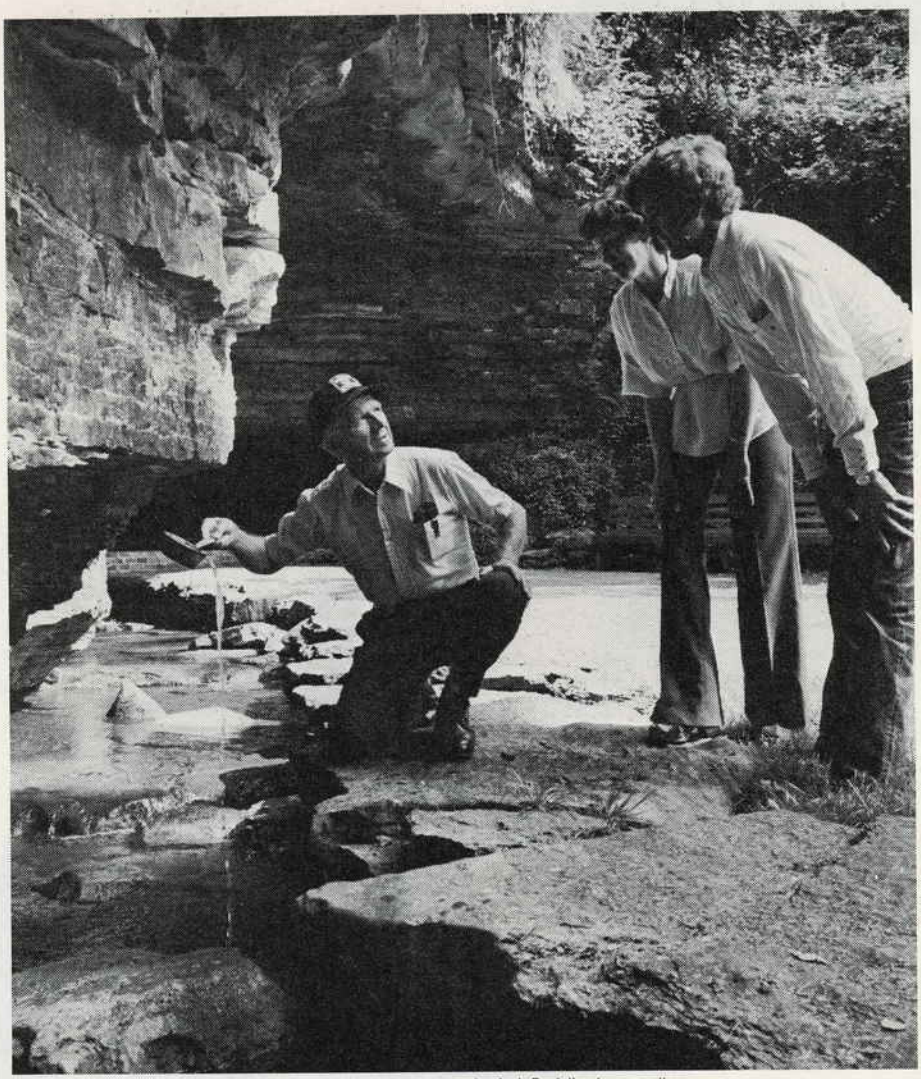
PARKER: The Triple Crown.

OUI: How about after baseball?

PARKER: I just walk right out and deal with Parker, Inc., Cobra Productions, Parker House Productions. I'll handle my business areas. Real estate. I own horses. I'm part owner of a radio station. There's no problem walking out—the contract has already supplied me with a lifetime security. And I'll be signing another one in three years, so it's no hassle. All I've got to do is live right now, and I'm looking forward to doing that.

OUI: So, why do all this stuff—magazine interviews, endorsements, TV appearances? You have enough money. Do you want to be famous, too?

PARKER: What the fuck is wealth without fame? ■



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Who

LYNN CAREY

"One night I woke up with a bottle of pills, a bottle of cocaine and a bottle of whiskey. In a near-catatonic state, I watched nonexistent spiders crawling up my walls. After that, I kicked all my habits and haven't touched anything since." Probably best remembered for her stint as the sexually menacing, black-caped Moma Lion (remember the album cover where she is breast-feeding a lion cub?), Lynn Carey has crawled back into the spotlight after a long, difficult struggle. She's even stopped cavorting with orally fixated lions and is now busy doing what she does best—singing. While Lynn performs her own material on the L.A. club circuit, proving that she's still one of the finest pure-rock singers around, some wonder what's become of her Moma Lion sex trip. "I'm still sexual onstage," she admits, "but my act's changed. It has more humor to it; so, shit, it's fun. I saw that lion again not too long ago. And you know, it went right for the same breast!" Figures. . .

—ANTHONY MORA

Marty Hogan

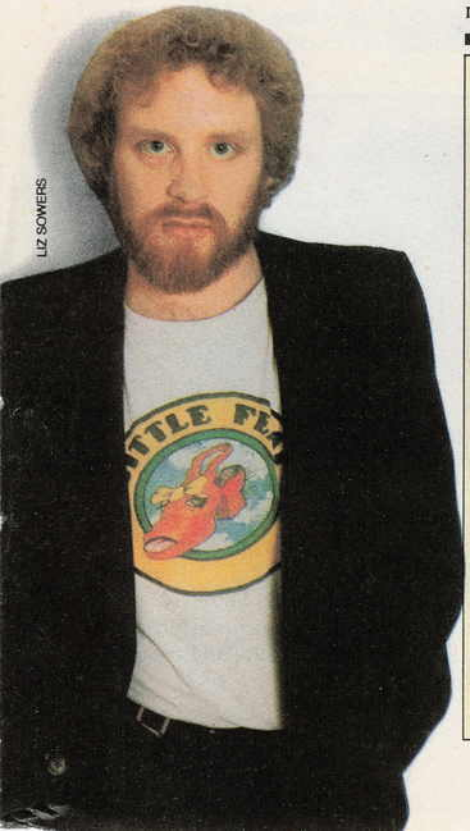
"I can walk on water and I can run through walls. I can leap buildings with a single bound. I can do everything. I'm Superman." Humble Marty can also lay claim to the meanest crotch shot around. Translation: He is the best and richest racquetball player in the world. "I've won ninety-five percent of the tournaments I've entered. My record against the next four top players is thirty and one. At this point," he adds, "I think I frighten them." The 22-year-old St. Louis, Missourian, who now plugs everything connected with the sport except jockstraps, confides, "Getting into the six figures wasn't easy. Today, though, I'm approaching three hundred thou a year. I'm lucky. Anyone who thinks racquetball thinks Hogan." Crotch shot, anyone?

—JON DENNY

JONATHAN KAPLAN

"Censorship is more subtle than written laws," says producer Jonathan Kaplan, whose film *Over the Edge* was released in Japan and France, but not in the U.S. Why? *Over the Edge* is about white middle-class suburban adolescents whose only interests in life are sex, drugs, rock and vandalism . . . the usual stuff. But that's not why the movie was censored. It was the scene in which the kids lock their parents and teachers in the school gym during a PTA meeting, starting a riot, that gave the Orion distributors cold feet. They feared not only that the film would get the same "smashing" response as did *The Warriors* but, "more unspeakably," adds Kaplan, "that riots might actually happen in upper-middle-class suburbs." Like Sam Peckinpah, Kaplan is convinced that the violence in his film would help *stop* violence. In fact, after a screening for a teenage audience, most of the kids said the film scared them to death. Orion does intend to reap some benefits, however. The company is selling an edited version to television and cable—rated PG, parental guidance suggested.

—HALYA HRYNCHUK



LIZ SOWERS

COURTESY CHRYSALIS RECORDS

The Specials

Direct from the slums of London come the Specials—the crazed, frenetic, post-punk ska group that's taking the U.S. by storm. Living up to their image as working-class heroes, this pork-pie-hatted aggregation has very little respect for anything, including the record-biz hierarchy. They turned down a slew of top-flight producers, instead going with bespectacled novice Elvis Costello (his production debut). They've even turned down Mick Jagger's offer to sign them to his Rolling Stones label, instead going in on their own diskery, Two-Tone (named for their interracial lineup). See, the Specials have this urge to shoot down sacred cows. Take lead singer Jerry Dammers' view on work: "It's anathema to me." And marriage: "Stupid concept, really." And Los Angeles: "It's a glorified holiday camp. There must be someplace where people don't roller-skate." —SAL MANNA

ALAIN BIZOS / ACTUEL

NINA HAGEN

We know what you're thinking: "Not another punk rocker!" Well, yes, but 23-year-old Nina Hagen takes punk beyond mere superficial dissidence. This East German singer is downright nasty: If you want bizarro dirt, sex and rock, Nina's got 'em all. This lady has a dirty mind, and she's not afraid to let everyone know it. As she puts it: "I'm not here to please, I'm here to shock." And shock she does . . . like the time she appeared on an Austrian television talk show. The topic was "What's happening to the youth culture?" Nina's response? A 20-minute demonstration on how to masturbate. Will Americans ever get a chance to view Nina's performance in person? Perhaps. Hollywood's eyeing her for one of two film projects—*The Red Love* or a remake of *The Blue Angel*. We were wondering whether Nina would take off her makeup to play the roles. She replied, "My makeup is like my nose. I can't take it off."

—HALYA HRYNCHUK

YAKOV SMIRNOFF

As the Cold War gets colder, 27-year-old comic Yakov Smirnoff gets hotter. About two years ago, he took his final Iron Curtain call as one of the Soviet Union's top comedians and immigrated to the United States. Why? Smirnoff says Russians joke "mostly about mothers-in-law, children and fish. You go onstage and you say, 'Take my wife, please'—and they do." Smirnoff claims he lost three wives in just such a manner. Are there magazines like OUI in Russia? "Oh, no. A picture of a mother breast-feeding a child is considered dirty in Russia—especially if the child is over sixteen. There is no sex in Russia. For that reason, I like it here. There is no prostitution in Russia. Russian women can't *give* it away." He continues, "See, the difference is that in America, man exploits man. In Russia, it's the other way around."

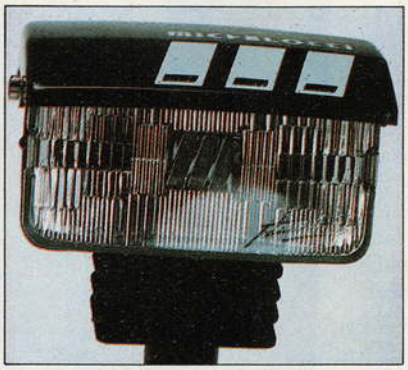
—DON GOLDBERG

LIZ SOWERS

What MOTOR

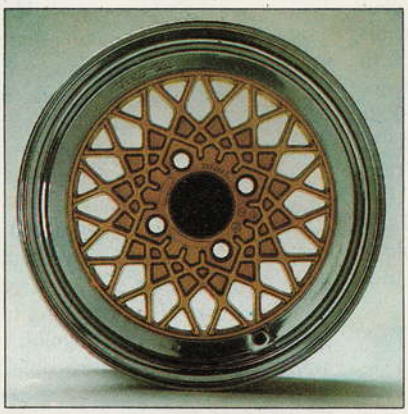
All the accessories you need to take your show on the

The next best thing to actually owning a Porsche or Ferrari is dressing like you do. Her wet-look Porsche jacket, $84.95, satin cap, $9.95, and his Ferrari sweater, $44.95, are by Style Auto. The leather garment bag, $169.95, and carryall, $129.95, are by Beverly Hills Motoring Accessories.



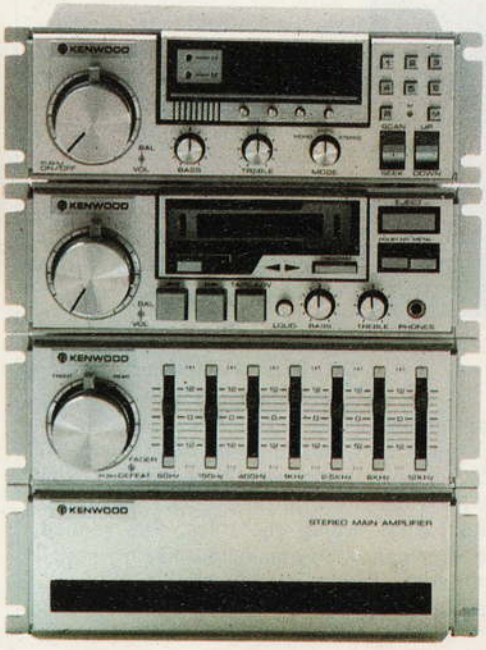
The edge of night stays far away from the Michelotti-styled Ushio driving light. Flip-up cover protects the Quartz-Halogen bulb, $88.79 a pair.

Stealing hubcaps is passé; it's wheels they're after now. Protect yours with a set of McGard Wheel Locks, $11.95.



A taste of honeycomb and a flash of polished alloy. Just the thing for big wheels. By BBS, $175–$300 each.

You can't drive over the red line if you don't know where it is. This VDO tachometer from Germany will tell you, $69.95.



There's no better cure for white-line fever than the sound of a killer stereo system. This one from Kenwood includes the KTC-767 digital-synthesizer tuner, $299, KXC-757 cassette deck, $269, KGC-747 seven-band graphic equalizer, $159, KAC-727 40-watt main amplifier, $95, and a pair of three-way speakers, $229.

TRENDS

road/By Fred M.H. Gregory/Photography by Todd Smith

Steer clear with this black anodized aluminum wheel from Personal, $179.95.

This freeway flasher will protect your rear in an emergency. By Eveready, $8.49.

The Ferrari is offended because they wore their Corvette jackets and now the prancing stallion won't start. For $84.95, you can avoid this dilemma and buy a Style Auto jacket to match your Mercedes, Porsche, Ferrari, BMW or to advertise your favorite Formula One team.

Escort radar detector sniffs out Smokey, even if he's in a plain brown wrapper, good buddy. From Cincinnati Microwave, $245.

Porsche-designed folding sunglasses are a mere $150 ($200 in gold).

Trip computer spews out mileage, distance, time and also works a cruise control. By Compucruise, $179.95.

Say goodbye to your chiropractor with this formfitting, scientifically designed Recaro seat, $499. Headrests from $48.

Lock up that $1.50-a-gallon fortune in your tank with a $7.98 cap from Stant.

There'll be no fire next time if you have this American La France extinguisher, $19.95.

Styling by Renee Johnson. Thanks to Beverly Hills Motoring Accessories, Beverly Hills, Calif. and Auto World, Scranton, Pa.

DROPPING ANCHOR IN PARADISE

The tiny Caribbean island of St. Bart's has become the secret retreat of smugglers, sophisticates and sun lovers.

Lord, forgive me, but I'm about to blow one of the sweetest secrets in the Caribbean. No, not the smuggling routes by which tons of Colombian weed are delivered to the States, but pretty close. This high is an island paradise called St. Bart's (or St. Barthélemy), which has been compared by the nomad *cognoscenti* to St.-Tropez before the war and Ibiza before the hippies.

However, there are a few flaws I should note up front. The first is the French. They act like they own the place, which, unfortunately, they do. Secondly, St. Bart's is about as pricy as the modern-day St.-Tropez—which means, unless you're some kind of reefer king or your papa owns half of Renault, food and lodging are gonna be a bitch.

What's more, St. Bart's is not the easiest of places to reach by conventional means. The first stop is St. Maarten, a popular nearby Dutch-French island. Once there, you either sail over via charter boat or make the interisland hop on Windward Airways. The flight takes about 18 minutes, the first 17 of which are just chug-chug, straight-ahead flying. But that last 60 seconds or so are guaranteed to cut you a new one.

Approaching the island, the pilot swings the tiny six-seater in a wide arc and then, suddenly, takes a stomach-dumping dive toward a high coastal ridge ominously decorated with a large cross. Once the ridge is cleared, he drops toward the valley bottom and onto a crude runway, which leads right into the water.

I confess, by the time we touched down, this writer was giggling idiotically in relief. The plane then taxied up to what surely must be the Somerset Maugham Memorial Airport—a little open-sided shack with a wide veranda, where a few locals sat sipping beer and rum punches under the shade of a rubber tree. They all looked tanned and decadent and tropically raffish.

After showing our papers to the lone airport gendarme, we ("we" are my big brother, Chamu, my longtime psychic sidekick and myself) headed to a hangar and rented a little VW jeep—a rugged little goat, perfect for the island's generally unpaved road system.

We drove down through an obscenely lush valley and onto the coast road, which leads into the sleepy little harbor town of Gustavia, home for maybe four or five hundred souls. The whole island, some 30 kilometers in circumference, has only about 2300 inhabitants, mostly French and a few extremely rich Americans—David Rockefeller being

Top: From the air, the little harbor town of Gustavia looks deceptively quiet. Above: Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of Dom! During Race Week, the party flag flies over every yacht anchored at St. Bart's.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN FARRELL

the most notable.

In Gustavia, we set out to look for accommodations. The fancier seaside French resorts start at around $80 a day, so we decided to settle on a little air-conditioned cubicle in a tiny Creole hotel for $20 a night. Once we'd chucked our gear, we headed for the beach.

There are, in fact, 22 spectacular beaches scattered around St. Bart's, each boasting sand as white as cocaine and waters the color of Windex. The most popular is Emeraude Plage, where you can lie all afternoon sipping cool drinks and eyeballing bare-breasted young girls as they wind-surf on the gentle swells.

However, without a Riviera-style total tan, one is liable to feel out of place at Emeraude Plage. After all, these people are either St. Bart's natives, baked by an all-year-long tropical sun, or wealthy sorts who have perfected the art of the slow broil. So, before breaking the tan barrier, we decided to head for La Saline, a remote beach on the south side of the island where, we were assured, nude sunbathing is tolerated by the gendarmes.

But no sooner had we arrived at La Saline and launched our Frisbee for some hard and fancy flinging than we attracted the malevolent attention of a band of drunken—and clothed—local-yokel Frenchmen who had been hooking down a case of rum just down the beach.

A Frisbee is a rare and treasured item in the paradisiacal yet undersupplied maritime outback of St. Bart's. And with an odd Gallic snorting sound, the leader of these locals—the Bullfrog Loony, as it were—signaled that he wanted us to toss him the disc. Fat fucking chance, Pierre.

It was just a matter of time before one of us misfired. Which I soon did, lofting one over my brother's head, smack into the hands of the Bullfrog Loony himself. Cackling with Neanderthal glee, the victorious frogs scampered back down the beach for another go at their rum cache.

Around sunset, we returned to Gustavia to find that the tempo had picked up. In fact, most of the younger population of the island had gathered at the Select, a breezy, open-sided little bistro with a beer garden attached. The Select is the original cheeseburger-in-paradise of Jimmy Buffett fame, and it's quite a little scene. A thrown-together steel-drum band with guitars was banging out that tanky island music for a few dancers, and everybody else, young sleek French and young wild Americans, was throwing back Heinies (in the squat European bottles) or rum concoctions. The ladies, I'm here to tell you, were fine—lush enough to take your breath away.

Top: You could walk for miles along the beaches and not meet another person. We happened to get lucky. Above: What will it be: a couple of cold Heinies at the Select or some topside nuzzling?

Top: For the adventurous, a trek into the interior is rewarded by dinner at one of St. Bart's excellent Creole restaurants. Above: Some natives celebrating their own laid-back version of Mardi Gras.

Later, we dropped by Le Ranch, sort of a St. Bart's roadhouse where, to our delight, they were showing films of the action at this year's Race Week—the biggest social blowout and sporting event on the island. Every February, around Mardi Gras time, yacht people from far and wide converge on St. Bart's for a week of ballsy racing and flat-out partying. These folks live a life most of us only dream of, spinning out their days in a lazy downwind tack in the marvelous azure basin of the Caribbean, taking the odd charter, running the odd smuggle, spending weeks with only a wide-band radio and a tape deck for company. So when they drop anchor for Race Week, they do a *lot* of catching up.

Next day, we chartered a 35-foot sailboat for a sunset cruise. We sailed halfway around the island to Anse de Colombiere, a beach on the property of David Rockefeller. Unless you want to undertake a very arduous two-hour hike, the only way to reach Colombiere is by boat. Ol' Dave has set himself up right smartly here—great vacation house, a big barn for his livestock and even a radio shack for emergency communication with the rest of the world. My brother swam to see if Rockefeller wanted to talk business but, Ol' Dave, he wasn't there.

Later that same evening, I was walking back from a rather lavish sunset production on the beach, and here came the Bullfrog Loony himself whizzing around a corner on his motorbike. When he saw me, he nearly smashed the damned thing into a palm tree. I had to sit down, I was laughing so hard. On St. Bart's there is nothing but joy in the air.

—Burr Snider

NEXT

OUI'S 8TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

A look back at the girls who graced our pages and then went on to the silver screen, TV and other kinds of delectable immortality.

A COMPULSIVE CONVERSATION WITH DOM DELUISE

This man is excessive about everything—working, eating, talking and thinking about sex—which may explain his fondness for roles that cast him as Burt Reynolds' *second* banana.

PAYING YOUR OWN WAY THROUGH COLLEGE

Some savvy fiscal figuring about how to go four years without writing that letter home to Dad.

UPFRONT ABOUT CARS

More and more of the fuel-efficient cars are sporting front-wheel drive. A learner's permit on the front-wheel auto and how to take the corners in style.

SCHOOLROOM SEX

The OUI Sex Survey asks students what they think of their college sex ed. classes and what they think of sex, as well. The response was overwhelming, and so are some of the answers.

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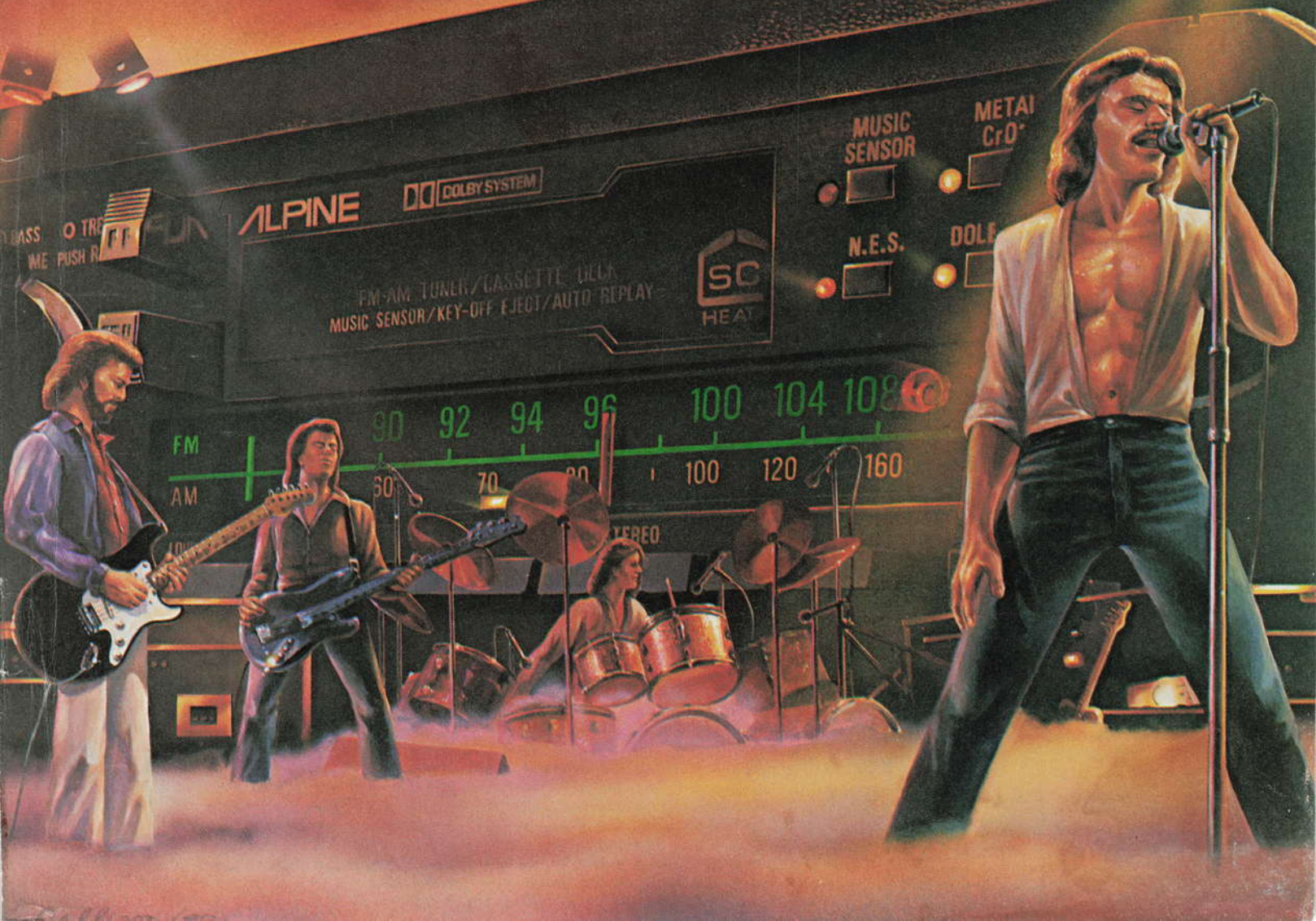

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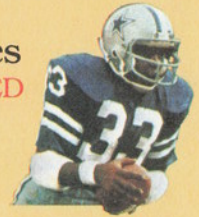

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